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THE

WORKS

OF

Dr. Jonathan Swift,

Dean of St. PATRICK's, Dublin.

VOLUME XVII.

LONDON,
Printed for W. JOHNSTON, in *Ludgate-ſtreet*.
MDCCLXVI.

SRLF
URL
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CONTENTS

OF

VOLUME XVII.

LAWS, made by the Dean, for the Regulation of his Servants Page 1
A Quaker's Letter to the Dean, with a Present, from Philadelphia 3
Character of Mrs. H****d [*Written in the Year* 1727] 4
Character of Dr. Sheridan [*Written in the Year* 1738] 8
The History of the Second Solomon [*Written in the Year* 1729] 12
A Discourse to prove the Antiquity of the English *Tongue* 19
A Letter, giving an Account of a Pestilent Neighbour 33
A punning Epistle to the Earl of Pembroke 34
Another, pretended to be the dying Speech of Tom Ashe, *an eternal Punster* 35
A Letter to the King at Arms, from a reputed Esquire, one of the Subscribers to the Bank 40
A Letter to Mrs. Susannah Neville [*a judicious Banter on the Absurdities in Orthography, which the Ladies are too liable to fall into, through Affectation more than Ignorance*] 44

On barbarous Denominations in Ireland p. 46
On the Death of Mrs. Johnſon [Stella], *with many Anecdotes of her Life* 54
An Eſſay on the Education of Ladies 69

LETTERS *between the* DEAN *and ſeveral of his* FRIENDS.

LETTER I.
Dr. Swift *to Mr.* Benjamin Tooke 75
LETTER II.
Mr. Tooke's *Anſwer* 77
LETTER III.
Dr. Swift *to the Earl of* Peterborow 78
LETTER IV.
To the ſame 80
LETTER V.
Dr. Swift *to Mr. Secretary* St. John 83
LETTER VI.
Mr. Shower *to Lord High-Treaſurer* Oxford 85
LETTER VII.
Anſwer to Mr. Shower, *written, in the Name of Lord* Oxford, *by Dr.* Swift 86
LETTER VIII.
Dr. Swift *to Mrs.* Hill 88
LETTER IX.
Dr. Swift *to General* Hill 90

LET-

LETTER X.

Dr. Swift *to Lady* Orkney p. 92

LETTER XI.

Dr. Swift *to the Dutchess of* Ormond 95

LETTER XII.

Dr. Swift *to the Duke of* Argyle 97

LETTER XIII.

Dr. Swift *to Lord Chancellor* Harcourt 98

LETTER XIV.

Dr. Swift *to Mr.* Addison 99

LETTER XV.

Mr. Steele *to Dr.* Swift 100

LETTER XVI.

Dr. Swift *to Mr.* Steele 101

LETTER XVII.

Mr. Steele *to Dr.* Swift 105

LETTER XVIII.

Dr. Swift *to Mr.* Steele 106

LETTER XIX.

Dr. Swift *to Lord Treasurer* Oxford 109

LETTER XX.

Dr. Swift *to the Earl of* Peterborow 111

LETTER XXI.

Dr. Swift *to Lord Treasurer* Oxford 116

LETTER XXII.

Dr. Swift *to the Duke of* Ormond 118

LETTER XXIII.

Dr. Swift *to Lord Treasurer* Oxford p. 120

LETTER XXIV.

Dr. Swift *to Lady* Masham 121

LETTER XXV.

Dr. Swift *to Lord* Bolingbroke 122

LETTER XXVI.

To the same 127

LETTER XXVII.

Dr. Swift *to the Earl of* Oxford 130

LETTER XXVIII.

Dr. Swift *to Lord* Bolingbroke 132

LETTER XXIX.

To the same 136

LETTER XXX.

Dr. Swift *to Dr.* Evans, *Bishop of* Meath 141

LETTER XXXI.

Dr. Swift *to the Earl of* Oxford 143

LETTER XXXII.

Dr. Swift *to Lord* Carteret 146

LETTER XXXIII.

To the same 147

LETTER XXXIV.

To the same 149

LETTER XXXV.

Dr. Swift *to* Edward *Earl of* Oxford, *on his Father's Death* 150

LETTER XXXVI.

Dr. Swift *to Lord* Carteret p. 152

LETTER XXXVII.

Dr. Swift *to Mrs.* Pratt 156

LETTER XXXVIII.

Dr. Swift *to Lord* Carteret 158

LETTER XXXIX.

Dr. Swift *to Mrs.* Howard 160

LETTER XL.

Dr. Swift *to Dr.* King, *Lord Archbiſhop of* Dublin 162

LETTER XLI.

Dr. Swift *to the Counteſs of* Suffolk 165

LETTER XLII.

Dr. Swift *to Lord* Carteret 166

LETTER XLIII.

Dr. Swift *to the ſame* 168

LETTER XLIV.

Dr. Swift *to Mr.* Pope 171

LETTER XLV.

Dr. Swift *to a certain Eſquire* 176

LETTER XLVI.

Dr. Swift *to Lady* Worſley 179

LETTER XLVII.

Dr. Swift *to the Earl of* Cheſterfield 182

LETTER XLVIII.

Dr. Swift *to the Counteſs of* Suffolk 184

LETTER XLIX.

Dr. Swift *to Lady* Santry p. 188

LETTER L.

Dr. Swift *to the Earl of* Chesterfield 190

LETTER LI.

Dr. Swift *to* Ventoso 192

LETTER LII.

A Counterfeit Letter to Q—n C———e 195

LETTER LIII.

Dr. Swift *to Mr.* Pope, *on the Subject of the Counterfeit Letter* 197

LETTER LIV.

Dr. Swift *to the Countess of* Suffolk 201

LETTER LV.

Dr. Swift *to Lady* Betty Germaine 205

LETTER LVI.

Dr. Swift *to Dr.* John Stearne, *Bishop of* Clogher 211

LETTER LVII.

Dr. Swift *to the Duke of* Dorset 215

LETTER LVIII.

Dr. Swift *to Miss* Hoadley 219

LETTER LIX.

Dr. Swift *to the Duke of* Chandois 222

LETTER LX.

Dr. Swift *to the Duke of* Dorset 223

LET-

LETTER LXI.

Dr. Swift *to* **** *****, *Esquire* p. 228

LETTER LXII.

Dr. Swift *to Lady* Betty Germaine 232

LETTER LXIII.

Dr. Swift *to Sir* Charles Wogan, *in* Spain 236

LETTER LXIV.

Dr. Swift *to Dr.* Josiah Horte, *Bishop of* Kilmore 240

LETTER LXV.

Dr. Swift *to Lady* Betty Germaine 243

LETTER LXVI.

Dr. Swift *to Alderman* Barber 245

LETTER LXVII.

Dr. Swift *to the Earl of* Oxford 247

LETTER LXVIII.

Dr. Swift *to* Erasmus Lewis, *Esq*; 250

LETTER LXIX.

Dr. Swift *to Miss* Richardson 255

LETTER LXX.

Dr. Swift *to Alderman* Barber 259

LETTER LXXI.

Mr. Pope *to Dr.* Swift 261

LETTER LXXII.

Dr. Swift *to Mr.* Pope 264

LETTER LXXIII.

Dr. Swift *to Mr.* Lyttelton 265

LET-

LETTER LXXIV.

Dr. Swift *to the Honourable the Society of the Governour and Assistants*, London, *for the* New Plantation *in* Ulster, *within the Realm of* Ireland, *at their Chamber in* Guild-hall, London p. 268

An Epistle, *in* Hard Latin, *from Dr.* Swift *to Dr.* Sheridan, *with a Glossary of the unusual Words contained in it* 269

Dr. Sheridan's *Answer*, *with a Glossary* 272

LAWS

LAWS

FOR THE

DEAN's SERVANTS.

December 7th, 1733.

IF either of the two men ſervants be drunk, he ſhall pay an *Engliſh* crown out of his wages for the ſaid offence, by giving the dean a receipt for ſo much wages received.

When the dean is at home, no ſervant ſhall preſume to be abſent, without giving notice to the dean, and aſking leave; upon the forfeiture of ſixpence for every half-hour that he is abſent, to be ſtopt out of his or her board-wages.

When the dean is abroad, no ſervant, except the woman, ſhall preſume to leave the houſe for above one half-hour; after which, for every half-hour's abſence, he ſhall forfeit ſixpence: and, if the other ſervant goes out before the firſt returns, he ſhall pay five ſhillings out of his wages, as above.

Whatever ſervant ſhall be taken in a manifeſt lie, ſhall forfeit one ſhilling out of his or her board-wages.

When the dean goes about the houſe, or out-houſes, or garden, or to *Naboth's Vineyard*, whatever things he finds out of order, by neglect of any ſervant under whoſe care it was, that ſervant ſhall forfeit ſixpence, and ſee to get it mended as

ſoon as poſſible, or ſuffer more forfeitures at the dean's diſcretion.

If two ſervants be abroad together when the dean is from home, and the fact be concealed from the dean, the concealer ſhall forfeit two crowns out of his or her wages, as above.

If, in waiting at table, the two ſervants be out of the room together, without orders, the laſt who went out ſhall forfeit threepence out of his board-wages.

The woman may go out, when the dean is abroad, for one hour, but no longer, under the ſame penalty with the men; but provided the two men-ſervants keep the houſe until ſhe returns: otherwiſe, either of the ſervants, who goes out before her return, ſhall forfeit a crown out of his wages, as above.

Whatever other laws the dean ſhall think fit to make, at any time to come, for the government of his ſervants, and forfeitures for neglect or diſobedience, all the ſervants ſhall be bound to ſubmit to.

Whatever other ſervant, except the woman, ſhall preſume to be drunk, the other two ſervants ſhall inform the dean thereof, under pain of forfeiting two crowns out of his or her wages, beſides the forfeiture of a crown from the ſaid ſervant who was drunk.

A QUA-

A

QUAKER's

LETTER from PHILADELPHIA,

TO

JONATHAN SWIFT, in DUBLIN.

Chilad, March 29, 1729.

Friend Jonathan Swift,

HAVING been often greatly amuſed by thy Tale, &c. &c. and being now loading a ſmall ſhip for *Dublin*, I have ſent thee a gammon, the product of the wilds of *America*; which perhaps may not be unacceptable at thy table, ſince it is only deſigned to let thee know that thy wit and parts are here in eſteem at this diſtance from the place of thy reſidence. Thee need aſk no queſtions who this comes from, ſince I am a perfect ſtranger to thee.

CHARACTER

OF

MRS. H * * * * * D.

Written in the Year 1727.

I SHALL say nothing of her wit or beauty, which are allowed by all persons, who can judge of either, when they hear or see her. Besides, beauty being transient, and a trifle, cannot justly make part of a character. And I leave others to celebrate her wit, because it will be of no use in that part of her character which I intend to draw. Neither shall I relate any part of her history; further than that she went, in the prime of her youth, to the court of *Hanover* with her husband, and became of the bed-chamber to the present princess of *Wales*, living in expectation of the queen's [*k*] death: upon which event she came over with her mistress, and hath ever since continued in her service; where, from the attendance daily paid her by the ministers and all expectants, she is reckoned much the greatest favourite of the court at *Leicester-house:* a situation which she hath long affected to desire that it might not be believed.

There is no politician, who more carefully watches the motions and dispositions of things and persons at *St. James's*, nor can form his language with more

[k] Queen *Anne.*

imper-

imperceptible dexterity to the preſent poſture of a court, or more early foreſee what ſtyle may be proper upon any approaching juncture of affairs, whereof ſhe can gather early intelligence without aſking it, and often when even thoſe from whom ſhe hath it are not ſenſible they are giving it to her, but equally with others admire her ſagacity. Sir *Robert Walpole* and ſhe both think they underſtand each other, and are both equally miſtaken.

With perſons where ſhe is to manage, ſhe is very dextrous in that point of ſkill which the French cal *tâter le pavé*; with others, ſhe is a great vindicator of all preſent proceedings, but in ſuch a manner, as if ſhe was under no concern further than her own conviction, and wondering how any body can think otherwiſe. And the danger is, that ſhe may come in time to believe herſelf; which, under a change of princes and a great addition of credit, might have bad conſequences. She is a moſt unconſcionable dealer; for, in return of a few good words, which ſhe gives to her lords and gentlemen daily waiters before their faces, ſhe gets ten thouſand from them behind her back, which are of real ſervice to her character. The credit ſhe hath is managed with the utmoſt thrift; and, whenever ſhe employs it, which is very rarely, it is only upon ſuch occaſions where ſhe is ſure to get much more than ſhe ſpends. For inſtance, ſhe would readily preſs Sir *Robert Walpole*, to do ſome favour for colonel *Churchill*, or *Doddington*; the prince, for a mark of grace to Mr. *Schutz*; and the princeſs, to

be kind to Mrs. *Clayton*. She ſometimes falls into the general miſtake of all courtiers, which is that of not ſuiting her talents to the abilities of others, but thinking thoſe ſhe deals with to have leſs art than they really poſſeſs; ſo that ſhe may poſſibly be deceived, when ſhe thinks ſhe deceiveth.

In all offices of life, except thoſe of a courtier, ſhe acts with juſtice, generoſity, and truth. She is ready to do good as a private perſon; and I would almoſt think in charity that ſhe will not do harm as a courtier, unleſs to pleaſe thoſe in chief power.

In religion, ſhe is at leaſt a Latitudinarian, being not an enemy to books written by the free-thinkers; and herein ſhe is the more blameable, becauſe ſhe hath too much morality to ſtand in need of them, requiring only a due degree of faith for putting her in the road to ſalvation. I ſpeak this of her as a private lady, not as a court favourite; for, in the latter capacity, ſhe can ſhew neither faith nor works.

If ſhe had never ſeen a court, it is not impoſſible that ſhe might have been a friend.

She abounds in good words and expreſſions of good wiſhes, and will concert a hundred ſchemes for the ſervice of thoſe whom ſhe would be thought to favour: ſchemes that ſometimes ariſe from them, and ſometimes from herſelf; although, at the ſame time, ſhe very well knows them to be without the leaſt probability of ſucceeding. But, to do her juſtice, ſhe never feeds or deceives any perſons with promiſes,

promiſes, where ſhe doth not at the ſame time intend a degree of ſincerity.

She is, upon the whole, an excellent companion for men of the beſt accompliſhments, who have nothing to deſire or expect.

What part ſhe may act hereafter in a larger ſphere, as lady of the bed-chamber to a great Q—n (upon ſuppoſing the death of his preſent majeſty [*l*], and of the earl of *Suffolk*, to whoſe title her huſband ſucceeds) and in high eſteem with a K—g, neither ſhe nor I can foretel. My own opinion is natural and obvious, that her talents as a courtier will ſpread, enlarge, and multiply to ſuch a degree, that her private virtues, for want of room and time to operate, will be laid up clean (like cloaths in a cheſt) to be uſed and put on, whenever ſatiety, or ſome reverſe of fortune, or encreaſe of ill health (to which laſt ſhe is ſubject), ſhall diſpoſe her to retire. In the mean time, it will be her wiſdom to take care that they may not be tarniſhed or moth-eaten, for want of airing and turning at leaſt once a year.

[*l*] *George* the Firſt.

CHARACTER

OF

DOCTOR SHERIDAN.

Written in the Year 1738.

DOCTOR THOMAS SHERIDAN died at *Rathfarnam*, the tenth of *October* 1738, at three of the clock in the afternoon: his diſeaſes were a dropſy and aſthma. He was doubtleſs the beſt inſtructor of youth in theſe kingdoms, or perhaps in *Europe*; and as great a maſter of the *Greek* and *Roman* languages. He had a very fruitful invention, and a talent for poetry. His *Engliſh* verſes were full of wit and humour, but neither his proſe nor verſe ſufficiently correct: however, he would readily ſubmit to any friend who had a true taſte in proſe or verſe. He hath left behind him a very great collection, in ſeveral volumes, of ſtories, humorous, witty, wiſe, or ſome way uſeful, gathered from a vaſt number of *Greek*, *Roman*, *Italian*, *Spaniſh*, *French*, and *Engliſh* writers. I believe I may have ſeen about thirty, large enough to make as many moderate books in octavo. But among theſe extracts, there were many not worth regard; for five in ſix, at leaſt, were of little uſe or entertainment. He was (as it is frequently the caſe in men

of

of wit and learning) what the *French* call a *Dupe*, and in a very high degree. The greateſt dunce of a tradeſman could impoſe upon him, for he was altogether ignorant in worldly management. His chief ſhining quality was that of a ſchool-maſter; here he ſhone in his proper element. He had ſo much ſkill and practice in the phyſiognomy of boys, that he rarely miſtook at the firſt view. His ſcholars loved and feared him. He often rather choſe to ſhame the ſtupid, but puniſh the idle, and expoſe them to all the lads, which was more ſevere than laſhing. Among the gentlemen in this kingdom who have any ſhare of education, the ſcholars of Dr. *Sheridan* infinitely excel, in number and knowledge, all their brethren ſent from other ſchools.

To look on the doctor in ſome other lights, he was in many things very indiſcreet, to ſay no worſe. He acted like too many clergymen, who are in haſte to be married when very young; and from hence proceeded all the miſeries of his life. The portion he got proved to be juſt the reverſe of 500*l.* for he was poorer by a thouſand: ſo many incumbrances of a mother-in-law and poor relations, whom he was forced to ſupport for many years.

Inſtead of breeding up his daughters to houſewifery and plain cloaths, he got them, at a great expence, to be clad like ladies who had plentiful fortunes; made them only learn to ſing and dance, to draw and deſign, to give them rich ſilks, and o-

ther

ther fopperies; and his two eldeſt were married to young lads who had nothing to ſettle on them. However, he had one ſon, whom the ſent doctor to *Weſtminſter-ſchool*, although he could ill afford it. The boy was there immediately taken notice of, upon examination; although a mere ſtranger, he was by pure merit elected a king's ſcholar. It is true, their maintenance falls ſomething ſhort: the doctor was then ſo poor, that he could not add fourteen pounds, to enable the boy to finiſh the year; which if he had done, he would have been removed to a higher claſs, and in another year, would have been ſped off (that is the phraſe) to a fellowſhip in *Oxford* or *Cambridge*: but the doctor was forced to recal him to *Dublin*, and had friends in our univerſity to ſend him there, where he hath been choſen of the foundation; and, I think, hath gotten an exhibition, and deſigns to ſtand for a fellowſhip.

The doctor had a good church-living, in the ſouth parts of *Ireland*, given him by lord *Carteret*; who, being very learned himſelf, encourageth it in others. A friend of the doctor's prevailed on his excellency to grant it. The living was well worth 150 *l. per annum*. He changed it very ſoon for that of *Dunboyne*; which, by the knavery of the farmers and power of the gentlemen, fell ſo very low, that he could never get 80 *l.* He then changed that living for the free-ſchool of *Cavan*, where he might have lived well, in ſo cheap a country, on 80 *l.* ſalary *per annum*, beſides his ſcholars; but the air, he ſaid, was too moiſt and unwholeſome, and he could

could not bear the company of ſome perſons in that neighbourhood. Upon this, he ſold the ſchool for about 400 *l.* ſpent the money, grew into diſeaſes, and died.

It would be very honourable, as well as juſt, in thoſe many perſons of quality and fortune, who had the advantage of being educated under doctor *Sheridan*, if they would pleaſe to erect ſome decent monument over his body, in the church where it is depoſited.

THE

THE

HISTORY

OF THE

SECOND SOLOMON [*m*].

Written in the Year 1729.

HE became acquainted with a perſon diſtinguiſhed for poetical and other writings, and in an eminent ſtation, who treated him with great kindneſs on all occaſions, and he became familiar in this perſon's houſe [*n*]. In three months time, *Solomon*, without the leaſt provocation, writ a long poem, deſcribing that perſon's Muſe to be dead, and making a funeral ſolemnity with aſſes, owls, &c. and gave the copy among all his acquaintance.

Solomon became acquainted with a moſt deſerving lady, an intimate friend of the above perſon [*o*], who entertained him alſo as ſhe would a brother; and, upon giving him a little good advice, in the moſt decent manner, with relation to his wife, he told her, ſhe was like other women, as bad as ſhe was, and that they were all alike: although his wife be, in every regard except gallantry (which no crea-

[*m*] Dr. *Sheridan*. [*n*] Dean *Swift*. [*o*] *Stella*.

ture

ture would attempt), the moſt diſagreeable beaſt in *Europe*.

He lets his wife (whom he pretends to hate as ſhe deſerves) govern, inſult, and ruin him, as ſhe pleaſes. Her character is this: her perſon is deteſtably diſagreeable; a moſt filthy ſlut; lazy, and ſlothful, and luxurious, ill-natured, envious, ſuſpicious; a ſcold, expenſive on herſelf, covetous to others: ſhe takes thieves and whores, for cheapneſs, to be her ſervants, and turns them off every week: poſitive, inſolent; an ignorant, prating, overweening fool; a lover of the dirtieſt, meaneſt company: an abominable tatler, affecting to be jealous of her huſband with ladies of the beſt rank and merit, and merely out of affectation for perfect vanity.

Solomon has no ill deſign upon any perſon but himſelf; and he is the greateſt deceiver of himſelf on all occaſions.

His thoughts are ſudden, and the moſt unreaſonable always comes uppermoſt; and he conſtantly reſolves and acts upon his firſt thoughts, and then aſks advice, but never once before.

The perſon above mentioned, whom he lampooned in three months after their acquaintance, procured him a good preferment from the lord lieutenant; upon going down to take poſſeſſion, *Solomon* preached, at *Cork*, a ſermon on king *George's* birth-day, on this text, *Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof*. *Solomon*, having been famous for a high Tory, and ſuſpected as a Jacobite, it was a moſt difficult thing to get any thing for him: but

that

that perſon, being an old friend of lord *Carteret*, prevailed againſt all *Solomon's* enemies, and got him made likewiſe one of his excellency's chaplains. But, upon this ſermon, he was ſtruck out of his liſt, and forbid the Caſtle, until that ſame perſon brought him again to the lieutenant, and made them friends.

A fancy ſprung in *Solomon's* head, that a houſe near *Dublin* would be commodious for him and his boarders, to lodge in on *Saturdays* and *Sundays:* immediately, without conſulting with any creature, he takes a leaſe of a rotten houſe at *Rathfarnam*, the worſt air in *Ireland*, for 999 years, at twelve pounds a year; the land, which was only a ſtrip of ground, not being worth twenty ſhillings a year. When the ſame perſon, whom he lampooned, heard the thing, he begged *Solomon* to get a clauſe of ſurrender, and at laſt prevailed to have it done after twenty-one years; becauſe it was a madneſs to pay eleven pounds a year, for a thouſand years, for a houſe that could not laſt twenty. But *Solomon* made an agreement with his landlady, that he ſhould be at liberty to ſurrender his leaſe in ſeven years; and, if he did not do it at that time, ſhould be obliged to keep it for 999 years. In the mean time, he expends about one hundred pounds on the houſe and garden-wall; and in leſs than three years, contracts ſuch a hatred to the houſe, that he lets it run to ruin: ſo that, when the ſeven years are expired, he muſt either take it for the remainder

der of the 999 years, or be ſued for waſte, and loſe all the money he laid out: and now he pays twelve pounds a year for a place he never ſees.

Solomon has an eſtate of about thirty-five pounds *per annum*, in the county of *Cavan*; upon which, inſtead of ever receiving one penny rent, he hath expended above thirty pounds *per annum*, in buildings and plantations, which are all gone to ruin.

Solomon is under-tenant to a biſhop's leaſe: he is bound by articles to his lordſhip to renew and pay a fine, whenever the biſhop renews with his landlord, and to raiſe his rent as the landlord ſhall raiſe it to the biſhop. Seven years expire: *Solomon's* landlord demands a fine, which he readily pays; then aſks for a leaſe: the landlord ſays, he may have it at any time. He never gets it. Another ſeven years elapſe: *Solomon's* landlord demands another fine, and an additional rent: *Solomon* pays both; aſks to have his leaſe renewed: the ſteward anſwers, he will ſpeak to his maſter. Seventeen years are elapſed: the landlord ſends *Solomon* word that his leaſe is forfeited, becauſe he hath not renewed and paid his fines according to articles; and now they are at law upon this admirable caſe.

It is *Solomon's* great happineſs, that, when he acts in the common concerns of life againſt common ſenſe and reaſon, he values himſelf thereupon as if it were the mark of a great genius, above little regards or arts, and that his thoughts are too exalted to deſcend into the knowledge of vulgar management; and you cannot pay him a greater compliment

pliment than by telling inſtances to the company, before his face, how careleſs he was in any affair that related to his intereſt and fortune.

He is extremely proud and captious, apt to reſent as an affront and indignity what was never intended for either.

He is allured as eaſily by every new acquaintance, eſpecially among women, as a child is by a new play-thing, and is led at will by them to ſuſpect and quarrel with his beſt friends, of whom he hath loſt the greateſt part, for want of that indulgency which they ought to allow for his failings.

He is a generous, honeſt, good-natured man; but his perpetual want of judgment and diſcretion makes him act as if he were neither generous, honeſt, nor good-natured.

The perſon above-mentioned, whom he lampooned, and to whom he owes his preferment, being in the country and out of order; *Solomon* had appointed to come for him with a chaiſe, and bring him to town. *Solomon* ſent him word that he was to ſet out on *Monday*, and did accordingly, but to another part of the kingdom, thirty miles wide of the place appointed, in compliment to a lady who was going that way; there ſtaid with her and her family a month; then ſent the chaiſe, in the midſt of winter, to bring the ſaid perſon where *Solomon* would meet him, declaring he could not venture himſelf for fear of the froſt: and, upon the ſaid perſon's refuſing to go in the chaiſe alone, or to truſt to *Solomon's* appointment, and being in ill health,

health, *Solomon* fell into a formal quarrel with that perſon, and foully miſrepreſented the whole affair, to juſtify himſelf.

Solomon had publiſhed a humourous ballad, called *Ballyſpellin* [*p*], whither he had gone to drink the waters, with a new favourite lady. The ballad was in the manner of Mr. *Gay's* on *Molly Mogg*, pretending to contain all the rhymes of *Ballyſpellin*. His friend, the perſon ſo often mentioned, being at a gentleman's houſe in the neighbourhood, and merry over *Solomon's* ballad, they agreed to make another, in diſpraiſe of *Ballyſpellin-wells*, which *Solomon* had celebrated, and with all new rhymes not made uſe of in *Solomon's* [*q*]. The thing was done, and all in a mere jeſt and innocent merriment. Yet *Solomon* was prevailed upon, by the lady he went with, to reſent this as an affront on her and himſelf; which he did accordingly, againſt all the rules of reaſon, taſte, good-nature, judgment, gratitude, or common manners.

He will invite ſix or more people of condition to dine with him on a certain day, ſome of them living five or ſix miles from town. On the day appointed, he will be abſent, and know nothing of the matter, and they all go back diſappointed: when he is told of this, he is pleaſed, becauſe it ſhews him to be a genius and a man of learning.

Having lain many years under the obloquy of a high Tory and Jacobite, upon the preſent queen's birth-day he writ a ſong, to be perſormed before

[*p*] See Vol. XIV. [*q*] Ibid.

the government and thoſe who attended them, in praiſe of the queen and the king, on the common topicks of her beauty, wit, family, love of *England*, and all other virtues, wherein the king and the royal children were ſharers. It was very hard to avoid the common topicks. A young collegian, who had done the ſame job the year before, got ſome reputation on account of his wit: *Solomon* would needs vie with him, by which he loſt all the eſteem of his old friends the Tories, and got not the leaſt intereſt with the Whigs; for they are now too ſtrong to want advocates of that kind; and therefore one of the lords juſtices, reading the verſes in ſome company, ſaid, "Ah! Doctor, this ſhall not do." His name was at length in the title-page; and he did this without the knowledge or advice of one living ſoul, as he himſelf confeſſeth.

His full conviction of having acted wrong in an hundred inſtances, leaves him as poſitive in the next inſtance as if he had never been miſtaken in his life: and if you go to him the next day, and find him convinced in the laſt, he hath another inſtance ready, wherein he is as poſitive as he was the day before.

A DIS-

A

DISCOURSE

To prove the ANTIQUITY of the

ENGLISH TONGUE.

Shewing, from various Inſtances, that HEBREW, GREEK, *and* LATIN, *were derived from the* ENGLISH.

DURING the reign of parties, for about forty years paſt, it is a melancholy conſideration to obſerve how *Philology* hath been neglected, which was before the darling employment of the greateſt authors, from the reſtoration of learning in Europe. Neither do I remember it to have been cultivated, ſince the Revolution, by any one perſon, with great ſucceſs, except our illuſtrious modern ſtar, Doctor Richard Bentley, with whom the republick of learning muſt expire; as mathematicks did with Sir Iſaac Newton. My ambition hath been gradually attempting, from my early youth, to be the holder of a ruſh-light before that great luminary; which, at leaſt, might be of ſome little uſe during thoſe ſhort intervals, while he was ſnuffing his candle, or peeping with it under a buſhel.

My preſent attempt is to aſſert the antiquity of our Engliſh Tongue; which, as I ſhall undertake to prove by invincible arguments, hath varied very little for theſe two thouſand ſix hundred and thirty-four years paſt. And my proofs will be drawn from etymology; wherein I ſhall uſe my readers much fairer than Pezrow, Skinner, Vorſtigan, Bamden, and many other ſuperficial pretenders have done. For I will put no force upon the words, nor deſire any more favour than to allow for the uſual accidents of corruption, or the avoiding a cacophonia.

I think, I can make it manifeſt to all impartial readers, that our language, as we now ſpeak it, was originally the ſame with thoſe of the Jews, the Greeks, and the Romans, however corrupted in ſucceeding times by a mixture of barbariſms. I ſhall only produce, at preſent, two inſtances among a thouſand from the Latin tongue. *Cloaca*, which they interpret a *neceſſary-houſe*, is altogether an Engliſh word; the laſt letter *a* being, by the miſtake of ſome ſcribe, transferred from the beginning to the end of the word. In the primitive orthography, it is called *a cloac*, which had the ſame ſignification; and ſtill continues ſo at Edinburgh in Scotland, where a man in *a cloac*, or cloak, of large circumference and length, carrying a convenient veſſel under it, calls out, as he goes through the ſtreets, *Wha has need of me?* Whatever cuſtomer calls, the veſſel is placed in the corner of the ſtreet; the *cloac*, or a cloak, ſurrounds and

covers

covers him; and thus he is eaſed with decency and ſecreſy.

The ſecond inſtance is yet more remarkable. The Latin word *Turpis* ſignifieth *naſty*, or *filthy*. Now this word *Turpis* is a plain compoſition of two Engliſh words; only, by a ſyncope, the laſt letter of the firſt ſyllable, which is *d*, is taken out of the middle, to prevent the jarring of three conſonants together: And theſe two Engliſh words expreſs the moſt unſeemly excrements that belong to man.

But although I could produce many other examples, equally convincing, that the Hebrews, the Greeks, and the Romans, originally ſpoke the ſame language which we do at preſent; yet I have choſen to confine myſelf chiefly to the proper names of perſons, becauſe I conceive they will be of greater weight to confirm what I advance; the ground and reaſon of thoſe names being certainly owing to the nature, or ſome diſtinguiſhing action or quality in thoſe perſons, and conſequently expreſſed in the true antient language of the ſeveral people.

I will begin with the Grecians, among whom the moſt antient are the great leaders on both ſides in the ſiege of Troy; for it is plain, from Homer, that the Trojans ſpoke Greek as well as the Grecians. Of theſe latter, *Achilles* was the moſt valiant. This Hero was of a reſtleſs unquiet nature, never giving himſelf any repoſe either in peace or war; and therefore, as Guy of Warwick was called a Kill-cow, and another terrible man a Kill-

devil, so this General was called *A Kill-ease*, or destroyer of ease; and at length, by corruption, *Achilles*.

Hector, on the other side, was the bravest among the Trojans. He had destroyed so many of the Greeks, by *hacking* and *tearing* them, that his soldiers, when they saw him fighting, would cry out, "Now the enemy will be *hackt*, now he will "be *tore*." At last, by putting words both together, this appellation was given to their leader, under the name of *Hack-tore*; and, for the more commodious sounding, *Hector*.

Diomede, another Grecian captain, had the boldness to fight with Venus, and wound her; whereupon the Goddess, in a rage, ordered her son Cupid to make this hero be hated by all women, repeating it often that he should *die a maid*; from whence, by a small change in orthography, he was called *Diomede*. And it is to be observed, that the term *Maiden-head* is frequently, at this very day, applied to persons of either sex.

Ajax was, in fame, the next Grecian general to Achilles. The derivation of his name from *A Jakes*, however asserted by great authors, is, in my opinion, very unworthy both of them and of the Hero himself. I have often wondered to see such learned men mistake in so clear a point. This Hero is known to have been a most intemperate liver, as it is usual with soldiers; and, although he were not old, yet, by conversing with camp-strollers, he had got pains in his bones, which

which he pretended to his friends were only *Ageaches*; but they telling the ſtory about the army, as the vulgar always confound right pronunciation, he was afterwards known by no other name than *Ajax*.

The next I ſhall mention is *Andromache*, the famous wife of Hector. Her father was a Scotch gentleman, of a noble family ſtill ſubſiſting in that antient kingdom. But, being a foreigner in Troy, to which city he led ſome of his countrymen in the defence of Priam, as *Dictys Cretenſis* learnedly obſerves; Hector fell in love with his daughter, and the father's name was *Andrew Mackay*. The young lady was called by the ſame name, only a little ſoftened to the Grecian accent.

Aſtyanax was the ſon of Hector and Andromache. When Troy was taken, this young prince had his head cut off, and his body thrown to ſwine. From this fatal accident he had his name; which hath, by a peculiar good fortune, been preſerved entire, *A ſty, an ax*.

Mars may be mentioned among theſe, becauſe he fought againſt the Greeks. He was called the God of War; and is deſcribed as a ſwearing, ſwaggering companion, and a great giver of rude language. For, when he was angry, he would cry, "Kiſs *my a—ſe*, *My a—ſe* in a band-box, "*My a—ſe* all over:" Which he repeated ſo commonly, that he got the appellation of *My a—ſe*; and, by a common abbreviation, *M'ars*; from whence, by leaving out the mark of eliſion, *Mars*.

And this is a common practice among us at present; as in the words D'anvers, D'avenport, D'anby, which are now written Danvers, Davenport, Danby, and many others.

The next is *Hercules*, otherwise called *Alcides*. Both these names are English, with little alteration; and describe the principal qualities of that Hero, who was distinguished for being a slave to his mistresses, and at the same time for his great strength and courage. Omphale, his chief mistress, used to call her lovers *her cullies*; and, because this Hero was more and longer subject to her than any other, he was in a particular manner called the chief of *her cullies*; which, by an easy change, made the word *Hercules*. His other name *Alcides* was given him on account of his prowess: For, in fight, he used to strike on *all sides*; and was allowed on *all sides* to be the chief hero of his age. For one of which reasons, he was called *All sides*, or *Alcides*; but I am inclined to favour the former opinion.

A certain Grecian youth was a great imitator of Socrates; which that philosopher observing, with much pleasure, said to his friends, "There "is an *Ape o' mine own days.*" After which the young man was called *Epaminondas*, and proved to be the most virtuous person, as well as the greatest general of his age.

Ucalegon was a very obliging inn-keeper of Troy. When a guest was going to take horse, the landlord took leave of them with this compliment,

ment, "Sir, I ſhall be glad to ſee *you call again.*" Strangers, who knew not his right name, caught his laſt words; and thus, by degrees, that appellation prevailed, and he was known by no other name even among his neighbours.

Hydra was a great ſerpent, which Hercules ſlew. His uſual outward garment was the *raw hyde* of a lion, and this he had on when he attacked the ſerpent; which, therefore, took its name from the ſkin: The modeſty of that Hero devolving the honour of his victory upon the lion's ſkin, calling that enormous ſnake the *Hyde-raw* ſerpent.

Leda was the mother of Caſtor and Pollux; whom Jupiter embracing in the ſhape of a ſwan, ſhe *laid a* couple of eggs; and was therefore called *Laid a*, or *Leda*.

As to Jupiter himſelf: It is well known that the ſtatues and pictures of this Heathen God, in the Roman-catholic countries, reſemble thoſe of St. Peter, and are often taken the one for the other. The reaſon is manifeſt: For, when the emperors had eſtabliſhed Chriſtianity, the Heathens were afraid of acknowledging their heathen idols of the chief God, and pretended it was only a ſtatue of the *Jew Peter*. And thus the principal Heathen God came to be called by the antient Romans, with very little alteration, *Jupiter*.

The *Hamadryades* are repreſented by miſtaken antiquity as Nymphs of the Groves. But the true account is this: They were women of Calabria, who dealt in bacon; and, living near the ſea-ſide, uſed

uſed to pickle their bacon in ſalt-water, and then ſet it up to dry in the ſun. From whence they were properly called *Ham-a-dry-a-days*, and, in proceſs of time, miſ-ſpelt *Hamadryades*.

Neptune, the God of the ſea, had his name from the *Tunes* ſung to him by Tritons, upon their ſhells, every *neap* or *nep* tide. The word is come down to us almoſt uncorrupted, as well as that of *Tritons*, his ſervants; who, in order to pleaſe their maſter, uſed to *try* all *tones*, till they could hit upon that he liked.

Ariſtotle was a Peripatetic philoſopher, who uſed to inſtruct his ſcholars while he was walking. When the lads were come, he would *ariſe to tell* them what he thought proper; and was therefore called *Ariſe to tell*. But ſucceeding ages, who underſtood not this etymology, have, by an abſurd change, made it *Ariſtotle*.

Ariſtophanes was a Greek comedian, full of levity, and gave himſelf too much freedom; which made a graver people not ſcruple to ſay, that he had a great deal of *airy ſtuff in his* writings: And theſe words, often repeated, made ſucceeding ages denominate him *Ariſtophanes*. Vide *Roſin. Antiq. l.* iv.

Alexander the Great was very fond of eggs roaſted in hot aſhes. As ſoon as his cooks heard he was come home to dinner or ſupper, they called aloud to their under-officers, *All eggs under the Grate:* Which, repeated every day at noon and evening, made ſtrangers think it was that prince's real

real name, and therefore gave him no other; and poſterity hath been ever ſince under the ſame deluſion.

Pygmalion was a perſon of very low ſtature, but great valour; which made his townſmen call him *Pygmy lion:* And ſo it ſhould be ſpelt; although the word hath ſuffered leſs by tranſcribers than many others.

Archimedes was a moſt famous mathematician. His ſtudies required much ſilence and quiet: But his wife having ſeveral maids, they were always diſturbing him with their tattle or their buſineſs; which forced him to come out every now and then to the ſtair-head, and cry, "*Hark ye, maids*, if you "will not be quiet, I ſhall turn you out of doors." He repeated theſe words, *Hark ye, maids*, ſo often, that the unlucky jades, when they found he was at his ſtudy, would ſay, "There is *Hark ye, maids*, "let us ſpeak ſoftly." Thus the name went through the neighbourhood; and, at laſt, grew ſo general, that we are ignorant of that great man's true name to this day.

Strabo was a famous geographer; and to improve his knowledge, travelled over ſeveral countries, as the writers of his life inform us; who likewiſe add, that he affected great nicety and finery in his cloaths: From whence people took occaſion to call him the *Stray beau*; which future ages have pinned down upon him, very much to his diſhonour.

Peloponneſus,

Peloponneſus, that famous Grecian peninſula, got its name from a Greek colony in Aſia the Leſs; many of whom going for traffick thither, and finding that the inhabitants had but one well in the town of * * * *, from whence certain porters uſed to carry the water through the city in great pails, ſo heavy that they were often forced to ſet them down for eaſe; the tired porters, after they had ſet down the pails, and wanted to take them up again, would call for aſſiſtance to thoſe who were neareſt, in theſe words, *Pail up, and eaſe us.* The ſtranger Greeks, hearing theſe words repeated a thouſand times as they paſſed the ſtreet, thought the inhabitants were pronouncing the name of their country, which made the foreign Greeks call it *Peloponneſus*, a manifeſt corruption of *Pail up, and eaſe us.*

Having mentioned ſo many Grecians to prove my hypotheſis, I ſhall not tire the reader with producing an equal number of Romans, as I might eaſily do. Some few will be ſufficient.

Cæſar was the greateſt captain of that empire: The word ought to be ſpelt *Seiſer*, becauſe he *ſeiſed* on not only moſt of the known world, but even the liberties of his own country: So that a more proper appellation could not have been given him.

Cicero was a poor ſcholar in the univerſity of *Athens*, wherewith his enemies in Rome uſed to reproach him; and, as he paſſed the ſtreets, would call

call out, *O Cifer, Cifer o!* A word ſtill uſed in Cambridge, and anſwers to a ſervitor in Oxford.

Anibal was ſworn enemy of the Romans, and gained many glorious victories over them. This name appears, at firſt repeating, to be a metaphor drawn from tennis, expreſſing a ſkilful gameſter, who can take *any Ball*; and is very juſtly applied to ſo renowned a commander. Navigators are led into a ſtrange miſtake upon this article. We have uſually in our fleet ſome large men of war, called the *Anibal* with great propriety, becauſe it is ſo ſtrong that it may defy *any ball* from a cannon. And ſuch is the deplorable ignorance of our ſeamen, that they miſcall it the *Honey-ball.*

Cartago was the moſt famous trading city in the world; where, in every ſtreet, there was many a *cart a going*, probably laden with merchants goods. Vide *Alexander ab Alexandro*, and *Suidas* upon the word *Cartago.*

The word *Roman* itſelf is perfectly Engliſh, like other words ending in *man* or *men*, as Hangman, Drayman, Huntſman, and ſeveral others. It was formerly ſpelt *Row-man*, which is the ſame with *Waterman.* And therefore, when we read of *Feſta* (or, as it is corruptly ſpelt, *Geſta) Romanorum*, it is to be underſtood of the rough manner of *jeſting* uſed by watermen; who, upon the ſides of rivers, would *row man or'um.* This I think is clear enough to convince the moſt incredulous.

Miſanthropus was the name of an ill-natured man, which he obtained by a cuſtom of catching a great

great number of *mice*, then ſhutting them up in a room and throwing a cat among them. Upon which his fellow citizens called him *Mice and throw puſs*. The reader obſerves how much the orthography hath been changed without altering the ſound: But ſuch depravations we owe to the injury of time, and groſs ignorance of tranſcribers.

Among the antients, fortune-telling by the ſtars was a very beggarly trade. The profeſſors lay upon ſtraw, and their cabbins were covered with the ſame materials: Whence every one who followed that myſtery was called *A ſtraw lodger*, or a lodger in ſtraw; but, in the new-fangled way of ſpelling, *Aſtrologer*.

It is remarkable that the very word *Dipthong* is wholly Engliſh. In former times, ſchool-boys were chaſtiſed with thongs faſtened at the head of a ſtick. It was obſerved that young lads were much puzzled with ſpelling, and pronouncing words where two vowels came together, and were often corrected for their miſtakes in that point. Upon theſe occaſions the maſter would *dip* his *thongs* (as we now do rods) in p—, which made that difficult union of vowels to be called *Dipthong*.

Bucephalus, the famous horſe of Alexander, was ſo called becauſe there were many grooms employed about him, which *fellows* were always *buſy* in their office; and, becauſe the horſe had ſo many *buſy fellows* about him, it was natural for thoſe who went to the ſtable to ſay, "Let us go to the *buſy* "*fellows*;" by which they meant, to ſee that prince's

prince's horſe. And, in proceſs of time, theſe words were abſurdly applied to the animal itſelf, which was thenceforth ſtyled *Buſy fellows*, and very improperly *Bucephalus*.

I ſhall now bring a few proofs of the ſame kind, to convince my readers that our Engliſh language was well known to the Jews.

Moſes, the great leader of thoſe people out of Egypt, was in propriety of ſpeech called *Mow ſeas* down in the middle, to make a path for the Iſraelites.

Abraham was a perſon of ſtrong bones and ſinews, and a firm walker, which made the people ſay, "He was a man (in the Scotch phraſe, which "comes neareſt to the old Saxon) of *a bra ham*;" that is, of a brave ſtrong ham, from whence he acquired his name.

The man whom the Jews called *Balam* was a ſhepherd; who, by often crying *Ba* to his *lambs*, was therefore called *Baalamb*, or *Balam*.

Iſaac is nothing elſe but *Eyes ake*; becauſe the Talmudiſts report that he had a pain in his eyes. Vide *Ben gorion* and the *Targum* on *Geneſis*.

Thus I have manifeſtly proved, that the Greeks, the Romans, and the Jews, ſpoke the language we now do in England; which is an honour to our country that I thought proper to ſet in a true light, and yet hath not been done, as I have heard, by any other writer.

And thus I have ventured (perhaps too temeriouſly) to contribute my mite to the learned world;

world; from whoſe candour, if I may hope to receive ſome approbation, it may probably give me encouragement to proceed on ſome other ſpeculations, if poſſible, of greater importance than what I now offer; and which have been the labour of many years, as well as of conſtant watchings, that I might be uſeful to mankind, and particularly to mine own country.

A LET-

LETTER,

Giving an ACCOUNT of

A PESTILENT NEIGHBOUR.

SIR,

YOU muſt give me leave to complain of a *peſtilent* fellow in my neighbourhood, who is always beating *mortar*; yet I cannot find he ever builds. In talking, he uſeth ſuch hard words, that I want a Drugger-man to interpret them. But all is not gold that *gliſters*. *A pot he carries* to moſt houſes where he viſits. He makes his prentice his *gally*-ſlave. I wiſh our lane were *purged* of him. Yet he pretends to be a *cordial* man. Every *ſpring* his ſhop his crouded with country-folks; who, by their *leaves*, in my opinion, help him to do a great deal of miſchief. He is full of *ſcruples*; and ſo very litigious, that he *files bills* againſt all his acquaintance: and, though he be much troubled with the *ſimples*, yet I aſſure you he is a *Jeſuitical dog*; as you may know by his *bark*. Of all poetry he loves the *dram-a-tick* beſt. I am, *&c.*

A LETTER

TO THE

EARL OF PEMBROKE.

My Lord, 1709, at a Conjecture.

IT is now a good while ſince I reſolved to take ſome occaſion of congratulating with your lordſhip, and condoling with the publick, upon your lordſhip's leaving the admiralty; and I thought I could never chuſe a better time, than when I am in the country with my lord biſhop of *Clogher* and his brother the doctor [*n*]: For we pretend to a *triumvirate* of as humble ſervants and true admirers of your lordſhip, as any you have in both iſlands. You may call them a *triumvirate*; for, if you pleaſe to *try-um*, they will *vie* with the beſt, and are of the firſt *rate*, though they are not *men of war*, but men of the church. To ſay the truth, it was a pity your lordſhip ſhould be confined to the *Fleet*, when you are not in debt. Though your lordſhip is *caſt away*, you are not *ſunk*; nor ever will be, ſince nothing is out of your lordſhip's *depth*. Dr. *Aſhe* ſays, it is but juſtice that your lordſhip, who is a man of *letters*, ſhould be placed upon the *poſt-office*; and my lord biſhop adds, that he hopes to ſee your lordſhip toſt from that *poſt* to be a *pillar* of ſtate again; which he deſired I would put in by way of *Poſtſcript*. I am,

My Lord, *&c.*

[*n*] Doctor *St. George Aſhe.*

A LET-

A

LETTER

TO THE

EARL OF PEMBROKE.

Pretended to be the DYING SPEECH of TOM ASHE, whoſe Brother, the Reverend DILLON ASHE, was nicknamed DILLY [*o*].

[Given to Dr. MONSEY by Sir ANDREW FOUNTAIN, and communicated to the Editor of theſe Volumes by that ingenious, learned, and very obliging Gentleman.]

TOM ASHE died laſt night. It is conceived he was ſo puffed up by my lord lieutenant's *favour*, that it ſtruck him into a *fever*. I

[*o*] *Thomas Aſhe*, Eſq; deſcended from an ancient family of that name in *Wiltſhire*, was a gentleman of fortune in *Ireland*. He was a facetious pleaſant companion, but the moſt eternal unwearied punſter that ever lived. He was thick and ſhort in his perſon, being not above five feet high at the moſt, and had ſomething very droll in his appearance. He died about the year 1719, and left his whole eſtate, of about a thouſand pounds a year, to his intimate friend and kinſman *Richard Aſhe*, of *Aſhefield*, Eſq. There is a whimſical ſtory, and a very true one, of *Tom Aſhe*, which is well remembered to this day.

here ſend you his dying ſpeech, as it was exactly taken by a friend in ſhort-hand. It is ſomething long, and a little incoherent; but he was ſeveral hours delivering it, and with ſeveral intervals. His friends were about the bed, and he ſpoke to them thus:

MY FRIENDS,

IT is time for a man to look *grave* when he has one foot there. I once had only a *punnic* fear of death, but, of late, I have *pun*dred it more ſeriouſly. Every fit of *coffing* hath put me in mind of my *coffin*; though *diſſolute* men ſeldomeſt think of *diſſolution*. This is a very great alteration: I, that ſupported myſelf with good *wine*, muſt now be myſelf ſupported by a *ſmall bier*.——A fortune-teller once looked on my hand, and ſaid, This man is to be a great traveller; he will ſoon be at

It happened, that, while he was travelling on horſe-back, and at a conſiderable diſtance from any town, there burſt from the clouds ſuch a torrent of rain as wetted him through. He galloped forward; and, as ſoon as he came to an inn, he was met inſtantly by a drawer: "Here," ſaid he to the fellow, ſtretching out one of his arms, "Take off my "coat immediately." "No, Sir, I won't," ſaid the drawer. "Pox confound you," ſaid *Aſhe*, "take off my coat this inſtant." "No, Sir, (replied the drawer) I dare not take off your coat; for "it is felony to ſtrip an ASH." *Tom* was delighted beyond meaſure, frequently told the ſtory, and ſaid he would have given fifty guineas to have been the author of that pun. This little tract of Dr. *Swift's*, intituled, *The Dying Words of* Tom Aſhe, was written ſeveral years before the deceaſe of *Tom*, and was merely deſigned to exhibit the manner in which ſuch an eternal punſter might have expreſſed himſelf on his death-bed.

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the *Diet* of *Worms*, and from thence go to *Ratisbone*. But now I underſtand his double meaning.—I deſire to be privately *buried*, for I think a public funeral looks like *Bury* fair; and the *rites* of the dead too often prove *wrong* to the living. Methinks the world itſelf beſt expreſſes the number, neither *few nor all*.—A dying man ſhould not think of *obſequies*, but *ob ſe quies*—Little did I think you would ſo ſoon ſee poor *Tom ſtown* under a *tomb ſtone*. But as the *mole* crumbles the *mold* about her, ſo a man of my ſmall *mold*, before I am *old*, may *molder* away.—Sometimes I've *rav'd* that I ſhould *revive*; but phyſicians tell me, that, when once the great *artery* has drawn the *heart awry*, we ſhall find the *cor di all*, in ſpite of all the higheſt *cordial*.—Brother, you are fond of *Daffy's* elixir; but, when death comes, the world will ſee that, in ſpite of *Daffy down dilly* [o].—Whatever doctors *may deſign* by their *medicines*, a man in a *dropſy drops he* not, in ſpite of Goddard's *drops*, though none are reckoned ſuch *high drops?*——I find death ſmells the blood of an Engliſhman: A *fee faintly fum*bled ont will be a weak defence againſt his *fee fa-fum*.—*P. T.* are no letters in death's *alphabet*; he has not *half a bit* of either: He moves his *ſithe*, but will not be moved by all our *ſighs*.—Every thing ought to put us in mind of death: Phyſicians affirm that our very food breeds it in us; ſo that, in our *dieting*, we may be ſaid to *di eating*.—There is ſomething ominous, not only in the names of diſeaſes, as *di*-arrhæa, *di*-abetes, *di*-ſentery, but even

[o] A nickname of *Tom Aſhe's* brother.

in the drugs designed to preserve our lives; as *di*-acodium, *di*-apente, *di*-ascordium.—I perceive Dr. *Howard* (and I feel *how hard) lay thumb* on my *pulse*, then *pulls* it back, as if he saw *Lethum* in my face. I see as bad in his; for sure there is no *physic* like a *sick phiz*. He thinks I shall *decease* before the *day cease*; but, before I die, before the bell hath *toll'd*, and *Tom Tollman* is *told* that little *Tom*, though not *old*, has paid nature's *toll*, I do desire to give some advice to those that survive me. First, Let gamesters consider that death is *hazard* and *passage*, upon the turn of a *die*. Let lawyers consider it is a hard *case*. And let punners consider how hard it is to *die jesting* when death is so hard in *digesting*.

As for my lord-lieutenant the earl of *Mungomerry*, I am sure he *be-wales* my misfortune; and it would move him to stand by, when the carpenter (while my friends grieve and make an *odd splutter) nails* up my coffin. I will make a short *affidavi*-t, that, if he makes my *epitaph I* will take it for a great honour; and it is a plentiful subject. His excellency may say, that the art of punning is dead with *Tom*. *Tom* has taken all punsa way with him. *Omne tulit pun-Tom.*——May his excellency long *live tenant* to the queen in *Ireland*. We never *Herberd* so good a governor before. Sure he *mun-go-merry* home, that has made a kingdom so happy.—I hear, my friends design to publish a collection of my puns. Now I do confess, I have let many a *pun go*, which did never *pungo*; therefore

fore the world must read the bad as well as the good. *Virgil* has long foretold it: *Punica mala leges.*——I have had several fore-bodings that I should soon die: I have, of late, been often at committees, where I have sat de *die* in *diem.*——I conversed much with the *Usher* of the *black rod:* I saw his *medals*; and woe is *me dull* soul, not to consider they are but dead mens faces *stampt over* and *over* by the living, which will shortly be my condition.

Tell Sir Anthony *Fountain* I *ran* clear to the *bottom*, and wish he may be a late *a river* where I am going. He used to *brook* compliments. May his *sand* be long a *running*; not *quicksand*, like mine. Bid him avoid *poring* upon monuments and books, which is in reality but *running* among *rocks* and *shelves*, to *stop* his *course*. May his *waters* never be *troubled* with *mud* or *gravel*, nor *stopt* by any *grinding stone*. May his friends be all true *trouts*, and his enemies laid as flat as *flounders*. I look upon him as the most *fluent* of his *race*; therefore let him not de*spond*. I foresee his black *rod* will *advance* to a *pike*, and destroy all our *ills*.

But, I am going; my *wind in* lungs is turning to a *winding* sheet. The thoughts of *a pall* begin to *a pall* me. Life is but a *vapour*, car elle *va pour* la moindre cause. Farewell: I have lived ad amicorum *fastidium*, and now behold how *fast I di um!*

Here his breath failed him, and he expired. There are some false spellings here and there; but they must be pardoned in a dying man.

LETTER

TO THE

KING AT ARMS.

(From a reputed ESQUIRE, one of the SUBSCRIBERS to the BANK).

SIR, *November* 18, 1721.

IN a late printed paper, containing ſome notes and queries upon that liſt of the ſubſcribers names, which was publiſhed by order of the commiſſioners for receiving ſubſcriptions, I find ſome hints and innuendos that would ſeem to inſinuate, as if I and ſome others were only *reputed* eſquires; and our caſe is referred to you, in your kingly capacity. I deſire you will pleaſe to let me know the loweſt price of a real eſquire's coat of arms: and, if we can agree, I will give my bond to pay you out of the firſt intereſt I receive for my ſubſcription; becauſe things are a little low with me at preſent, by throwing my whole fortune into the bank, having ſubſcribed for five hundred pounds ſterling.

I hope you will not queſtion my pretenſions to this title, when I let you know that my god-

father was a juſtice of peace, and I myſelf have been often a keeper of it. My father was a leader and commander of horſe, in which poſt he rode before the greateſt lords of the land; and, in long marches, he alone preſided over the baggage, advancing directly before it. My mother kept open houſe in *Dublin*, where ſeveral hundreds were ſupported with meat and drink, bought at her own charge, or with her perſonal credit, until ſome envious brewers and butchers forced her to retire.

As to myſelf, I have been, for ſeveral years, a foot-officer; and it was my charge to guard the carriages, behind which I was commanded to ſtick cloſe, that they might not be attacked in the rear. I have had the honour to be a favourite of ſeveral fine ladies; who each of them, at different times, gave me ſuch coloured knots and public marks of diſtinction, that every one knew which of them it was to whom I paid my addreſs. They would not go into their coach without me, nor willingly drink unleſs I gave them the glaſs with my own hand. They allowed me to call them my Miſtreſſes, and owned that title publicly. I have been told, that the true antient employment of a Squire was to carry a Knight's ſhield, painted with his colours and coat of arms. This is what I have witneſſes to produce that I have often done; not indeed in a ſhield, like my predeceſſors, but that which is full as good, I have carried the colours of a Knight upon my coat. I have likewiſe borne the King's Arms in my hand, as a mark of authority;

thority; and hung them painted before my dwelling-house, as a mark of my calling: So that I may truly say, his Majesty's Arms have been my supporters. I have been a strict and constant follower of men of quality; I have diligently pursued the steps of several Squires, and am able to behave myself as well as the best of them, whenever there shall be occasion.

I desire it may be no disadvantage to me, that, by the new act of parliament going to pass for preserving the game, I am not yet qualified to keep a greyhound. If this should be the test of Squirehood, it will go hard with a great number of my fraternity, as well as myself, who must all be unsquired, because a greyhound will not be allowed to keep us company; and it is well known I have been a companion to his betters. What has a greyhound to do with a Squireship? Might not I be a real Squire, although there was no such thing as a greyhound in the world? Pray tell me, Sir, are greyhounds to be from henceforth the supporters of every Squire's coat of arms? Although I cannot keep a greyhound, may not a greyhound help to keep me? May not I have an order from the Governors of the Bank to keep a greyhound, with a *non obstante* to the act of parliament, as well as they have created a Bank against the votes of the two Houses? But, however, this difficulty will soon be overcome. I am promised 125*l.* a year for subscribing 500*l.*; and, of this 500*l.* I am to pay in only 25*l.* ready money: The governors will

will truſt me for the reſt, and pay themſelves out of the intereſt by 25*l.* *per cent.* So that I intend to receive only 40*l.* a year, to qualify me for keeping my family and a greyhound, and let the remaining 85*l.* go on 'till it makes 500*l.* then 1000*l.* then 10,000*l.* then 100,000*l.* then a million, and ſo forwards. This, I think, is much better (betwixt you and me) then keeping fairs, and buying and ſelling bullocks; by which I find, from experience, that little is to be gotten, in theſe hard times. I am,

SIR,

Your Friend, and

Servant to command, &c.

A. B. ESQUIRE.

Poſtſcript. I hope you will favourably repreſent my caſe to the publiſher of the Paper above-mentioned.

Direct your letter for *A. B. Eſquire,* at — in —; and, pray, get ſome parliament-man to frank it, for it will coſt a groat poſtage to this place.

A LET-

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LETTER

TO

Mrs. SUSANNA NEVILLE [a].

June 24, 1732.

MADAM,

I WILL not trouble you with any grave *tophicks*, leſt I ſhould *diſcurmode* you; but rather write in a *farmiliar* and *jocoſious* way.

You muſt know then, I was the other night at Mrs. Tattle's, and Mrs. Rattle came in to drink ſome *jocktit* with us, upon which they fell into a *nargiment* about the beſt *muſicioners* in town: At laſt, Rattle told Tattle, that ſhe did not know the *difrence* between a ſong and a *tympany*. They were going to *defer* the matter to me; but I ſaid that, when people diſputed, it was my way always to ſtand *muter*. You would have thought they were both *intoſticated* with liquor, if you had ſeen them ſo full of outrageouſneſs. However Mrs. Tattle, as being a very *timberſome* woman, yielded to Rattle, and there was an end of the *diſputement*.—I wonder you do not honour me ſometimes with your company. If I myſelf be no *introducement*, my garden, which has a fine *ruval* look,

[a] This letter is fictitious, and was written by Dr. *Sheridan*.

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ought to be one. My Tommy would be glad to see you before he goes for England, and so would I; for I am resolved to take the *tower* of London before I return. We intend to go to Norfolk or Suffolk, to see a clergyman, a near cousin of ours. They say that he is an *admiral* good man, and very *horspital* in his own house. I am *determ'd*, when this *vege* is over, never to set my foot in a stage-coach again; for the jolting of it has put my blood into such a *firmament*, that I have been in an *ege* ever since, and have lost my *nappitite* to such a degree that I have not eaten a *mansion* of bread, put all together, these six weeks past. They allow me to eat nothing at night but *blanchius manshius*, which has made a perfect *notomy* of me; and my spirits are so *extorted*, that I am in a perfect *liturgy*; for which I am resolved to take some *rubrick*, although the doctors advise me to drink *burgomy*. And what do you think? when I went to my cellar for a flask, I found that my servants had *imbellished* it all; for which I am resolved to give them some *hippokockeney* to bring it up again.—I fear that I have been too *turbulent* in this long and tedious *crawl*; which I hope you will excuse from

Your very humble servant,

MARY HOWE.

ON BARBAROUS DENOMINATIONS IN IRELAND.

SIR,

I HAVE been lately looking over the advertiſements in ſome of your *Dublin* news-papers, which are ſent me to the country, and was much entertained with a large liſt of denominations of lands, to be ſold or let. I am confident they muſt be genuine; for it is impoſſible that either chance, or modern invention, could ſort the alphabet in ſuch a manner, as to make thoſe abominable ſounds; whether firſt invented to invoke, or fright away the Devil, I muſt leave among the curious.

If I could wonder at any thing barbarous, ridiculous, or abſurd among us, this ſhould be one of the firſt. I have often lamented that *Agricola*, the Father-in-law of *Tacitus*, was not prevailed on by that petty king from *Ireland*, who followed his camp, to come over and civilize us with a conqueſt, as his countrymen did *Britain*, where ſeveral *Roman* appellations remain to this day; and ſo would the reſt have done, if that inundation of *Angles*, *Saxons*, and other northern people, had not

changed them ſo much for the worſe, although in no compariſon with ours. In one of the advertiſements juſt mentioned, I encountered near a hundred words together, which I defy any creature in human ſhape, except an *Iriſhman* of the ſavage kind, to pronounce; neither would I undertake ſuch a taſk, to be owner of the lands, unleſs I had liberty to humanize the ſyllables twenty miles round. The Legiſlature may think what they pleaſe, and that they are above copying the *Romans* in all their conqueſts of barbarous nations; but I am deceived, if any thing hath more contributed to prevent the *Iriſh* from being tamed, than this encouragement of their language, which might eaſily be aboliſhed, and become a dead one in half an age, with little expence, and leſs trouble.

How is it poſſible that a gentleman, who lives in thoſe parts, where the *Town-lands* (as they call them) of his eſtate produce ſuch odious ſounds from the mouth, the throat, and the noſe, can be able to repeat the words, without diſlocating every muſcle that is uſed in ſpeaking, and without applying the ſame tone to all other words, in every language he underſtands: As it is plainly to be obſerved, not only in thoſe people, of the better ſort, who live in *Galloway* and the *Weſtern* parts, but in moſt counties of *Ireland?*

It is true, that, in the city-part of *London*, the trading people have an affected manner of pronouncing; and ſo, in my time, had many ladies and coxcombs at court. It is likewiſe true, that there

there is an odd provincial cant in moſt counties in *England*, ſometimes not very pleaſing to the ear: and the *Scotch* cadence, as well as expreſſion, are offenſive enough. But none of theſe defects derive contempt to the ſpeaker; whereas, what we call the *Iriſh Brogue* is no ſooner diſcovered, than it makes the deliverer, in the laſt degree, ridiculous and deſpiſed; and, from ſuch a mouth, an *Engliſhman* expects nothing but bulls, blunders, and follies. Neither does it avail whether the cenſure be reaſonable or not, ſince the fact is always ſo. And, what is yet worſe, it is too well known that the bad conſequence of this opinion affects thoſe among us who are not the leaſt liable to ſuch reproaches, further than the misfortune of being born in *Ireland*, although of *Engliſh* parents, and whoſe education hath been chiefly in that kingdom.

I have heard many gentlemen, among us, talk much of the great convenience to thoſe who live in the country, that they ſhould ſpeak *Iriſh*. It may poſſibly be ſo: but, I think, they ſhould be ſuch who never intend to viſit *England*, upon pain of being ridiculous. For I do not remember to have heard of any one man that ſpoke *Iriſh*, who had not the accent upon his tongue, eaſily diſcernible to any *Engliſh* ear.

But I have wandered a little from my ſubject, which was only to propoſe a wiſh, that theſe execrable denominations were a little better ſuited to an *Engliſh* mouth, if it were only for the ſake of the *Engliſh* lawyers; who, in trials upon appeals

to

to the Houſe of Lords, find ſo much difficulty in repeating the names, that, if the plaintiff or defendant were by, they would never be able to diſcover which were their own lands. But, beſides this, I would deſire, not only that the appellations of what they call *Town-lands* were changed, but likewiſe of larger diſtricts, and ſeveral towns, and ſome counties; and particularly the ſeats of country-gentlemen, leaving an *alias* to ſolve all difficulties in point of law. But I would by no means truſt theſe alterations to the owners themſelves; who, as they are generally no great clerks, ſo they ſeem to have no large vocabulary about them, nor to be well ſkilled in proſody. The utmoſt extent of their genius lies in naming their country-habitation by a hill, a mount, a brook, a burrough, a caſtle, a bawn, a ford, and the like ingenious conceits. Yet theſe are exceeded by others, whereof ſome have continued anagrammatical appellations, from half their own and their wives names joined together, others only from the lady. As, for inſtance, a perſon, whoſe wife's name was Elizabeth, calls his ſeat by the name of *Beſs-borow*. There is likewiſe a famous town, where the worſt iron in the kingdom is made, and it is called *Swandlingbar*. The original of which name I ſhall explain, leſt the antiquaries of future ages might be at a loſs to derive it. It was a moſt witty conceit of four gentlemen, who ruined themſelves with this iron-project. *Sw.* ſtands for

Swift, *And.* for *Sanders*, *Ling.* for *Darling*, and *Bar.* for *Barry*. Methinks I see the four loggerheads sitting in consult, like *Smectymnus*, each gravely contributing a part of his own name to make up one for their place in the iron-work; and could wish they had been hanged, as well as undone, for their wit. But I was most pleased with the denomination of a town land, which I lately saw in an advertisement of *Pue's* paper: "This "is to give notice, that the lands of *Douras*, "*alias* WHIG-*borow*, &c." Now this zealous proprietor, having a mind to record his principles in religion or loyalty to future ages, within five miles round him, for want of other merit, thought fit to make use of this expedient; wherein he seems to mistake his account: For this distinguishing term *Whig* had a most infamous original, denoting a man who favoured the Fanatic sect, and an enemy to kings, and so continued 'till the idea was a little softened, some years after the Revolution, and during a part of her late majesty's reign. After which it was in disgrace until the queen's death: since which time it hath, indeed, flourished with a witness: but how long it will continue so, in our variable scene, or what kind of mortal it may describe, is a question which this courtly landlord is not able to answer. And therefore, he should have set a date on the title of his burrow, to let us know what kind of creature a Whig was in that year of our LORD. —— I

would

would readily assist nomenclators of this costive imagination; and therefore I propose, to others of the same size in thinking, that, when they are at a loss about christening a country-seat, instead of straining their invention, they would call it *Booby-burrow*, *Fool-brook*, *Puppy-ford*, *Coxcomb-hall*, *Mount-loggerhead*, *Dunce-hill*; which are innocent appellations, proper to express the talents of the owners. But I cannot reconcile myself to the prudence of this Lord of WHIG-*burrow*, because I have not yet heard, among the Presbyterian squires, how much soever their persons and principles are in vogue, that any of them have distinguished their country-abode by the name of *Mount-regicide*, *Covenant-hall*, *Fanatic-hill*, *Roundhead-bawn*, *Canting-brook*, or *Mount-rebel*, and the like: because there may, possibly, come a time when those kind of sounds may not be so grateful to the ears of the kingdom. For I do not conceive it would be a mark of discretion, upon supposing a gentleman, in allusion to his name, or the merit of his ancestors, to call his house *Tyburn-hall*.

But the scheme I would propose, for changing the denominations of land into legible and audible syllables, is by employing some gentlemen in the University; who, by the knowledge of the *Latin* tongue, and their judgment in sounds, might imitate the *Roman* way, by translating those hideous words into their *English* meanings, and altering the termination, where a bare translation will not

form a good cadence to the ear, or be eaſily delivered from the mouth. And, when both theſe means happen to fail, then to name the parcels of land from the nature of the ſoil, or ſome peculiar circumſtance belonging to it; as, in *England*, *Farnham*, *Oat lands*, *Black-heath*, *Corn-bury*, *Rye-gate*, *Aſh-burnham*, *Barn-elms*, *Cole-ortum*, *Sand-wich*, and many others.

I am likewiſe apt to quarrel with ſome titles of lords among us, that have a very ungracious ſound, which are apt to communicate mean ideas to thoſe who have not the honour to be acquainted with their perſons or their virtues, of whom I have the misfortune to be one. But I cannot pardon thoſe gentlemen, who have gotten titles ſince the judicature of the peers among us hath been taken away, to which they all ſubmitted with a reſignation that became good Chriſtians, as undoubtedly they are. However, ſince that time, I look upon a graceful harmonious title to be, at leaſt, forty *per cent.* in the value intrinſic of an *Iriſh* peerage: and, ſince it is as cheap as the worſt, for any *Iriſh* law hitherto enacted in *England* to the contrary, I would adviſe the next ſett, before they paſs their patents, to call a conſultation of ſcholars and muſical gentlemen, to adjuſt this moſt important and eſſential circumſtance. The *Scotch* noblemen, though born almoſt under the North Pole, have much more tuneable appellations, except ſome very few, which, I ſuppoſe, were given

given them by the *Iriſh*, along with their language, at the time when that kingdom was conquered, and planted from hence; and, to this day, retain the denominations of places, and ſurnames of families, as all hiſtorians agree.

I ſhould likewiſe not be ſorry, if the names of ſome biſhops ſees were ſo much obliged to the alphabet, that, upon pronouncing them, we might contract ſome veneration for the order and perſons of thoſe reverend peers, which the groſs ideas ſometimes joined to their titles are very unjuſtly apt to diminiſh.

ON

THE DEATH

OF

Mrs. JOHNSON [STELLA].

THIS day, being *Sunday January* 28th 1727-8, about eight o'clock at night, a ſervant brought me a note, with an account of the death of the trueſt, moſt virtuous, and valuable friend, that I or perhaps any other perſon was ever bleſſed with. She expired about ſix in the evening of this day; and, as ſoon as I am left alone, which is about eleven at night, I reſolve, for my own ſatisfaction, to ſay ſomething of her life and character.

She was born at *Richmond* in *Surrey*, on the thirteenth day of *March*, in the year 1681. Her father was a younger brother of a good family in *Nottinghamſhire*, her mother of a lower degree; and indeed ſhe had little to boaſt of her birth. I knew her from ſix years old, and had ſome ſhare in her education, by directing what books ſhe ſhould read, and perpetually inſtructing her in the principles of honour and virtue; from which ſhe never ſwerved in any one action or moment of her life. She was ſickly from her childhood until about the age of fifteen: but then grew into perfect health, and was looked upon as one of the moſt beautiful, graceful,

graceful, and agreeable young women in *London*, only a little too fat. Her hair was blacker than a raven, and every feature of her face in perfection. She lived generally in the country, with a family where she contracted an intimate friendship with another lady of more advanced years. I was then, to my mortification, settled in *Ireland*; and, about a year after, going to visit my friends in *England*, I found she was a little uneasy upon the death of a person on whom she had some dependance. Her fortune, at that time, was in all not above fifteen hundred pounds, the interest of which was but a scanty maintenance, in so dear a country, for one of her spirit. Upon this consideration, and indeed very much for my own satisfaction, who had few friends or acquaintance in *Ireland*, I prevailed with her and her dear friend and companion, the other lady [*r*], to draw what money they had into *Ireland*, a great part of their fortune being in annuities upon funds. Money was then at ten *per cent* in *Ireland*, besides the advantage of returning it, and all necessaries of life at half the price. They complied with my advice, and soon after came over; but I happening to continue some time longer in *England*, they were much discouraged to live in *Dublin*, where they were wholly strangers. She was at that time about nineteen years old, and her person was soon distinguished. But the adventure looked so like a frolick, the censure held, for some

[*r*] Mrs. *Dingley*.

time, as if there were a secret history in such a removal; which, however, soon blew off by her excellent conduct. She came over with her friend on the in the year 170—; and they both lived together until this day, when death removed her from us. For some years past, she had been visited with continual ill-health; and several times, within these last two years, her life was despaired of. But, for this twelve-month past, she never had a day's health; and, properly speaking, she hath been dying six months, but kept alive, almost against nature, by the generous kindness of two physicians and the care of her friends.—Thus far I writ the same night between eleven and twelve.

Never was any of her sex born with better gifts of the mind, or more improved them by reading and conversation. Yet her memory was not of the best, and was impaired in the latter years of her life. But I cannot call to mind that I ever once heard her make a wrong judgment of persons, books, or affairs. Her advice was always the best, and with the greatest freedom, mixt with the greatest decency. She had a gracefulness somewhat more than human in every motion, word, and action. Never was so happy a conjunction of civility, freedom, easiness, and sincerity. There seemed to be a combination among all that knew her, to treat her with a dignity much beyond her rank: yet people of all sorts were never more easy than in her company. Mr. *Addison*, when he was in *Ireland*, being introduced to her, immediately found

found her out: and, if he had not ſoon after left the kingdom, aſſured me he would have uſed all endeavours to cultivate her friendſhip. A rude or conceited coxcomb paſſed his time very ill, upon the leaſt breach of reſpect; for, in ſuch a caſe, ſhe had no mercy, but was ſure to expoſe him to the contempt of the ſtanders-by; yet in ſuch a manner as he was aſhamed to complain, and durſt not reſent. All of us, who had the happineſs of her friendſhip, agreed unanimouſly, that, in an afternoon or evening's converſation, ſhe never failed, before we parted, of delivering the beſt thing that was ſaid in the company. Some of us have written down ſeveral of her ſayings, or what the *French* call *Bons Mots*, wherein ſhe excelled almoſt beyond belief [*s*]. She never miſtook the underſtanding of others; nor ever ſaid a ſevere word, but where a much ſeverer was deſerved.

Her ſervants loved and almoſt adored her at the ſame time. She would, upon occaſions, treat them with freedom; yet her demeanour was ſo awful, that they durſt not fail in the leaſt point of reſpect. She chid them ſeldom; but it was with ſeverity, which had an effect upon them for a long time after.

January 26th, My head aches, and I can write no more.

January 30th, *Tueſday*.

This is the night of the funeral, which my ſickneſs will not ſuffer me to attend. It is now nine

[*s*] See Vol. XII. p. 243.

at

at night; and I am removed into another apartment, that I may not see the light in the church, which is just over against the window of my bedchamber.

With all the softness of temper that became a lady, she had the personal courage of a hero. She and her friend having removed their lodgings to a new house, which stood solitary, a parcel of rogues, armed, attempted the house, where there was only one boy: she was then about four and twenty: and, having been warned to apprehend some such attempt, she learned the management of a pistol; and, the other women and servants being half-dead with fear, she stole softly to her dining-room window, put on a black hood to prevent being seen, primed the pistol fresh, gently lifted up the sash; and, taking her aim with the utmost presence of mind, discharged the pistol, loaden with the bullets, into the body of one villain, who stood the fairest mark. The fellow, mortally wounded, was carried off by the rest, and died the next morning; but his companions could not be found. The duke of *Ormond* had often drank her health to me upon that account, and had always an high esteem for her. She was indeed under some apprehensions of going in a boat, after some danger she had narrowly escaped by water; but she was reasoned thoroughly out of it. She was never known to cry out, or discover any fear, in a coach or on horseback, or any uneasiness by those sudden accidents with

with which moſt of her ſex, either by weakneſs or affectation, appear ſo much diſordered.

She never had the leaſt abſence of mind in converſation, nor given to interruption, or appeared eager to put in her word by waiting impatiently until another had done. She ſpoke in a moſt agreeable voice, in the plaineſt words, never heſitating, except out of modeſty before new faces, where ſhe was ſomewhat reſerved; nor, among her neareſt friends, ever ſpoke much at a time. She was but little verſed in the common topicks of female chat; ſcandal, cenſure, and detraction, never came out of her mouth: yet, among a few friends, in private converſation, ſhe made little ceremony in diſcovering her contempt of a coxcomb, and deſcribing all his follies to the life; but the follies of her own ſex ſhe was rather inclined to extenuate or to pity.

When ſhe was once convinced by open facts of any breach of truth or honour, in a perſon of high ſtation, eſpecially in the church, ſhe could not conceal her indignation, nor hear them named without ſhewing her diſpleaſure in her countenance; particularly one or two of the latter ſort, whom ſhe had known and eſteemed, but deteſted above all mankind, when it was manifeſt that they had ſacrificed thoſe two precious virtues to their ambition, and would much ſooner have forgiven them the common immoralities of the laity.

Her frequent fits of ſickneſs, in moſt parts of her life, had prevented her from making that progreſs

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in reading which she would otherwise have done. She was well versed in the *Greek* and *Roman* story, and was not unskilled in that of *France* and *England*. She spoke *French* perfectly, but forgot much of it by neglect and sickness. She had read carefully all the best books of travels, which serve to open and enlarge the mind. She understood the *Platonic* and *Epicurean* philosophy, and judged very well of the defects of the latter. She made very judicious abstracts of the best books she had read. She understood the nature of government, and could point out all the errors of *Hobbes*, both in that and religion. She had a good insight into physick, and knew somewhat of anatomy; in both which she was instructed in her younger days by an eminent physician, who had her long under his care, and bore the highest esteem for her person and understanding. She had a true taste of wit and good sense, both in poetry and prose, and was a perfect good critick of style: neither was it easy to find a more proper or impartial judge, whose advice an author might better rely on, if he intended to send a thing into the world, provided it was on a subject that came within the compass of her knowledge. Yet, perhaps, she was sometimes too severe, which is a safe and pardonable error. She preserved her wit, judgement, and vivacity to the last; but often used to complain of her memory.

Her fortune, with some accession, could not, as I have heard say, amount to much more than two thousand pounds, whereof a great part fell with her

her life, having been placed upon annuities in *England*, and one in *Ireland*. In a perſon ſo extraordinary, perhaps, it may be pardonable to mention ſome particulars, although of little moment, further than to ſet forth her character. Some preſents of gold-pieces being often made to her while ſhe was a girl, by her mother and other friends, on promiſe to keep them, ſhe grew into ſuch a ſpirit of thrift, that, in about three years, they amounted to above two hundred pounds. She uſed to ſhew them with boaſting; but her mother, apprehending ſhe would be cheated of them, prevailed, in ſome months, and with great importunities, to have them put out to intereſt; when, the girl loſing the pleaſure of ſeeing and counting her gold, which ſhe never failed of doing many times in a day, and deſpairing of heaping up ſuch another treaſure, her humour took the quite contrary turn: ſhe grew careleſs and ſquandering of every new acquiſition, and ſo continued till about two and twenty; when, by advice of ſome friends, and the fright of paying large bills of tradeſmen, who enticed her into their debt, ſhe began to reflect upon her own folly, and was never at reſt until ſhe had diſcharged all her ſhop-bills, and refunded herſelf a conſiderable ſum ſhe had run out. After which, by the addition of a few years and a ſuperior underſtanding, ſhe became, and continued all her life, a moſt prudent œconomiſt; yet ſtill with a ſtrong bent to the liberal ſide, wherein ſhe gratified herſelf by avoiding all expence in cloaths (which ſhe ever deſpiſed) beyond what was

merely

merely decent. And, although her frequent returns of ſickneſs were very chargeable, except fees to phyſicians, of which ſhe met with ſeveral ſo generous that ſhe could force nothing on them (and indeed ſhe muſt otherwiſe have been undone), yet ſhe never was without a conſiderable ſum of ready money. Inſomuch that, upon her death, when her neareſt friends thought her very bare, her executors found in her ſtrong box about a hundred and fifty pounds in gold. She lamented the narrowneſs of her fortune in nothing ſo much, as that it did not enable her to entertain her friends ſo often, and in ſo hoſpitable a manner, as ſhe deſired. Yet they were always welcome; and, while ſhe was in health to direct, were treated with neatneſs and elegance: ſo that the revenues of her and her companion paſſed for much more conſiderable than they really were. They lived always in lodgings; their domeſticks conſiſted of two maids and one man. She kept an account of all the family expences, from her arrival in *Ireland* to ſome months before her death; and ſhe would often repine, when looking back upon the annals of her houſhold bills, that every thing neceſſary for life was double the price, while intereſt of money was ſunk almoſt to one half; ſo that the addition made to her fortune was indeed grown abſolutely neceſſary.

[I ſince writ as I found time].

But her charity to the poor was a duty not to be diminiſhed, and therefore became a tax upon thoſe tradeſmen who furniſh the fopperies of other ladies.

ladies. She bought cloaths as ſeldom as poſſible, and thoſe as plain and cheap as conſiſted with the ſituation ſhe was in; and wore no lace for many years. Either her judgment or fortune was extraordinary, in the choice of thoſe on whom ſhe beſtowed her charity; for it went further in doing good than double the ſum from any other hand. And I have heard her ſay, ſhe always met with gratitude from the poor: which muſt be owing to her ſkill in diſtinguiſhing proper objects, as well as her gracious manner in relieving them.

But ſhe had another quality that much delighted her, although it may be thought a kind of check upon her bounty; however, it was a pleaſure ſhe could not reſiſt: I mean that of making agreeable preſents, wherein I never knew her equal, although it be an affair of as delicate a nature as moſt in the courſe of life. She uſed to define a preſent, That it was a gift to a friend of ſomething he wanted or was fond of, and which could not be eaſily gotten for money. I am confident, during my acquaintance with her, ſhe hath, in theſe and ſome other kinds of liberality, diſpoſed of to the value of ſeveral hundred pounds. As to preſents made to herſelf, ſhe received them with great unwillingneſs, but eſpecially from thoſe to whom ſhe had ever given any; being, on all occaſions, the moſt diſintereſted mortal I ever knew or heard of.

From her own diſpoſition, at leaſt as much as from the frequent want of health, ſhe ſeldom made

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any visits; but her own lodgings, from before twenty years old, were frequented by many persons of the graver sort, who all respected her highly, upon her good sense, good manners, and conversation. Among these were the late Primate *Lindsay*, Bp. *Lloyd*, Bp. *Ashe*, Bp. *Brown*, Bp. *Stearn*, Bp. *Pulleyn*, with some others of later date; and indeed the greatest number of her acquaintance was among the clergy. Honour, truth, liberality, good nature, and modesty, were the virtues she chiefly possessed, and most valued in her acquaintance; and, where she found them, would be ready to allow for some defects, nor valued them less, although they did not shine in learning or in wit; but would never give the least allowance for any failures in the former, even to those who made the greatest figure in either of the two latter. She had no use of any person's liberality, yet her detestation of covetous people made her uneasy if such a one was in her company; upon which occasion, she would say many things very entertaining and humourous.

She never interrupted any person who spoke; she laught at no mistakes they made, but helped them out with modesty; and if a good thing were spoken, but neglected, she would not let it fall, but set it in the best light to those who were present. She listened to all that was said, and had never the least distraction or absence of thought.

It was not safe, nor prudent, in her presence, to offend in the least word against modesty; for she

then

then gave full employment to her wit, her contempt, and resentment, under which even stupidity and brutality were forced to sink into confusion; and the guilty person, by her future avoiding him like a bear or a satyr, was never in a way to transgress a second time.

It happened one single coxcomb, of the pert kind, was in her company, among several other ladies; and, in his flippant way, began to deliver some double meanings: the rest flapped their fans, and used the other common expedients practised in such cases, of appearing not to mind or comprehend what was said. Her behaviour was very different, and perhaps may be censured. She said thus to the man: "Sir, all these ladies and I understand your meaning very well, having, in "spite of our care, too often met with those of "your sex who wanted manners and good sense. "But, believe me, neither virtuous nor even vicious women love such kind of conversation. However, I will leave you, and report your behaviour: and, whatever visit I make, I shall first "enquire at the door whether you are in the house, "that I may be sure to avoid you." I know not whether a majority of ladies would approve of such a proceeding; but I believe the practice of it would soon put an end to that corrupt conversation, the worst effect of dulness, ignorance, impudence, and vulgarity, and the highest affront to the modesty and understanding of the female sex.

By returning very few visits, she had not much company of her own sex, except those whom she most loved for their easiness, or esteemed for their good sense; and those, not insisting on ceremony, came often to her. But she rather chose men for her companions, the usual topicks of ladies discourse being such as she had little knowledge of, and less relish. Yet no man was upon the rack to entertain her, for she easily descended to any thing that was innocent and diverting. News, politicks, censure, family-management, or town talk, she always diverted to something else; but these indeed seldom happened, for she chose her company better: and therefore many, who mistook her and themselves, having solicited her acquaintance, and finding themselves disappointed after a few visits, dropped off; and she was never known to enquire into the reason, or ask what was become of them.

She was never positive in arguing, and she usually treated those who were so, in a manner which well enough gratified that unhappy disposition; yet in such a sort as made it very contemptible, and at the same time did some hurt to the owners. Whether this proceeded from her easiness in general, or from her indifference to persons, or from her despair of mending them, or from the same practice which she much liked in Mr. *Addison*, I cannot determine; but when she saw any of the company very warm in a wrong opinion, she was more inclined to confirm them in it than oppose them. The excuse

excuſe ſhe commonly gave, when her friends aſked the reaſon, was, That it prevented noiſe, and ſaved time. Yet I have known her very angry with ſome whom ſhe much eſteemed for ſometimes falling into that infirmity.

She loved *Ireland* much better than the generality of thoſe who owe both their birth and riches to it; and, having brought over all the fortune ſhe had in money, left the reverſion of the beſt part of it, one thouſand pounds, to Dr. *Stephens's Hoſpital*. She deteſted the tyranny and injuſtice of *England*, in their treatment of this kingdom. She had indeed reaſon to love a country, where ſhe had the eſteem and friendſhip of all who knew her, and the univerſal good report of all who ever heard of her, without one exception, if I am told the truth by thoſe who keep general converſation. Which character is the more extraordinary, in falling to a perſon of ſo much knowledge, wit, and vivacity, qualities that are uſed to create envy, and conſequently cenſure; and muſt be rather imputed to her great modeſty, gentle behaviour, and inoffenſiveneſs, than to her ſuperior virtues.

Although her knowledge, from books and company, was much more extenſive than uſually falls to the ſhare of her ſex; yet ſhe was ſo far from making a parade of it, that her female viſitants, on their firſt acquaintance, who expected to diſcover it by what they call hard words and deep diſcourſe, would be ſometimes diſappointed, and ſay, they

found ſhe was like other women. But wiſe men, through all her modeſty, whatever they diſcourſed on, could eaſily obſerve that ſhe underſtood them very well, by the judgment ſhewn in her obſervations as well as in her queſtions.

OF

OF THE

EDUCATION OF LADIES.

THERE is a ſubject of controverſy, which I have frequently met with, in mixed and ſelect companies of both ſexes, and ſometimes only of men; whether it be prudent to chuſe a wife, who hath good natural ſenſe, ſome taſte of wit and and humour, ſufficiently verſed in her own natural language, able to read and to reliſh hiſtory, books of travels, moral or entertaining diſcourſes, and be a tolerable judge of the beauties in poetry. This queſtion is generally determined in the negative by the women themſelves, but almoſt univerſally by the men.

We muſt obſerve, that, in this debate, thoſe whom we call men and women of faſhion are only to be underſtood, not merchants, tradeſmen, or others of ſuch occupations, who are not ſuppoſed to have ſhared in a liberal education. I except likewiſe all miniſters of ſtate, during their power, lawyers and phyſicians in great practice, perſons in ſuch employments as take up the greater part of the day, and perhaps ſome other conditions of life which I cannot call to mind. Neither muſt I forget to except all gentlemen of the army, from the general to enſign; becauſe thoſe qualifications abovementioned, in a wife, are wholly out of their

element and comprehenſion; together with all mathematicians, and gentlemen lovers of muſick, metaphyſicians, virtuoſi, and great talkers, who have all amuſements enough of their own. All theſe put together will amount to a great number of adverſaries, whom I ſhall have no occaſion to encounter, becauſe I am already of their ſentiments. Thoſe perſons, whom I mean to include, are the bulk of lords, knights, and ſquires throughout *England*, whether they reſide between the town and country, or generally in either. I do alſo include thoſe of the clergy, who have tolerably good preferments in *London* or any other parts of the kingdom.

The moſt material arguments that I have met with, on the negative ſide of this great queſtion, are what I ſhall now impartially report, in as ſtrong a light as I think they can bear.

It is argued, That the great end of marriage is propagation: that, conſequently, the principal buſineſs of a wife is to breed children, and to take care of them in their infancy: that the wife is to look on her family, watch over the ſervants, ſee that they do their work: that ſhe be abſent from her houſe as little as poſſible: that ſhe is to obey all the lawful commands of her huſband; and viſit, or be viſited, by no perſons whom he diſapproves. That her whole buſineſs, if well performed, will take up moſt hours of the day: that the greater ſhe is, and the more ſervants ſhe keeps, her inſpection muſt encreaſe accordingly. For, as a family repre-

repreſents a kingdom, ſo the wife, who is her huſband's firſt miniſter, muſt, under him, direct all the officers of ſtate, even to the loweſt; and report their behaviour to her huſband, as the firſt miniſter does to his prince. That ſuch a ſtation requires much time, and thought, and order; and, if well executed, leaves but little time for viſits or diverſions.

That a humour of reading books, except thoſe of devotion or houſewifery, is apt to turn a woman's brain. That plays, romances, novels, and love-poems, are only proper to inſtruct them how to carry on an intrigue. That all affectation of knowledge, beyond what is merely domeſtic, renders them vain, conceited, and pretending. That the natural levity of woman wants ballaſt; and, when ſhe once begins to think ſhe knows more than others of her ſex, ſhe will begin to deſpiſe her huſband, and grow fond of every coxcomb who pretends to any knowledge in books. That, ſhe will learn ſcholaſtic words; make herſelf ridiculous by pronouncing them wrong, and applying them abſurdly in all companies. That in the mean time, her houſehold affairs, and the care of her children, will be wholly laid aſide; her toilet will be crowded with all the under-wits, where the converſation will paſs in criticiſing on the laſt play or poem that comes out, and ſhe will be careful to remember all the remarks that were made, in order to retail them in the next viſit, eſpecially in company who know nothing of the matter. That ſhe will have all the impertinence of a pedant, without the knowledge:

and, for every new acquirement, will become ſo much the worſe.

To ſay the truth, that ſhameful and almoſt univerſal neglect of good education among our nobility, gentry, and indeed among all others who are born to good eſtates, will make this eſſay of little uſe to the preſent age: for, conſidering the modern way of training up both ſexes in ignorance, idleneſs, and vice, it is of little conſequence how they are coupled together. And therefore my ſpeculations on this ſubject can be only of uſe to a ſmall number: for, in the preſent ſituation of the world, none but wiſe and good men can fail of miſſing their match, whenever they are diſpoſed to marry; and conſequently there is no reaſon for complaint on either ſide. The forms by which a huſband and wife are to live, with regard to each other and to the world, are ſufficiently known and fixed, in direct contradiction to every precept of morality, religion, or civil inſtitution: it would be therefore an idle attempt to aim at breaking ſo firm an eſtabliſhment.

But, as it ſometimes happens, that an elder brother dies late enough to leave the younger at the univerſity, after he hath made ſome progreſs in learning; if we ſuppoſe him to have a tolerable genius, and a deſire to improve it, he may conſequently learn to value and eſteem wiſdom and knowledge wherever he finds them, even after his father's death, when his title and eſtate come into his own poſſeſſion. Of this kind, I reckon, by a favourable computation,

putation, there may poſſibly be found, by a ſtrict ſearch among the nobility and gentry throughout *England*, about five hundred. Among thoſe of all other callings or trades, who are able to maintain a ſon at the univerſity, about treble that number. The ſons of clergymen, bred to learning with any ſucceſs, muſt, by reaſon of their parents poverty, be very inconſiderable, many of them being only admitted ſervitors in colleges (and conſequently proving good for nothing): I ſhall therefore count them to be not above fourſcore. But, to avoid fractions, I ſhall ſuppoſe there may poſſibly be a round number of two thouſand male human creatures in *England* (including *Wales*), who have a tolerable ſhare of reading and good ſenſe. I include in this liſt all perſons of ſuperior abilities, or great genius, or true judgment and taſte, or of profound literature, who, I am confident, we may reckon to be at leaſt five and twenty.

I am very glad to have this opportunity of doing an honour to my country, by a computation which I am afraid foreigners may conceive to be partial; when, out of only fifteen thouſand families of lords and eſtated gentlemen, which may probably be their number, I ſuppoſe one in thirty to be tolerably educated, with a ſufficient ſhare of good ſenſe. Perhaps the cenſure may be juſt. And therefore, upon cooler thoughts, to avoid all cavils, I ſhall reduce them to one thouſand, which, at leaſt, will be a number ſufficient to fill both houſes of parliament.

The

The daughters of great and rich families, computed after the ſame manner, will hardly amount to above half the number of the male: becauſe the care of their education is either left entirely to their mothers, or they are ſent to boarding-ſchools, or put into the hands of *Engliſh* or *French* governeſſes, and generally the worſt that can be gotten for money. So that, after the reduction I was compelled to, from two thouſand to one, half the number of well-educated nobility and gentry muſt either continue in a ſingle life, or be forced to couple themſelves with women for whom they can poſſibly have no eſteem; I mean fools, prudes, coquettes, gameſters, ſaunterers, endleſs talkers of nonſenſe, ſplenetic idlers, intriguers, given to ſcandal and cenſure, *

LET-

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

SEVERAL PERSONS.

LETTER I.

To Mr. BENJAMIN TOOKE.

Dublin, June 29, 1710.

SIR,

I WAS in the country when I received your letter with the Apology incloſed in it [*l*]; and I had neither health nor humour to finiſh that buſineſs. But the blame reſts with you, that, if you thought it time, you did not print it when you had it. I have juſt now your laſt, with the complete Key. I believe it is ſo perfect a *Grubſtreet*-piece, it will be forgotten in a week. But it is ſtrange that there can be no ſatisfaction againſt a bookſeller, for publiſhing names in ſo bold a manner. I wiſh ſome lawyer could adviſe you how I might have ſatisfaction: for, at this rate, there is no book, however vile, which may not be faſtened on me. I cannot but think that little Parſon-couſin [*m*] of

[*l*] The *Apology* prefixed to the Tale of a Tub.

[*m*] He was Rector of *Puttenham* in *Surrey*, near *Guildford*.

mine

mine is at the bottom of this; for, having lent him a copy of some part of, &c. and he shewing it, after I was gone for *Ireland*, and the thing abroad, he affected to talk suspiciously, as if he had some share in it. If he should happen to be in town, and you light on him, I think you ought to tell him gravely, that, if he be the author, he should set his name to the &c; and railly him a little upon it: and tell him, if he can explain some things, you will, if he pleases, set his name to the next edition. I should be glad to see how far the foolish impudence of a dunce could go. Well; I will send you the thing, now I am in town, as soon as possible. But, I dare say, you have neither printed the rest, nor finished the cuts; only are glad to lay the fault on me. I shall, at the end, take a little contemptible notice of the thing you sent me; and I dare say it will do you more good than hurt. If you are in such haste, how came you to forget the Miscellanies? I would not have you think of *Steele* for a publisher; he is too busy. I will, one of these days, send you some hints, which I would have in a preface, and you may get some friend to dress them up. I have thoughts of some other work one of these years; and I hope to see you ere it be long; since it is like to be a new world, and since I have the merit of suffering by not complying with the old. Yours, &c.

LET-

LETTER II.

Mr. TOOKE to Doctor SWIFT.

London, July 10, 1710.

SIR,

INCLOSED I have sent the Key, and think it would be much more proper to add the notes at the bottom of the respective pages they refer to, than printing them at the end by themselves. As to the cuts, sir *Andrew Fountain* has had them from the time they were designed, with an intent of altering them. But he is now gone into *Norfolk*, and will not return till *Michaelmas*; so that, I think, they must be laid aside: for, unless they are very well done, it is better they were quite let alone. As to the Apology, I was not so careless but that I took a copy of it before I sent it to you, so that I could have printed it easily, but that you sent me word not to go on till you had altered something in it. As to that cousin of yours, which you speak of, I neither know him, nor ever heard of him till the key mentioned him. It was very indifferent to me which I proceeded on first, the Tale, or the Miscellanies: but, when you went away, you told me there were three or four things should be sent over out of *Ireland*, which you had not here; which, I think, is a very reasonable excuse for myself in all these affairs. What I beg of you at present is, that you would return the Apology and this Key, with directions as to the

the placing it: although I am entirely of opinion to put it at the bottom of each page; yet ſhall ſubmit. If this be not done ſoon, I cannot promiſe but ſome raſcal or other will do it for us both; ſince you ſee the liberty that is already taken. I think too much time has already been loſt in the Miſcellanies; therefore haſten that: and whichever is in the moſt forwardneſs, I would begin on firſt. All here depend on an intire alteration. I am, *&c.*

LETTER III.

To the Earl of PETERBOROW.

February, 1710-11.

My Lord,

I ENVY none of the queen's ſubjects ſo much as thoſe who are abroad; and I deſire to know, whether, as great a ſoul as your lordſhip has, you did not obſerve your mind to open and enlarge, after you were ſome leagues at ſea, and had left off breathing party-air. I am apt to think this ſchiſm in politicks has cloven our underſtandings, and left us but juſt half the good ſenſe that blazed in our actions: and we ſee the effect it has had upon our wit and learning, which are crumbled into pamphlets and penny-papers. The *October* club, which was in its rudiments when your lordſhip left us, is now growing up to be a party by itſelf, and begins to rail at the miniſtry as much as the Whigs

Whigs do, but from topicks directly contrary. I am sometimes talked into frights, and told that all is ruined; but am immediately cured when I see any of the ministry: not from the satisfaction they give me in any one point, but because I see them so perfectly easy, and I believe they could not be so if they had any fear at heart. My comfort is, they are persons of great abilities, and they are engaged in a good cause. And what is one very good circumstance, as I told three of them the other day, they seem heartily to love one another, in spite of the scandal of inconstancy which court-friendships lie under. And I can affirm to your lordship, they heartily love you too; which I take to be a great deal more than when they assure you so themselves. For even statesmen will sometimes discover their passions, especially their good ones.

Here is a pamphlet come out, called *A letter to Jacob Banks*, shewing that the liberty of *Sweden* was destroyed by the principle of passive obedience. I know not whether his quotation be fair, but the piece is shrewdly written; and, in my opinion, not to be answered, otherwise than by disclaiming that sort of passive obedience which the tories are charged with. This dispute would soon be ended, if the dunces, who write on each side, would plainly tell us what the object of this passive obedience is in our country. For, I dare swear, nine in ten of the whigs will allow it to the legislature, and as many of the tories deny it to the prince alone: and I hardly ever saw

saw a whig and tory together, whom I could not immediately reconcile on that article, when I made them explain themselves.

My lord, the Queen knew what she did, when she sent your lordship to spur up a dull northern court: Yet, I confess, I had rather have seen that activity of mind and body employed in conquering another kingdom, or the same over again. I am,

My Lord, &c.

LETTER IV.

To the earl of PETERBOROW.

May 4, 1711.

My Lord,

I HAVE had the honour of your lordship's letter; and, by the first lines of it, have made a discovery that your lordship is come into the world about eighteen hundred years too late, and was born about half a dozen degrees too far to the North, to employ that public virtue I always heard you did possess; which is now wholly useless, and which those very few that have it, are forced to lay aside when they would have business succeed.

Is it not some comfort, my lord, that you meet with the same degeneracy of manners, and the same neglect of the publick, among the honest *Germans*, though, in the philosopher's phrase, differently modified? and I hope, at least, we have one advantage

advantage, to be more polite in our corruptions than they.

Our diviſions run further than perhaps your lordſhip's intelligence hath yet informed you of. That is, a triumvirate of our friends whom I have mentioned to you: I have told them more than once, upon occaſion, that all my hope of their ſucceſs depended on their union; that I ſaw they loved one another, and hoped they would continue it, to remove that ſcandal of inconſtancy aſcribed to court-friendſhips. I am not now ſo ſecure. I care not to ſay more on ſuch a ſubject, and even this *entre nous*. My credit is not of a ſize to do any ſervice on ſuch an occaſion: but, as little as it is, I am ſo ill a politician, that I will venture the loſs of it to prevent this miſchief; the conſequences of which I am as good a judge of as any miniſter of ſtate, and perhaps a better becauſe I am not one.

When you writ your letter, you had not heard of *Guiſcard's* attempt on Mr. *Harley*: ſuppoſing you know all the circumſtances, I ſhall not deſcant upon it. We believe Mr. *Harley* will ſoon be treaſurer, and be of the houſe of peers; and then we imagine the court will begin to deal out employments, for which every *October-member* is a candidate; and conſequently nine in ten muſt be diſappointed: the effect of which we may find in the next ſeſſion. Mr. *Harley* was yeſterday to open to the houſe the ways he has thought of, to raiſe funds for ſecuring the unprovided debts of

the nation; and we are all impatient to know what his propoſals are.

As to the imperfect account you ſay you have received of diſagreement among ourſelves, your lordſhip knows that the names of Whig and Tory have quite altered their meanings. All who were for turning out the late miniſtry, we now generally call tories; and, in that ſenſe, I think it plain that there are among the tories three different intereſts. One of thoſe, I mean the miniſtry, who agree with your lordſhip and me, in a ſteady management for purſuing the true intereſt of the nation; another is that of warmer heads, as the *October-club* and their adherents without doors; and a third is, I fear, of thoſe who, as your lordſhip expreſſes it, would ſound a parly, and who would make fair weather in caſe of a change; and ſome of theſe laſt are not inconſiderable.

Nothing can be more obliging than your lordſhip's remembering to mention me in your letters to Mr. *Harley* and Mr. *St. John*, when you are in the midſt of ſuch great affairs. I doubt I ſhall want ſuch an advocate as your lordſhip; for I believe, every man who has modeſty or merit is but an ill one for himſelf. I deſire but the ſmalleſt of thoſe titles you give me on the outſide of your letter. My ambition is to live in *England*, and with a competency to ſupport me with honour. The miniſtry know by this time whether I am worth keeping; and it is eaſier to provide for ten men in the church than one in a civil employment.

But

But I renounce *England* and deanries, without a promiſe from your lordſhip, under your own hand and ſeal, that I ſhall have liberty to attend you whenever I pleaſe. I foreſee we ſhall have a peace next year, by the ſame ſagacity that I have often foreſeen when I was young. I muſt leave the town in a week, becauſe my money is gone, and I can borrow no more. Peace will bring your lordſhip home; and we muſt have you to adorn your country, when you ſhall be no longer wanted to defend it. I am,

My Lord, *&c.*

LETTER V.

To Mr. Secretary ST. JOHN [*t*].

Chelſea, May 11, 1711.

Sir,

BEING convinced, by certain ominous prognoſtics, that my life is too ſhort to permit me the honour of ever dining another *Saturday* with ſir *Simon Harcourt*, knight, or *Robert Harley*, eſq; I beg I may take the laſt farewel of thoſe two gentlemen to-morrow. I made this requeſt on *Saturday* laſt, unfortunately after you were gone; and they, like great ſtateſmen, pretended they could do nothing in it without your conſent; particularly my lord-keeper, as a lawyer, raiſed innumerable difficulties, although I ſubmitted to allow you

[*t*] Afterwards lord *Bolingbroke*.

an hour's whiſpering before dinner, and an hour after. My lord *Rivers* would not offer one word in my behalf, pretending he himſelf was but a tolerated perſon. The keeper alledged you could do nothing but when all three were capitularly met, as if you could never open but like a pariſh-cheſt, with the three keys together. It grieves me to ſee the preſent miniſtry thus confederated to pull down my great ſpirit. Pray, ſir, find an expedient. Finding expedients is the buſineſs of ſecretaries of ſtate. I will yield to any reaſonable conditions not below my dignity. I will not find fault with the victuals; I will reſtore the water-glaſs that I ſtole, and ſolicit for my lord keeper's ſalary. And, ſir, to ſhew you I am not a perſon to be ſafely injured, if you dare refuſe me juſtice in this point, I will appear before you in a pudding-ſleeve gown, I will diſparage your ſnuff, write a lampoon upon *Nably Car*, dine with you upon a foreign poſt-day; nay, I will read verſes in your preſence, until you ſnatch them out of my hands. Therefore pray, ſir, take pity upon me and yourſelf; and believe me to be, with great reſpect,

Sir,

Your moſt obedient and

moſt humble ſervant.

LET-

LETTER VI.

Mr. SHOWER to the Lord High-Treasurer OXFORD.

London, Dec. 20, 1711.

My Lord,

THOUGH there be little reason to expect your lordship should interpose in favour of the Dissenters, who have been so shamefully abandoned, sold, and sacrificed by their professed friends; the attempt is however so glorious, in all its views, tendencies, and prospects, that, if it be not too late, I would most humbly beg your lordship not to be immoveable as to that matter. The fatal consequences of that bill cannot be expressed: I dread to think of some of them; and shall as much rejoice with many thousands, if you may be instrumental to prevent it. May Heaven direct you in this, and all your great affairs for the public good of your country. I am,

My honoured lord,

Your most obedient servant,

JOHN SHOWER.

LETTER VII.

ANSWER to Mr. SHOWER [u].

Dec. 21, 1711.

REVEREND SIR,

HAD not a very painful diſtemper confined me, I had deſired the favour of ſeeing you ſome time ſince; and I ſhould have ſpoken very plainly to you, as I ſhall whenever I ſee you. I have long foretold, that the Diſſenters muſt be ſaved whether they will or no: they reſiſt even reſtraining grace; and would almoſt convince me, that the notion of man's being a mechaniſm is true in every part. To ſee men moved as puppets, with rage for their intereſt, with envy acting againſt their own intereſt, *having mens perſons in admiration:* not only thoſe of their own body, who certainly are the firſt who pretended to conſummate wiſdom and deep policy; yet have ſhewn that they knew not the common affairs of this nation, but are *dwellers in thick clay.* They are *Epicureans* in act, Puritans in profeſſion, politicians in conceit, and a prey and laughing-ſtock to the Deiſts and ſynagogue of the libertines, in whom they have truſted, and to whoſe infallibility they have ſold themſelves and their congregations. All they have done,

[u] The anſwer was written by Dr. *Swift*, as appears not only from his hand-writing, but particularly from a correction in the original draught.

or

or can do, ſhall never make me their enemy. I pity poor deluded creatures, that have for ſeventeen years been acting againſt all their principles, and the liberty of this nation, without leaving ſo much ſalt as to keep the body of them ſweet. For there has not been one good bill, during that term of years, which they have not oppoſed in the houſe of commons; contrary to the practice of thoſe very few Diſſenters, which were in the parliament in king *Charles* the Second's time, who thereby united themſelves to the country- gentlemen, the anvantage of which they found for many years after. But now they have liſted themſelves with thoſe, who had firſt denied our Saviour and now have ſold them.

I have written this only to ſhew you, that I am ready to do every thing that is practicable, to ſave people who are bargained for by their leaders, and given up by their miniſters: I ſay, their miniſters; becauſe it is averred and repreſented, that the diſſenting miniſters have been conſulted, and are conſenting to this bill. By what lies and arts they are brought to this, I do not care to mention; but, as to myſelf, the engineers of this bill thought they had obtained a great advantage againſt me: Finding I had ſtopped it in the houſe of commons, they thought to bring me to a fatal dilemma, whether it did or did not paſs. This would have no influence with me; for I will act what I think to be right, let there be the worſt enemies in the world of one ſide or other. I gueſs, by your letter, that

you do not know that the bill, yesterday, passed both houses, the lords having agreed to the amendments made by the commons; so that there is no room to do any thing upon that head.

What remains is, to desire, that the Dissenters may seriously think from whence they are fallen, and do their first works,——and recover their reputation of sobriety, integrity, and love of their country, which is the sincere and hearty prayer of,

REVEREND SIR,

Your most faithful and

most humble servant,

OXFORD.

LETTER VIII.

To Mrs. HILL.

May, 1712.

MADAM,

I WAS commanded some days ago to do what I had long a mind to, but avoided because I would not offend your prudence, or strain your eyes. But my lord *Masham* assures me there is no danger of either; and that you have courage enough to read a letter, though it comes from a man, provided it be one of no consequence, which his lordship would insinuate to be my case; but, I hope,

hope, you will not affront me so highly as to understand it so. There is not a grain of news in this town, or five miles about it, worth sending you; and what we receive from *Windsor* is full as insignificant, except the accounts of the queen's health, and your house keeping. We are assured that you keep a constant table, and that your guests leave you with full stomachs and full pockets; that Dr. *Arbuthnot* sometimes leaves his beloved green cloth, to come and receive your chidings, and pick up your money. We intend shortly to represent your case to my lord treasurer, as what deserves commiseration; but we hope the matter is already settled between his lordship and you, and that you are instructed to be thus magnificent, in order to carry on the cause. We reckon his lordship's life is now secure, since a combination of band-boxes and ink-horns, the engines of late times, were employed in vain to destroy him. He will do me the justice to tell you, that I never fail of toasting you under the name of the Governess of *Dunkirk*, and that you have the honour to be very particularly in my good graces. My lady *Masham* still continues in a doubtful state of neither up nor down; and one of her servants told mine, that they did not expect she would cry out this fortnight. I saw, yesterday, our brother *Hill*, who promises to be more thrifty of his health, and seems to have a pretty good stock of it. I hope you receive no visits from the head-ache and the spleen: and one who knows your constitution very well, advises you,

you, by all means, againſt ſitting in the duſk at at your window, or on the ground, leaning on your hand, or at ſee-ſaw in your chair.

I am,

MADAM, *&c.*

LETTER IX.

To GENERAL HILL [*].

Windſor-Caſtle, Aug. 12, 1712.

SIR,

WITH great difficulty, I recovered your preſent of the fineſt box in *France*, out of the hands of Mrs. *Hill:* ſhe allowed her own to be the prettieſt, but then mine was the handſomeſt; and, in ſhort, ſhe would part with neither. I pleaded my brotherhood, and got my lord and lady *Maſham* to intercede: and, at laſt, ſhe threw it me with a heavy ſigh: but now it is in my poſſeſſion, I wiſh you had ſent a paper of directions how I ſhall keep it. You that ſit at your eaſe, and have nothing to do but keep *Dunkirk*, never conſider the difficulties you have brought upon me: twenty ladies have threatened to ſeize or ſurpriſe my box; and what are twenty thouſand *French* or *Dutch* in compariſon of thoſe? Mrs. *Hill* ſays, it was a very idle thing in you to ſend ſuch a preſent to a man who can neither puniſh nor reward you, ſince *Grub-*

[*] Brother to lady *Maſham*.

ſtreet

ſtreet is no more: for the parliament has killed all the Muſes of *Grub-ſtreet*, who yet; in their laſt moments, cried out nothing but *Dunkirk*. My lord treaſurer, who is the moſt malicious perſon in the world, ſays you ordered a gooſe to be drawn at the bottom of my box, as a reflexion upon the clergy; and that I ought to reſent it: but I am not angry at all, and his lordſhip obſerves by halves: for the gooſe is there drawn pecking at a ſnail, juſt as I do at him, to make him mend his pace in relation to the publick, although it be hitherto in vain. And beſides, Dr. *Arbuthnot*, who is a ſcholar, ſays you meant it as a compliment for us both: that I am the gooſe who ſaved the Capitol by my cackling, and that his lordſhip is repreſented by the ſnail, becauſe he preſerves his country by delays. But my lord *Maſham* is not to be endured: he obſerved, that, in the picture of the inſide, which repreſents a great company dancing, there ſtands a fool with a cap and bells, and he would needs underſtand that figure as applied to me. And the worſt of it was, that I happened, laſt night, to be at my lady ducheſs of *Shrewſbury's* ball: where, looking a little ſingular among ſo many fine ladies and gentlemen, his lordſhip came and whiſpered me to look at my box; which I reſented ſo highly, that I went away in a rage, without ſtaying for ſupper. However, conſidering of it better, after a night's ſleep, I find all this is nothing but envy, and a deſign to make a quarrel between you and me: but it ſhall not do ſo; for I hope your intentions were good, however

however malice may misrepresent them. And though I am used ill by all your family, who win my money and laugh at me, yet, to vex them more, I will forgive them for your sake; and, as soon as I can break loose, will come to *Dunkirk* for a fortnight, to get a little ease from my many persecutions, by the *Harleys*, the *Mashams*, and the *Hills*; only I intend to change my habit, for fear colonel *Killigrew* should mistake me for a chimney-sweeper. In the mean time, I wish you all success in your government, loyal *French* subjects, virtuous ladies, little champaign, and much health: and am, with the truest respect and esteem,

Sir,

Your most obedient

humble servant and brother.

LETTER X.

To Lady ORKNEY.

November 21, 1712.

MADAM,

WHEN, upon parting with your ladyship, you were pleased to tell me I should find your present at home, natural justice prompted me to resolve that the first use I made of it should be in paying acknowledgments to my benefactor. But, when I opened the writing-table, which I must now call

call mine, I found you had neither ſent pens, ink, nor paper, ſufficient for ſuch an undertaking. But I ought to tell your ladyſhip in order, that I firſt got there a much more valuable thing: and I cannot do greater honour to my ſcrutoire, than to aſſure your ladyſhip that your letter is the firſt thing I have put in it, and ſhall be the laſt I will ever take out. I muſt tell your ladyſhip, that I am this moment under a very great concern. I was fully convinced that I ſhould write with a new ſpirit, by the influence of the materials you ſent me; but it is quite otherwiſe: I have not a grain of invention, whether out of the confuſion which attendeth us when we ſtrive too much to acquit ourſelves, or whether your pens and ink are ſullen, and think themſelves diſgraced ſince they have changed their owner. I heartily thank your ladyſhip, for making me a preſent that looks like a ſort of eſtabliſhment. I plainly ſee, by the contrivance, that, if you were firſt miniſter, it would have been a cathedral. As it is, you have more contributed towards fixing me, than all the miniſtry together; for it is difficult to travel with this equipage, and it will be impoſſible to travel or live without it. You have an undoubted title to whatever papers this table ſhall ever contain (except your letter), and I deſire you will pleaſe to have another key made for it; that, when the court ſhall think fit to give me a room worth putting it into, your ladyſhip may come and ſearch it whenever you pleaſe.

I beg

I beg your ladyſhip to join in laughing with me, at my unreaſonable vanity, when I wiſhed that the motto written about the wax was a deſcription of yourſelf. But, if I am diſappointed in that, your ladyſhip will be ſo in all the reſt; even this ink will never be able to convey your ladyſhip's note as it ought. The paper will contain no wonders, but when it mentions you; neither is the ſeal any otherwiſe an emblem of my life, than by the deep impreſſion your ladyſhip has made, which nothing but my death can wear out. By the inſcription about the pens, I fear there is ſome miſtake; and that your ladyſhip did not deſign them for me. However, I will keep them until you can find the perſon you intended ſhould have them, and who will be able to diſpoſe of them according to your predictions. I cannot find that the workman you employed, and directed, has made the leaſt miſtake: but there are four implements wanting. The two firſt I ſhall not name, becauſe an odd ſuperſtition forbids us to accept them from our friends; the third is a ſponge, which the people long have given ſo ill a reputation to, that I vow it ſhall be no gift of your ladyſhp: the laſt is a flat ivory inſtrument, uſed in folding up of letters, which I inſiſt you muſt provide.

See, Madam, the firſt fruits this unlucky preſent of yours has produced. It is but giving a fiddle to a ſcraper, or a peſtle and mortar to an apothecary, or a Tory pamphlet to Mrs. *Ramſay*. Nothing is

ſo

so great a discouragement to generous persons as the fear of being worried by acknowledgments. Besides, your ladyship is an unsufferable kind of giver, making every present fifty times the value, by the circumstances and manner. And I know people in the world, who would not oblige me so much, at the cost of 1000*l.* as you have done at that of 20*l.* which, I must needs tell you, is an unconscionable way of dealing, and whereof, I believe, nobody alive is so guilty as yourself. In short, you deceive my eyes and corrupt my judgment; nor am I now sure of any thing, but that of being, &c.

LETTER XI.

To the Duchess of ORMOND.

December 20, 1712.

MADAM,

ANY other person, of less refinement and prudence than myself, would be at a loss how to thank your grace, upon the surprize of coming home last night, and finding two pictures where only one was demanded. But I understand your grace's malice, and do here affirm you to be the greatest prude upon earth. You will not so much as let your picture be alone in a room with a man, no not with a clergyman, and a clergyman of five and forty; and therefore resolved my lord duke should accompany it, and keep me in awe, that I might not presume to look

look too often upon it. For my own part, I begin already to repent that I ever begged your grace's picture; and could almost find in my heart to send it you back: for, although it be the most beautiful sight I ever beheld, except the original, yet the veneration and respect it fills me with, will always make me think I am in your grace's presence; will hinder me from saying and writing twenty idle things, that used to divert me: will set me labouring upon majestic, sublime ideas, at which I have no manner of talent; and will make those who come to visit me think I am grown, on the sudden, wonderful stately and reserved. But, in life, we must take the evil with the good; and it is one comfort, that I know how to be revenged. For the sight of your grace's resemblance will perpetually remind me of paying my duty to your person; which will give your grace the torment, and me the felicity, of a more frequent attendance.

But, after all, to deal plainly with your grace, your picture (and I must say the same of my lord duke's) will be of very little use, further than to let others see the honour you are pleased to do me. For all the accomplishments of your mind and person are so deeply printed in my heart, and represent you so lively to my imagination, that I should take it for a high affront, if you believed it in the power of colours to refresh my memory: almost as high a one, as if your grace should deny me the justice of being, with the most profound respect and gratitude, MADAM, Your Grace's, &c.

LET-

LETTER XII.

To the duke of ARGYLE.

January 20, 1712-13.

MY LORD,

I WOULD myſelf have delivered the anſwer I ſent yeſterday to your grace at court, by Dr. *Arbuthnot*, if I had not thought the right of complaining to be on my ſide: for I think it was my due, that you ſhould have immediately told me whatever you had heard amiſs of my conduct to your grace. When I had the honour to be firſt known to thoſe in the miniſtry, I made it an expreſs condition, that whoever did me ill offices, they ſhould inform me of what was ſaid, and hear my vindication; that I might not be mortified with countenances eſtranged of the ſudden, and be at a loſs for the cauſe. And, I think, there is no perſon alive, whoſe favour or protection I would purchaſe at that expence. I could not ſpeak to the diſadvantage of your grace without being ungrateful (which is an ill word), ſince you were pleaſed, voluntarily, to make ſo many profeſſions of favour to me for ſome years paſt; and your being a duke and a general would have ſwayed me not at all in my reſpect for your perſon, if I had not thought you to abound in qualities, which I wiſh were eaſier to be found in thoſe of your rank. I have indeed

ſometimes heard what your grace was told I reported; but, as I am a ſtranger to coffee-houſes, ſo it is a great deal below me to ſpread coffee-houſe reports. This accuſation is a little the harder upon me, becauſe I have always appeared fond of your grace's character; and have, with great induſtry, related ſeveral of your generous actions, on purpoſe to remove the imputation of the only real fault (for I ſay nothing of common frailties) which I ever heard laid to your charge. I confeſs, I have often thought that *Homer's* deſcription of *Achilles* bore ſome reſemblance to your grace, but I do not remember that ever I ſaid ſo. At the ſame time, I think few men were ever born with nobler qualities, to fulfil and adorn every office of a ſubject, a friend, and a protector, *&c.*

LETTER XIII.

To Lord Chancellor HARCOURT.

May, 1713.

My Lord,

I WONDER your lordſhip would preſume to go out of town, and leave me in fear that I ſhould not ſee you before I go to *Ireland*, which will be in a week. It is a ſtrange thing, you ſhould prefer your own health, and eaſe, and convenience, before my ſatisfaction. I want your lordſhip for my ſolicitor. I want your letter to your younger brother

brother of *Ireland*, to put him under my government: I want an opportunity of giving your lordſhip my humble thanks, for a hundred favours you have done me: I wanted the ſight of your lordſhip this day in *York-buildings* [y]. Pray, my lord, come to town before I leave it, and ſupply all my wants. My lord-treaſurer uſes me barbarouſly; appoints to carry me to *Kenſington*, and makes me walk four miles at midnight. He laughs when I mention a thouſand pound, which he gives me; though a thouſand pound is a very ſerious thing, *&c.*

LETTER XIV.

To Mr. ADDISON.

May 13, 1713.

SIR,

I WAS told yeſterday, by ſeveral perſons, that Mr. *Steele* had reflected upon me in his Guardian; which I could hardly believe, until, ſending for the paper of the day, I found he had, in ſeveral parts of it, inſinuated with the utmoſt malice, that I was author of the Examiner; and abuſed me in the groſſeſt manner he could poſſibly invent, and ſet his name to what he had written. Now, ſir, if I am not author of the Examiner; how will Mr. *Steele* be able to defend himſelf from the impu-

[y] Lord Treaſurer *Oxford* then lived there.

tation of the higheſt degree of baſeneſs, ingratitude, and injuſtice? Is he ſo ignorant of my temper, and of my ſtyle? Has he never heard that the author of the Examiner (to whom I am altogether a ſtranger [z]) did, a month or two ago, vindicate me from having any concern in it? Should not Mr. *Steele* have firſt expoſtulated with me as a friend? Have I deſerved this uſage from Mr. *Steele*, who knows very well that my lord treaſurer has kept him in his employment upon my intreaty and interceſſion? My lord chancellor and lord *Bolingbroke* will be witneſſes, how I was reproached by my lord treaſurer, upon the ill returns Mr. *Steele* made to his lordſhip's indulgence, *&c.*

LETTER XV.

Mr. STEELE to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, *May* 19, 1713.

MR. *Addiſon* ſhewed me your letter, wherein you mention me. They laugh at you, if they make you believe your interpoſition has kept me thus long in my office. If you have ſpoken in my behalf at any time, I am glad I have always

[z] The reader will pleaſe to recollect, that Dr. *Swift* never writ any *Examiners* after *June* 7, 1711. He took up that paper at Number XIII. and laid it down at Number XLIV. See Vol. VIII. of his works. The *Examiner* was continued by Mr. *Oldiſworth*, under the patronage of the miniſtry.

treated

treated you with reſpect; though I believe you an accomplice of the Examiner. In the letter you are angry at, you ſee I have no reaſon for being ſo merciful to him, but out of regard to the imputation you lie under. You do not in direct terms ſay you are not concerned with him; but make it an argument of your innocence, that the Examiner has declared you have nothing to do with him. I believe I could prevail upon the Guardian to ſay there was a miſtake in putting my name in this paper: but the *Engliſh* would laugh at us, ſhould we argue in ſo *Iriſh* a manner. I am heartily glad of your being made dean of St. *Patrick's*. I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient
humble ſervant,
RICHARD STEELE.

LETTER XVI.

To Mr. STEELE.

SIR,

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

[*a*] I may probably know better, when they are

[*a*] It has unluckily happened that two or three lines have been torn by accident from the beginning of this letter; and, by the ſame accident, two or three lines are miſſing towards the latter part, which were written on the back part of the paper which was torn off. But what remains of this letter will, I preſume, be very ſatisfactory to the intelligent reader, upon many accounts, and eſpecially becauſe a light into this affair will juſtify the prodigious ſeverity of Dr. *Swift's* pen againſt Mr. *Steele*, in his *Public Spirit of the Whigs*.

diſpoſed * * * * * * * The caſe was thus: I did with the utmoſt application, and deſiring to lay all my credit upon it, deſire Mr. *Harley* (as he then was called) to ſhew you mercy. He ſaid he would, and wholly upon my account: that he would appoint you a day to ſee him: that he would not expect you ſhould quit any friend or principle. Some days after, he told me he had appointed you a day, and you had not kept it; upon which he reproached me, as engaging for more than I could anſwer; and adviſed me to more caution another time. I told him, and deſired my lord chancellor [*b*] and lord *Bolingbroke* to be witneſſes, that I would never ſpeak for or againſt you as long as I lived; only I would, and that it was ſtill my opinion, you ſhould have mercy till you gave further provocacations. This is the hiſtory of what you think fit to call, in the ſpirit of inſulting, "their laughing "at me:" And you may do it ſecurely; for, by the moſt inhuman dealings, you have wholly put it out of my power, as a Chriſtian, to do you the leaſt ill office. Next I deſire to know, whether the greateſt ſervices ever done by one man to another, may not have the ſame turn as properly applied to them? And, once more, ſuppoſe they did laugh at me, I aſk whether my inclinations to ſerve you merit to be rewarded by the vileſt treatment, whether they ſucceeded or no? If your interpretation were true, I was laughed at only for your

[*b*] Lord *Harcourt*.

ſake;

ſake; which, I think, is going pretty far to ſerve a friend. As to the letter I complain of, I appeal to your moſt partial friends, whether you ought not either to have aſked, or written to me, or deſired to have been informed by a third hand, whether I were any way concerned in writing the Examiner? And, if I had ſhuffled, or anſwered indirectly, or affirmed it, or ſaid I would not give you ſatisfaction; you might then have wrecked your revenge with ſome colour of juſtice. I have ſeveral times aſſured Mr. *Addiſon*, and fifty others, that I had not the leaſt hand in writing any of thoſe papers; and that I had never exchanged one ſyllable with the ſuppoſed author in my life, that I can remember, nor even ſeen him above twice, and that in mixed company, in a place where he came to pay his attendance. One thing more I muſt obſerve to you, that, a year or two ago, when ſome printers uſed to bring me their papers in manuſcript, I abſolutely forbid them to give any hints againſt Mr. *Addiſon* and you, and ſome others; and have frequently ſtruck out reflexions upon you in particular, and ſhould (I believe) have done it ſtill, if I had not wholly left off troubling myſelf about thoſe kind of things.

I proteſt I never ſaw any thing more liable to exception, than every part is of the letter you were pleaſed to write me. You plead, that I do not, in mine to Mr. *Addiſon*, in direct terms, ſay am not concerned with the Examiner: And is that an excuſe for the moſt ſavage injuries in the world a

week before? How far you can prevail with the Guardian I shall not trouble myself to enquire; and am more concerned how you will clear your own honour and conscience, than my reputation. I shall hardly lose one friend by what you [c]* * * * * I know not any * * * * * laugh at me for any * * * * * absurdity of yours. There are solecisms in morals as well as in languages; and to which of the virtues you will reconcile your conduct to me, is past my imagination. Be pleased only to put these questions to yourself. If Dr. *Swift* be entirely innocent of what I accuse him, how shall I be able to make him satisfaction? And how do I know but he may be intirely innocent? If he was laughed at only because he solicited for me, is that a sufficient reason for me to say the vilest things of him in print, under my hand, without any provocation? And, how do I know but he may be in the right, when he says I was kept in my employment at his interposition? If he never once reflected on me the least in any paper, and hath hindered many others from doing it, how can I justify myself, for endeavouring in mine to ruin his credit as a Christian and a clergyman? I am,

SIR,

Your most obedient
humble servant,

J. S.

[c] Here the manuscript is torn.

LET-

LETTER XVII.

Mr. STEELE to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, *Bloomſbury, May* 26, 1713.

I HAVE received yours, and find it is impoſſible for a man to judge in his own caſe. For an alluſion to you, as one under the imputation of helping the Examiner, and owning I was reſtrained out of reſpect to you, you tell *Addiſon*, under your hand, you think me the vileſt of mankind, and bid him tell me ſo. I am obliged to you for any kind things ſaid in my behalf to the treaſurer; and aſſure you, when you were in *Ireland*, you were the conſtant ſubject of my talk to men in power at that time. As to the vileſt of mankind, it would be a glorious world if I were. For I would not conceal my thoughts in favour of an injured man, though all the powers on earth gainſaid it, to be made the firſt man in the nation. This poſition, I know, will ever obſtruct my way in the world; and I have conquered my deſires accordingly. I have reſolved to content myſelf with what I can get by my own induſtry, and the improvement of a ſmall eſtate, without being anxious whether I am ever in a court again or not. I do aſſure you, I do not ſpeak this calmly, after the ill-uſage in your letter to *Addiſon*, out of terror of your wit or my lord treaſurer's power, but pure kindneſs to

the agreeable qualities, I once ſo paſſionately delighted in, in you. You know, I know nobody, but one that talked after you, could tell *Adaiſon* had bridled me in point of party. This was ill hinted, both with relation to him, and,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient

humble ſervant,

RICHARD STEELE.

I know no party; but the truth of the queſtion is what I will ſupport as well as I can, when any man I honour is attacked.

LETTER XVIII.

To Mr. STEELE.

SIR, *May* 27, 1713.

THE reaſon I give you the trouble of this reply to your letter, is becauſe I am going in a very few days to *Ireland:* and, although I intended to return towards winter, yet it may happen, from the common accidents of life, that I may never ſee you again.

In your yeſterday's letter, you are pleaſed to take the complaining ſide, and think it hard I ſhould write

write to Mr. *Addiſon* as I did, only for an alluſion. This alluſion was only calling a clergyman of ſome little diſtinction an infidel: A clergyman, who was your friend, who always loved you, who had endeavoured at leaſt to ſerve you; and who, whenever he did write any thing, made it ſacred to himſelf never to fling out the leaſt hint againſt you.

One thing you are pleaſed to fix on me, as what you are ſure of; that the Examiner had talked after me, when he ſaid Mr. *Addiſon* had bridled you in point of party. I do not read one in ſix of thoſe papers, nor ever knew he had ſuch a paſſage; and I am ſo ignorant of this, that I cannot tell what it means: whether, that Mr. *Addiſon* kept you cloſe to a party, or that he hindered you from writing about party. I never talked or writ to that author in my life; ſo that he could not have learned it from me. And, in ſhort, I ſolemnly affirm, that, with relation to every friend I have, I am as innocent as it is poſſible for a human creature to be. And, whether you believe me or not, I think, with ſubmiſſion, you ought to act as if you believed me, till you have demonſtration to the contrary. I have all the miniſtry to be my witneſſes, that there is hardly a man of wit of the adverſe party, whom I have not been ſo bold as to recommend often and with earneſtneſs to them. For, I think, principles at preſent are quite out of the caſe, and that we diſpute wholly about perſons. In theſe laſt you and I differ; but in the other,

other, I think, we agree: for I have in print profeſſed myſelf in politicks to be what we formerly called a Whig.

As to the great man [*d*] whoſe defence you undertake; though I do not think ſo well of him as you do, yet I have been the cauſe of preventing five hundred hard things to be ſaid againſt him.

I am ſenſible I have talked too much when myſelf is the ſubject: therefore I conclude with ſincere wiſhes for your health and proſperity, and am,

SIR,

Your, *&c.*

You cannot but remember, that, in the only thing I ever publiſhed with my name, I took care to celebrate you as much as I could, and in as handſome a manner, though it was in a letter to the preſent lord treaſurer.

[*d*] Duke of *Marlborough*.

LET-

LETTER XIX.

To Lord Treasurer OXFORD.

On the Death of his Daughter, the Marchioness of Caermarthen.

MY LORD, *November* 21, 1713.

YOUR lordship is the person in the world to whom every body ought to be silent upon such an occasion as this, which is only to be supported by the greatest wisdom and strength of mind; wherein, God knows, the wisest and best of us, who would presume to offer their thoughts, are far your inferiors. It is true, indeed, that a great misfortune is apt to weaken the mind, and disturb the understanding, This, indeed, might be some pretence to us to administer our consolations, if we had been wholly strangers to the person gone. But, my lord, whoever had the honour to know her, wants a comforter as much as your lordship; because, though their loss is not so great, yet they have not the same firmness and prudence, to support the want of a friend, a patroness, a benefactor, as you have to support that of a daughter. My lord, both religion and reason forbid me to have the least concern for that lady's death, upon her own account; and he must be an ill Christian, or a perfect stranger to her virtues, who would not wish himself, with all submission to God

God Almighty's will, in her condition. But your lordſhip, who hath loſt ſuch a daughter, and we, who have loſt ſuch a friend, and the world, which hath loſt ſuch an example; have, in our ſeveral degrees, greater cauſe to lament, than, perhaps, was ever given by any private perſon before. For, my lord, I have ſat down to think of every amiable quality that could enter into the compoſition of a lady, and could not ſingle out one, which ſhe did not poſſeſs in as high a perfection as human nature is capable of. But, as to your lordſhip's own particular, as it is an unconceivable misfortune to have loſt ſuch a daughter, ſo it is a poſſeſſion which few can boaſt of, to have had ſuch a daughter. I have often ſaid to your lordſhip, that I never knew any one, by many degrees, ſo happy in their domeſtic as you; and I affirm you are ſo ſtill, though not by ſo many degrees: From whence it is very obvious, that your lordſhip ſhould reflect upon what you have left, and not upon what you have loſt.

To ſay the truth, my lord, you began to be too happy for a mortal; much more happy than is uſual with the diſpenſations of Providence long to continue. You had been the great inſtrument of preſerving your country from foreign and domeſtic ruin: you have had the felicity of eſtabliſhing your family in the greateſt luſtre, without any obligation to the bounty of your prince, or any induſtry of your own: you have triumphed over the violence and treachery of your enemies, by your

your courage and abilities: and, by the ſteadineſs of your temper, over the inconſtancy and caprice of your friends. Perhaps your lordſhip has felt too much complacency within yourſelf, upon this univerſal ſucceſs: and God Almighty, who would not diſappoint your endeavours for the publick, thought fit to puniſh you with a domeſtic loſs, where he knew your heart was moſt expoſed; and, at the ſame time, has fulfilled his own wiſe purpoſes, by rewarding, in a better life, that excellent creature he has taken from you.

I know not, my lord, why I write this to you, nor hardly what I am writing. I am ſure, it is not from any compliance with form; it is not from thinking that I can give your lordſhip any eaſe. I think it was an impulſe upon me that I ſhould ſay ſomething: and whether I ſhall ſend you what I have written, I am yet in doubt, &c.

LETTER XX.

To the Earl of PETERBOROW.

My Lord, *London, May* 18, 1714.

I HAD done myſelf the honour of writing to your excellency, above a month before yours of *March* the 5th came to my hands. The *Saturday's* dinners have not been reſumed ſince the queen's return from *Windſor*; and I am not ſorry, ſince it became ſo mingled an aſſembly, and of ſo little uſe either to buſineſs or converſation: ſo that I was

I was content to read your queries to our two great friends. The treasurer stuck at them all; but the secretary acquitted himself of the first, by assuring me he had often written to your excellency.

I was told, the other day, of an answer you made to somebody abroad, who enquired of you the state and dispositions of our court: that you could not tell, for you had been out of *England* a fortnight. In your letter, you mention the World of the Moon, and apply it to *England*; but the moon changes but once in four weeks. By both these instances, it appears you have a better opinion of our steadiness than we deserve; for I do not remember, since you left us, that we have continued above four days in the same view, or four minutes with any manner of concert. I assure you, my lord, for the concern I have for the common cause, with relation to affairs both at home and abroad, and from the personal love I bear to our friends in power, I never led a life so thoroughly uneasy as I do at present. Our situation is so bad, that our enemies could not, without abundance of invention and ability, have placed us so ill, if we had left it entirely to their management. For my own part, my head turns round; and, after every conversation, I come away just one degree worse informed than I went. I am glad, for the honour of our nation, to find by your excellency's letter, that some other courts have a share of frenzy, though not equal, nor of the same nature with ours. The height of honest men's wishes at present

ſent is to rub off this ſeſſion; after which, nobody has the impudence to expect that we ſhall not immediately fall to pieces: nor is any thing I write the leaſt ſecret, even to a whig footman.

The queen is pretty well at preſent; but the leaſt diſorder ſhe has, puts all in alarm; and, when it is over, we act as if ſhe were immortal. Neither is it poſſible to perſuade people to make any preparations againſt an evil day. There is a negotiation now in hand, which, I hope, will not be abortive: the States-General are willing to declare themſelves fully ſatisfied with the peace and the queen's meaſures, *&c.* and that is too popular a matter to ſlight. It is impoſſible to tell you whether the prince of *Hanover* intends to come over or no. I ſhould think the latter, by the accounts I have ſeen; yet our adverſaries continue ſtrenouſly to aſſert otherwiſe, and very induſtriouſly give out, that the lord treaſurer is at the bottom; which has given ſome jealouſies not only to his beſt friends, but to ſome I ſhall not name; yet I am confident they do him wrong. This formidable journey is the perpetual ſubject both of court and coffee-houſe chat.

Our myſterious and unconcerted ways of proceeding have, as it is natural, taught every body to be refiners, and to reaſon themſelves into a thouſand various conjectures: even I, who converſe moſt with people in power, am not free from this evil: and, particularly, I thought myſelf twenty times in the right, by drawing concluſions very

regularly from premiſes which have proved wholly wrong. I think this, however, to be a plain proof that we act altogether by chance; and that the game, ſuch as it is, plays itſelf.

By the preſent encloſed in your excellency's letter, I find the *Sicilians* to be bad delineators, and worſe poets. As ſneakingly as the prince looks at the biſhop's foot, I could have made him look ten times worſe, and have done more right to the piece, by placing your excellency there, repreſenting your miſtreſs the queen, and delivering the crown to the biſhop, with orders where to place it. I ſhould like your new king very well, if he would make *Sicily* his conſtant reſidence, and uſe *Savoy* only as a commendam. Old books have given me great ideas of that iſland. I imagine every acre there worth three in *England*; and that a wiſe prince, in ſuch a ſituation, would, after ſome years, be able to make what figure he pleaſed in the *Mediterranean*.

The duke of *Shrewſbury*, not liking the weather on our ſide the water, continues in *Ireland*, although he formally took his leave there ſix weeks ago. *Tom Harley* is every hour expected here, and writes me word, he has ſucceeded at *Hanover* to his wiſhes. Lord *Strafford* writes the ſame, and gives himſelf no little merit upon it.

Barber the printer was, ſome time ago, in great diſtreſs, upon printing a pamphlet, of which evil tongues would needs call me the author [*e*]: he

[*e*] The Public Spirit of the Whigs.

was

was brought before your houſe, which addreſſed the queen in a body, who kindly publiſhed a proclamation with 300*l.* to diſcover. The fault was, calling the *Scots* a fierce poor Northern people. So well protected are thoſe who ſcribble for the government. Upon which, I now put one query to your excellency, what has a man without employment to do among miniſters, when he can neither ſerve himſelf, his friends, nor the publick?

In my former letter, which I ſuppoſe was ſent to *Paris* to meet you there, I gave you joy of the government of *Minorca*. One advantage you have by being abroad, that you keep your friends; and I can name almoſt a dozen great men, who thoroughly hate one another, yet all love your lordſhip. If you have a mind to preſerve their friendſhip, keep at a diſtance; or come over and ſhew your power, by reconciling at leaſt two of them; and remember, at the ſame time, that this laſt is an impoſſibility. If your excellency were here, I would ſpeak to you without any conſtraint; but the fear of accidents, in the conveyance of the letter, makes me keep to generals. I am ſure you would have prevented a great deal of ill, if you had continued among us; but people of my level muſt be content to have their opinion aſked, and to ſee it not followed; although I have always given it with the utmoſt freedom and impartiality. I have troubled you too much; and, as a long letter from you is the moſt agreeable thing one can

receive, ſo the moſt agreeable return would be a ſhort one. I am ever, with the greateſt reſpect and truth,

My Lord,

Your Excellency's

moſt obedient and

moſt humble ſervant.

LETTER XXI.

To Lord Treaſurer OXFORD.

My Lord, *July* 1ſt, 1714.

WHEN I was with you, I have ſaid more than once that I would never allow quality or ſtation made any real difference between men. Being now abſent and forgotten, I have changed my mind: you have a thouſand people who can pretend they love you, with as much appearance of ſincerity as I; ſo that, according to common juſtice, I can have but a thouſandth part in return of what I give. And this difference is wholly owing to your ſtation. And the misfortune is ſtill the greater, becauſe I always loved you juſt ſo much the worſe for your ſtation. For, in your public capacity, you have often angered me to the heart; but, as a private man, never once.

So

So that, if I only look towards myſelf, I could wiſh you a private man to-morrow. For I have nothing to aſk, at leaſt nothing that you will give, which is the ſame thing: and then you would ſee whether I ſhould not, with much more willingneſs, attend you in a retirement, whenever you pleaſe to give me leave, than ever I did at *London* or *Windſor*. From theſe ſentiments, I will never write to you, if I can help it, otherwiſe than as to a private perſon, or allow myſelf to have been obliged by you in any other capacity.

The memory of one great inſtance of your candour and juſtice, I will carry to my grave: that, having been in a manner domeſtic with you for almoſt four years, it was never in the power of any public or concealed enemy to make you think ill of me, though malice and envy were often employed to that end. If I live, poſterity ſhall know that, and more; which, though you and ſomebody that ſhall be nameleſs ſeem to value leſs than I could wiſh, is all the return I can make you. Will you give me leave to ſay how I would deſire to ſtand in your memory? As one who was truly ſenſible of the honour you did him, though he was too proud to be vain upon it: as one who was neither aſſuming, officious, nor teazing; who never wilfully miſrepreſented perſons or facts to you, nor conſulted his paſſions when he gave a character: and, laſtly, as one whoſe indiſcretions proceeded altogether from a weak head, and not an ill heart. I will add one thing more, which is

the higheſt compliment I can make, that I never was afraid of offending you, nor am now in any pain for the manner I write to you in. I have ſaid enough; and, like one at your levee, having made my bow, I ſhrink back into the crowd. I am, *&c.*

LETTER XXII.

To the Duke of ORMOND.

My Lord, *July* 17th, 1714.

I NEVER expected that a great man ſhould remember me in abſence, becauſe I knew it was unreaſonable, and that your grace is too much troubled with perſons about you, to think of thoſe who are out of the way. But, if Dr. *Pratt* has done me right, I am miſtaken; and your grace has almoſt declared that you expected a letter from me; which you ſhould never have had, if the miniſtry had been like you: for then I ſhould have always been near enough to have carried my own meſſages. But I was heartily weary of them; and your grace will be my witneſs, that I deſpaired of any good ſucceſs, from their manner of proceeding, ſome months before I left town; where I thought it became me to continue no longer, when I could do no ſervice either to myſelf, my friends, or the publick. By the accounts I have from particular friends, I find the animoſity between the two

two great men does not at all diminish: though I hear it is given out that your grace's successor [*f*] has undertaken a general reconcilement. If it be true, this will succeed like the rest of his late undertakings.

I must beg your grace's pardon, if I intreat you, for several reasons, to see lady *Masham* as often as you conveniently can: and I must likewise desire you, to exert yourself in the disposal of the bishopricks in *Ireland*. It is a scandal to the crown, and an injury to the church, that they should be so long delayed. There are some hot-headed people, on the other side the water, who understand nothing of our court, and would confound every thing; always employed to raise themselves upon the ruins of those characters they have blasted. I wish their intermeddling may not occasion a worse choice than your grace approved of last winter. However, I beg you will take care that no injury be done to Dr. *Pratt*, or Dr. *Elwood*, who have more merit and candour than a hundred of their detractors. I am, with the greatest respect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most obedient

and most obliged

humble servant,

J. S.

[*f*] The Duke of *Shrewsbury*.

LETTER XXIII.

To Lord OXFORD.

On hearing his Intentions to reſign his Staff.

My Lord, *July* 25th, 1714.

TO-MORROW ſeven-night I ſhall ſet out from hence to *Ireland*; my licenſe for abſence being ſo near out, that I can ſtay no longer without taking another. I ſay this, that, if you have any commands, I ſhall have juſt time enough to receive them before I go. And, if you reſign in a few days, as I am told you deſign to do, you may poſſibly retire to *Herefordſhire*, where I ſhall readily attend you, if you ſoon withdraw; or, after a few months ſtay in *Ireland*, I will return at the beginning of winter, if you pleaſe to command me. I ſpeak in the dark, becauſe I am altogether ſo; and what I ſay may be abſurd. You will pleaſe to pardon me; for, as I am wholly ignorant, ſo I have none of your compoſure of mind. I pray God Almighty direct and defend you, *&c.*

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LETTER XXIV.

To Lady MASHAM.

MADAM, *Aug.* 7th, 1714.

I HAD the honour of a letter from your ladyſhip a week ago; and, the day after, came the unfortunate news of the queen's death, which made it altogether unſeaſonable, as perhaps it may be ſtill, to give your ladyſhip this kind of trouble. Although my concern be as great as that of any other good ſubject, for the loſs of ſo excellent a princeſs; yet I can aſſure you, madam, it is little to what I ſuffer upon your ladyſhip's particular account. As you excel in the ſeveral duties of a tender mother, a true friend, and a loving wife, ſo you have been the beſt and moſt faithful ſervant to your miſtreſs, that ever any ſovereign had. And, although you have not been rewarded ſuitable to your merits, I doubt not but God will make it up to you in another life, and to your children and poſterity in this. I cannot go about to comfort your ladyſhip in your great affliction, otherwiſe than by begging you to make uſe of your own piety and your own wiſdom, of both which you have ſo great a ſhare. You are no longer a ſervant; but you are ſtill a wife, a mother, and a friend; and you are bound in conſcience to take care of your health, in order to acquit yourſelf of

of theſe duties, as well as you did of the other, which is now at an end.

I pray God to ſupport your ladyſhip, under ſo great a ſhare of load, in this general calamity: and remain, with the greateſt reſpect and truth,

MADAM, Your ladyſhip's

moſt obedient and

moſt obliged ſervant.

I moſt heartily thank your ladyſhip for the favourable expreſſions and intentions in your letter, written at a time when you were at the height of favour and power.

LETTER XXV.

To Lord BOLINGBROKE.

MY LORD, *Aug.* 7th, 1714.

I HAD yours of the third, and our country-poſt is ſo ordered, that I could acknowledge it no ſooner. It is true, my lord, the events of five days laſt week might furniſh morals for another volume of *Seneca*. As to my lord *Oxford*, I told him freely my opinion before I left the town, that he ought to reſign at the end of the ſeſſion. I ſaid the ſame thing often to your lordſhip and my lady *Maſham*, although you ſeemed to think otherwiſe, for

for ſome reaſons; and ſaid ſo to him one afternoon, when I met you there with my lord chancellor. But, I remember, one of the laſt nights I ſaw him (it was at lady *Maſham's* lodgings), I ſaid to him, that, upon the foot your lordſhip and he then were, it was impoſſible you could ſerve together two months; and, I think, I was juſt a week out in my calculation. I am only ſorry, that it was not a reſignation, rather than a removal; becauſe the perſonal kindneſs and diſtinction I always received from his lordſhip and you, gave me ſuch a love for you both (if you great men will allow that expreſſion in a little one) that I reſolved to preſerve it entire, however you differed between yourſelves; and in this I did, for ſome time, follow your commands and example. I impute it more to the candour of each of you, than to my own conduct, that, having been, for two years, almoſt the only man who went between you, I never obſerved the leaſt alteration in either of your countenances towards me. I will ſwear for no man's ſincerity, much leſs for that of a miniſter of ſtate: but thus much I have ſaid, wherever it was proper, that your lordſhip's propoſals were always the faireſt in the world, and I faithfully delivered them as I was empowered: and, although I am no very ſkilful man at intrigue, yet I durſt forfeit my head, that, if the caſe were mine, I could have either agreed with you, or put you *dans vôtre tort.* When I ſaw all reconciliation impracticable, I thought fit to retire; and was reſolved, for ſome

reaſons

reasons (not to be mentioned at this distance) to have nothing to do with whoever was to be left in. For either I should not be needed, or not be made use of. And, let the case be what it would, I had rather be out of the way. All I pretended was, to speak my thoughts freely, to represent persons and things without any mingle of my own interest or passions, and, sometimes, to make use of an evil instrument, which was like to cost me dear, even from those for whose service it was employed. I did believe there would be no further occasion for me, upon any of those accounts. Besides, I had so ill an opinion of the queen's health, that I was confident you had not a quarter of time left for the work you had to do; having let slip the opportunity of cultivating those dispositions she had got after her sickness at *Windsor*. I never left pressing my lord *Oxford* with the utmost earnestness (and perhaps more than became me) that we might be put in such a condition, as not to lie at mercy on this great event. And I am your lordship's witness, that you have nothing to answer for in that matter. I will, for once, talk in my trade, and tell you that I never saw any thing more resemble our proceedings, than a man of fourscore, or in a deep consumption, going on in his sins, although his physician assured him he could not live a week. Those wonderful refinements, of keeping men in expectation, and not letting your friends be too strong, might be proper in their season. *Sed nunc non erat his locus.* Besides, you kept your

bread

bread and butter till it was too ſtale for any body to care for it. Thus your machine of four years modelling is daſhed to pieces in a moment: and, as well by the choice of the regents as by their proceedings, I do not find their is any intention of managing you in the leaſt. The whole nineteen conſiſt either of the higheſt party-men, or (which mightily mends the matter) of ſuch who left us upon the ſubject of the peace, and affected jealouſies about the ſucceſſion. It might reaſonably be expected, that this quiet poſſeſſion might convince the ſucceſſor of the good diſpoſitions of the church-party towards him; and I ever thought there was a mighty failure ſomewhere or other, that this could not have been done in the queen's life. — But this is too much for what is paſt; and yet, whoever obſerved and diſliked the cauſes, hath ſome title to quarrel with the effects. As to what is to come, your lordſhip is in the prime of your years, *plein des eſprits qui forniſſent les eſperances*; and you are now again to act that part (though in another aſſembly) which you formerly diſcharged ſo much to your own honour, and the advantage of your cauſe. You ſet out with the wind and tide againſt you; yet, at laſt, arrived at your port, from whence you are now driven back into open ſea again. But, not to involve myſelf in an allegory, I doubt whether, after this diſappointment, you can go on with the ſame vigour you did in your more early youth. Experience, which has added to your wiſdom, has leſſened your reſolution.

You

You are now a general, who, after many victories, hath loſt a battle, and have not the ſame confidence in yourſelf or your troops. Your fellow labourers have either made their fortunes, or are paſt them, or will go over to ſeek them on the other ſide.——Yet, after all, and to reſume a little courage: to be at the head of the church-intereſt is no mean ſtation; and that, as I take it, is now in your lordſhip's power. In order to which, I could heartily wiſh for that union you mention; becauſe, I need not tell you, that ſome are more dextrous at pulling down their enemies than, *&c.* We have certainly more heads and hands than our adverſaries; but, it muſt be confeſſed, they have ſtronger ſhoulders and better hearts. I only doubt my friends, the rabble, are at leaſt grown trimmers; and that, ſetting up the cry of *Trade* and *Wool*, againſt *Sacheverel* and the *Church*, hath cooled their zeal. I take it for granted, there will be a new parliament againſt winter; and if they will retain me on the other ſide, as their counſellor, I will engage them a majority. But, ſince it is poſſible I may not be ſo far in their good graces, if your lordſhip thinks my ſervice may be of any uſe in this new world, I will be ready to attend you by the beginning of winter. For the misfortune is, that I muſt go to *Ireland* to take the oaths; which I never reflected on till I had notice from ſome friends in *London*. And the ſooner I go the better, to prevent accidents; for I would not willingly want a favour at preſent. I think to ſet out

in

in a few days, but not before your lordſhip's commands and inſtructions may reach me.

I cannot conclude without offering my humbleſt thanks and acknowledgements, for your lordſhip's kind intentions towards me (if this accident had not happened) of which I received ſome general hints.——I pray God direct your lordſhip: and I deſire you will believe me to be, what I am with the utmoſt truth and reſpect,

Your lordſhip's moſt obedient, &c.

LETTER XXVI.

To Lord BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, Sept. 14th, 1714.

My Lord,

I HOPE your lordſhip, who were always ſo kind to me while you were a ſervant, will not forget me now in your greatneſs. I give you this caution, becauſe I really believe you will be apt to be exalted in your new ſtation of retirement, which was the only honourable poſt that thoſe who gave it you were capable of conferring. And as, in other employments, the circumſtances with which they are given are ſometimes ſaid to be equally valuable with the gift itſelf, ſo it was in your caſe. The ſealing up your office, and eſpecially without any directions from the king, diſcovered ſuch ſentiments of you in ſuch perſons, as would make any honeſt man proud to ſhare them.

I muſt be ſo free to tell you, that this new office of retirement will be harder for you to keep than that

that of secretary: and you lie under one great disadvantage, besides your being too young; that, whereas none but knaves and fools desire to deprive you of your former-post, all the honest men in *England* will be for putting you out of this.

I go on in writing, though I know not how to send you my letter. If I were sure it would be opened by the sealers of your office, I would fill it with some terms of art, that they would better deserve than relish.

It is a point of wisdom too hard for me, not to look back with vexation upon past management. Divines tell us often from their pulpits, that half the pains which some men take to be damned, would have compassed their salvation: this, I am sure, was extremely our case. I know not what motions your lordship intends: but, if I see the old whig measures taken in the next elections; and that the Court, the Bank, East-India, and South-sea, act strenuously, and procure a majority; I shall lie down, and beg of *Jupiter* to heave the cart out of the dirt.

I would give all I am worth, for the sake of my country, that you had left your mantle with somebody in the house of commons, or that a dozen honest men among them had only so many shreds of it.—And so, having dispatched all our friends in *England*, off flies a splinter, and knocks two governors of *Ireland* dead. I remember, we never had leisure to think of that kingdom. The poor dead queen is used like the giant *Longaron* in *Rabelais*.

lais. *Pantagruel* took *Longaron* by the heels, and made him his weapon to kill twenty other giants; then flung him over a river in the town, and killed two ducks and an old cat. I could talk very wisely to you, but you would regard me not. I could bid you, *non desperare de republicâ*; and say, that *res nolunt diu malè administrari*. But I will cut all short, and assure you, that, if you do not save us, I will not be at the pains of racking my invention to guess how we shall be saved; and yet I have read *Polybius*.

They tell me you have a very good crop of wheat, but the barley is bad. Hay will certainly be dear, unless we have an open winter. I hope you found your hounds in good condition, and that *Bright* has not made a stirrup-leather of your jocky-belt.

I imagine you now smoaking with your humdrum squire (I forget his name) who can go home at midnight, and open a dozen gates when he is drunk.

I beg your lordship not to ask me to lend you any money. If you will come and live at the deanry, and furnish up an apartment, I will find you in victuals and drink, which is more than ever you got by the court: and, as proud as you are, I hope to see you accept a part of this offer before I die.

The —— take this country; it has, in three weeks, spoilt two as good sixpenny pamphlets, as ever a proclamation was issued out against. And since we talk of that, will there not be ********* *** [g]. I shall be cured of loving *England*, as the

[g] Here are two or three words in the manuscript totally erased and illegible.

fellow was of his ague, by getting himself whipt through the town.

I would retire too, if I could; but my country-seat, where I have an acre of ground, is gone to ruin. The wall of my own apartment is fallen down, and I want mud to rebuild it, and straw to thatch it. Besides, a spiteful neighbour has seized on six foot of ground, carried off my trees, and spoiled my grove. All this is literally true, and I have not fortitude enough to go and see those devastations.

But, in return, I live a country-life in town, see nobody, and go every day once to prayers; and hope, in a few months, to grow as stupid as the present situation of affairs will require.

Well, after all, parsons are not such bad company, especially when they are under subjection; and I let none but such come near me.

However, pray God forgive them, by whose indolence, neglect, or want of friendship, I am reduced to live with twenty leagues of salt-water between your lordship and me, *&c.*

LETTER XXVII.

To the Earl of OXFORD.

My Lord, *Dublin, July* 19, 1715.

IT may look like an idle or officious thing in me, to give your lordship any interruption under your present circumstances: Yet I could never forgive myself, if, after being treated for several years with the greatest kindness and distinction, by a person

a perſon of your lordſhip's virtue, I ſhould omit making you, at this time, the humbleſt offers of my poor ſervice and attendance. It is the firſt time I ever ſolicited you in my own behalf; and, if I am refuſed, it will be the firſt requeſt you ever refuſed me. I do not think myſelf obliged to regulate my opinions by the proceedings of a houſe of lords or commons; and therefore, however they may acquit themſelves in your lordſhip's caſe, I ſhall take the liberty of thinking and calling your lordſhip the ableſt and faithfulleſt miniſter, and trueſt lover of your country, that this age hath produced. And I have already taken care, that you ſhall be ſo repreſented to poſterity, in ſpite of all the rage and malice of your enemies. And this I know will not be wholly indifferent to your lordſhip; who, next to a good conſcience, always eſteemed reputation your beſt poſſeſſion. Your intrepid behaviour, under this proſecution, aſtoniſheth every one but me, who know you ſo well and how little it is in the power of human actions or events to diſcompoſe you. I have ſeen your lordſhip labouring under greater difficulties, and expoſed to greater dangers, and over-coming both, by the providence of God, and your own wiſdom and courage. Your life hath been already attempted by private malice; it is now purſued by public reſentment. Nothing elſe remained. You were deſtined to both trials; and the ſame Power which delivered you out of the paws of the lion and the

bear, will, I truſt, deliver you out of the hands of the uncircumciſed.

I can write no more. You ſuffer for a good cauſe; for having preſerved your country, and for having been the great inſtrument, under God, of his preſent majeſty's peaceable acceſſion to the throne. This I know, and this your enemies know; and this I will take care that all the world ſhall know, and future ages be convinced of. God Almighty protect you, and continue to you that fortitude and magnanimity he hath endowed you with. Farewel.

J. S.

LETTER XXVIII.

To Lord BOLINGBROKE.

May, 1719.

My Lord,

I FORGET whether I formerly mentioned to you what I have obſerved in *Cicero*; that, in ſome of his letters, while he was in exile, there is a ſort of melancholy pleaſure, which is wonderfully affecting. I believe the reaſon muſt be, that, in thoſe circumſtances of life, there is more leiſure for friendſhip to operate, without any mixture of envy, intereſt, or ambition. But, I am afraid, this was chiefly when *Cicero* writ to his brethren in exile, or they to him; becauſe common diſtreſs is a great promoter both of friendſhip and ſpeculation. For, I doubt, proſperity and adverſity

are too much at variance, ever to ſuffer a near alliance between their owners.

Friendſhip, we ſay, is created by a reſemblance of humours. You allow that adverſity both taught you to think and reaſon much otherwiſe than you did; whereas, I can aſſure you, that thoſe who contrived to ſtay at home, and keep what they had, are not changed at all; and, if they ſometimes drink an abſent friend's health, they have fully diſcharged their duty. I have been, for ſome time, nurſing up an obſervation, which perhaps may be a juſt one: that no men are uſed ſo ill, upon a change of times, as thoſe who acted upon a public view, without regard to themſelves. I do not mean from the circumſtance of ſaving more or leſs money, but becauſe I take it, that the ſame grain of caution, which diſpoſeth a man to fill his coffers, will teach him how to preſerve them upon all events. And I dare hold a wager that the duke of *Marlborough*, in all his campaigns, was never known to loſe his baggage. I am heartily glad to hear of that unconditional offer you mention; becauſe I have been taught to believe there is little good-nature to be had from that quarter: and, if the offer were ſincere, I know not why it has not ſucceeded, ſince every thing is granted that can be aſked for, unleſs there be an exception only for generous and good-natured actions. When I think of you with relation to ſir *Roger*, I imagine a youth of ſixteen marrying a woman of thirty for love; ſhe decays every year, while he grows up to his

prime; and when it is too late, he wonders how he could think of so unequal a match, or what is become of the beauty he was so fond of.—I am told, he outdoes himself in every quality for which we used to quarrel with him. I do not think, that leisure of life, and tranquillity of mind, which fortune and your own wisdom hath given you, could be better employed than in drawing up very exact memoirs of those affairs, wherein, to my knowledge, you had the most difficult and weighty part: and I have often thought, in comparing periods of time, there never was a more important one in *England* than that which made up the four last years of the late queen. Neither do I think any thing could be more entertaining, or useful, than the story of it fully and exactly told, with such observations, in such a spirit, style, and method, as you alone are capable of performing it. One reason why we have so few memoirs written by principal actors, is because much familiarity with great affairs makes men value them too little; yet such persons will read *Tacitus* and *Commines* with wonderful delight. Therefore I must beg two things; first, that you will not omit any passage because you think it of little moment; and, secondly, that you will write to an ignorant world, and not suppose your reader to be only of the present age, or to live within ten miles of *London*. There is nothing more vexes me in old historians, than when they leave me in the dark in some passages which they suppose every one to know. It is this laziness,

pride,

pride, or incapacity of great men, that hath given way to the impertinents of the nation where you are, to peſter us with memoirs full of trifling and romance. Let a *Frenchman* talk twice with a miniſter of ſtate, he deſires no more to furniſh out a volume; and I, who am no *Frenchman*, deſpairing ever to ſee any thing of what you tell me, have been ſome time providing materials for ſuch a work, only upon the ſtrength of having been always amongſt you, and uſed with more kindneſs and confidence, than it often happens to men of my trade and level. But I am heartily glad of ſo good a reaſon to think no further that way, although I could ſay many things which you will never allow yourſelf to write. I have already drawn your character at length in one tract, and a ſketch of it in another. But I am ſenſible that, when *Cæſar* deſcribes one of his own battles, we conceive a greater idea of him from thence, than from all the praiſes any other writer can give him.

I read your Paraphraſe with great pleaſure; and the goodneſs of the poetry convinces me of the truth of your philoſophy. I agree, that a great part of our wants is imaginary; yet there is a different proportion, even in real want, between one man and another. A king, deprived of his kingdom, would be allowed to live in real want, although he had ten thouſand a year; and the caſe is parallel in every degree of life. When I reaſon thus on the caſe of ſome abſent friends, it frequently takes away all the quiet of my mind. I think it indecent to

be merry, or take satisfaction in any thing, while those who presided in councils or armies, and by whom I had the honour to be beloved, are either in humble solicitude, or attending, like *Hannibal*, in foreign courts, *donec Bithyno libeat vigilare tyranno*. My health (a thing of no moment) is somewhat mended; but, at best, I have an ill head and an aching heart. Pray God send you soon back to your country in peace and honour, that I may once more see him *cum quo morantem sæpe diem fregi*, &c.

LETTER XXIX.

To Lord BOLINGBROKE.

December 19, 1719.

My Lord,

I FIRST congratulate with you upon growing rich; for I hope our friend's information is true, *Omne solum diti patria*. *Euripides* makes the queen *Jocasta* ask her exiled son, how he got his victuals? But who ever expected to see you a trader or dealer in stocks? I thought to have seen you where you are, or perhaps nearer: but *diis aliter visum*. It may be with one's country as with a lady: if she be cruel and ill-natured, and will not receive us, we ought to consider that we are better without her. But, in this case, we may add, she has neither virtue, honour, nor justice. I have gotten a mezzotinto (for want of a better) of *Aristippus*, in my drawing-room: The motto

at

at the top is, *Omnis Ariſtippum, &c.* and at the bottom, *Tantâ fœdus cum gente ferire, commiſſum juveni.* But, ſince what I heard of *Miſſiſippi*, I am grown fonder of the former motto. You have heard that *Plato* followed merchandize three years, to ſhew he knew how to grow rich as well as to be a philoſopher: and, I gueſs, *Plato* was then about forty, the period which the *Italians* preſcribe for being wiſe, in order to be rich at fifty. *Senes ut in otia tuta recedant.* I have known ſomething of courts and miniſters longer than you, who knew them ſo many thouſand times better; but I do not remember to have ever heard of, or ſeen, one great genius, who had long ſucceſs in the miniſtry: and, recollecting a great many, in my memory and acquaintance, thoſe who had the ſmootheſt time were, at beſt, men of middling degree in underſtanding. But, if I were to frame a romance of a great miniſter's life, he ſhould begin it as *Ariſtippus* has done; then be ſent into exile, and employ his leiſure in writing the memoirs of his own adminiſtration; then be recalled, invited to reſume his ſhare of power, act as far as was decent; at laſt, retire to the country, and be a pattern of hoſpitality, politeneſs, wiſdom, and virtue. Have you not obſerved, that there is a lower kind of diſcretion and regularity, which ſeldom fails of raiſing men to the higheſt ſtations in the court, the church, and the law? It muſt be ſo: for Providence, which deſigned the world ſhould be governed by many heads, made it a

buſineſs

buſineſs within the reach of common underſtandings; while one great genius is hardly found among ten millions. Did you never obſerve one of your clerks cutting his paper with a blunt ivory knife? Did you ever know the knife to fail going the true way? Whereas, if he had uſed a razor, or a penknife, he had odds againſt him of ſpoiling a whole ſheet. I have twenty times compared the motion of that ivory implement to thoſe talents that thrive beſt at court. Think upon lord *Bacon*, *Williams*, *Strafford*, *Laud*, *Clarendon*, *Shaftſebury*, the laſt duke of *Buckingham* [*b*]; and of my own acquaintance, the earl of *Oxford* and yourſelf, all great geniuſes in their ſeveral ways; and, if they had not been ſo great, would have been leſs unfortunate. I remember but one exception, and that was lord *Sommers*, whoſe timorous nature, joined with the trade of a common lawyer and the conſciouſneſs of a mean extraction, had taught him the regularity of an alderman, or a gentleman-uſher. But, of late years, I have been refining upon this thought: for I plainly ſee, that fellows of low intellectuals, when they are gotten at the head of affairs, can ſally into the higheſt exorbitances, with much more ſafety, than a man of great talents can make the leaſt ſtep out of the way. Perhaps it is for the ſame reaſon, that men are more afraid of attacking a vicious than a mettleſome horſe: but I rather think it owing to that inceſſant envy, wherewith the common rate of

[*b*] *Villiers* Duke of *Buckingham*.

mankind

mankind purſues all ſuperior natures to their own. And, I conceive, if it were left to the choice of an aſs, he would rather be kicked by one of his own ſpecies than a better. If you will recollect that I am towards ſix years older than when I ſaw you laſt, and twenty years duller, you will not wonder to find me abound in empty ſpeculations: I can now expreſs in an hundred words what would formerly have coſt me ten. I can write epigrams of fifty diſtichs, which might be ſqueezed into one. I have gone the round of all my ſtories three or four times with the younger people, and begin them again. I give hints how ſignificant a perſon I have been, and no body believes me: I pretend to pity them, but am inwardly angry. I lay traps for people to deſire I would ſhew them ſome things I have written, but cannot ſucceed; and wreak my ſpite, in condemning the taſte of the people and company where I am. But it is with place, as it is with time. If I boaſt of having been valued three hundred miles off, it is of no more uſe than if I told how handſome I was when I was young. The worſt of it is that lying is of no uſe; for the people here will not believe one half of what is true. If I can prevail on any one to perſonate a hearer and admirer, you would wonder what a favourite he grows. He is ſure to have the firſt glaſs out of the bottle, and the beſt bit I can carve.—Nothing has convinced me ſo much that I am of a little ſubaltern ſpirit, *inepti atque puſilli animi*, as to reflect how I am forced into the moſt trifling amuſements, to divert the vexation

of

of former thoughts, and present objects.—— Why cannot you lend me a shred of your mantle, or, why did you not you leave a shred of it with me when you was snatched from me?——You see I speak in my trade, although it is growing fast a trade to be ashamed of.

I cannot but wish that you would make it possible for me to see a copy of the papers you are about; and I do protest it necessary that such a thing should be in some person's hands besides your own, and I scorn to say how safe they would be in mine. Neither would you dislike my censures, as far as they might relate to circumstantials. I tax you with two minutes a day, until you have read this letter, although I am sensible you have not half so much from business more useful and entertaining.

My letter which miscarried [*i*] was, I believe, much as edifying as this, only thanking and congratulating with you for the delightful verses you sent me. And I ought to have expressed my vexation, at seeing you so much better a philosopher than myself; a trade you were neither born nor bred to: But I think it is observed, that gentlemen often dance better those who live by the art. You may thank fortune that my paper is no longer, *&c.*

[*i*] He means Letter XXVIII. which he hath endorsed on the back as having miscarried.

LET-

LETTER XXX.

To the BISHOP of MEATH.

July 5, 1721.

My Lord,

I HAVE received an account of your lordship's refusing to admit my proxy at your visitation, with several circumstances of personal reflexions on myself, although my proxy attested my want of health; to confirm which, and to lay before you the justice and Christianity of your proceeding, above a hundred persons of quality and distinction can witness, that, since *Friday* the 26th of *May*, I have been tormented with an ague, in as violent a manner as possible, which still continues, and forces me to make use of another hand in writing to you. At the same time, I must be plain to tell you, that, if this accident had not happened, I should have used all endeavours to avoid your visitation, upon the public promise I made you three years ago, and the motives which occasioned it; because I was unwilling to hear any more very injurious treatment and appellations given to my brethren or myself; and, by the grace of God, I am still determined to absent myself on the like occasions, as far as I can possibly be dispensed with by any law, while your lordship is in that diocese and I a member of it. In which resolution I could not conceive but your lordship would be

easy;

eaſy; becauſe, although my preſence might poſſibly contribute to your real (at leaſt future) intereſt, I was ſure it could not to your preſent ſatisfaction.

If I had had the happineſs to have been acquainted with any one clergyman in the dioceſe, of your lordſhip's principles, I ſhould have deſired him to repreſent me, with hopes of better ſucceſs: but I wiſh you would ſometimes think it convenient to diſtinguiſh men as well as principles, and not to look upon every perſon, who happens to owe you canonical obedience, as if [*k*]——

I have the honour to be Ordinary over a conſiderable number of as eminent divines as any in this kingdom, who owe me the ſame obedience as I owe to your lordſhip, and are equally bound to attend my viſitation; yet neither I, nor any of my predeceſſors, to my knowledge, did ever refuſe a regular proxy.

I am only ſorry that you, who are of a country famed for good nature, have found a way to unite the haſty paſſion of your own countrymen [*l*], with the long, ſedate reſentment of a *Spaniard*: but I have an honourable hope, that this proceeding has been more owing to party than complexion. I am,

MY LORD,

Your lordſhip's

moſt humble ſervant.

[*k*] The remainder of this paragraph he has left to the biſhop's own conjecture.

[*l*] The biſhop was a *Welſhman*; his name *Evans*.

LET-

LETTER XXXI.

To the Earl of OXFORD.

October 11th, 1722.

My Lord,

I OFTEN receive letters franked *Oxford*, but always find them written and subscribed by your lordship's servant *Arbuthnot*. His meaning is some business of his own, wherein I am his solicitor; but he makes his court by giving me an account of the state of your family, and perpetually adds a clause, that your lordship soon intends to write to me. I knew you indeed when you were not so great a man as you are now, I mean when you were treasurer; but you are grown so proud since your retirement, that there is no enduring you: and you have reason, for you never acted so difficult a part of life before. In the two great scenes of power and persecution, you have excelled mankind; and, in this of retirement, you have most injuriously forgotten your friends. Poor *Prior* often sent me his complaints on this occasion; and I have returned him mine. I never courted your acquaintance when you governed *Europe*, but you courted mine; and now you neglect me, when I use all my insinuations to keep myself in your memory. I am very sensible, that, next to receiving thanks and compliment there is nothing you more hate than writing letters: but, since I never gave you thanks nor

made you compliments, I have so much more merit than any of those thousands whom you have less obliged, by only making their fortunes, without taking them into your friendship, as you did me, whom you always countenanced in too public and particular a manner to be forgotten, either by the world or myself; for which never man was more proud or less vain.

I have now been ten years soliciting for your picture; and, if I had solicited you for a thousand pounds (I mean of your own money, not the public), I could have prevailed in ten days. You have given me many hundred hours; can you not now give me a couple? Have my mortifications been so few, or are you so malicious to add a greater than I ever yet suffered? Did you ever refuse me any thing I asked you? and will you now begin? In my conscience, I believe, and by the whole conduct of your life I have reason to believe, that you are too poor to bear the expence. I ever told you, I was the richer man of the two; and I am now richer by five hundred pounds, than I was at the time when I was boasting at your table of my wealth, before *Diamond Pitt* [*q*].

I have hitherto taken up with a scurvy print of you, under which I have placed this lemma:

—Veteres actus primamque juventam
Prosequar? ad sese mentem præsentia ducunt.

And this I will place under your picture, whenever you are rich enough to send it me. I will promise,

[*q*] An *East India* merchant, famous for his opulence.

in

in return, that it ſhall never loſe you the reputation of poverty; which, to one of your birth, patrimony, and employments, is one of the greateſt glories of your life, and ſo ſhall be celebrated by me.

I intreat your lordſhip, if your leiſure and your health will permit, to let me know when I can be a month with you at *Brampton-caſtle*; becauſe I have a great deal of buſineſs with you that relates to poſterity. Mr. *Mynett* has, for ſome time, led me an uncomfortable life with his ill accounts of your health; but, God be thanked, his ſtyle of late is much altered for the better.

My hearty and conſtant prayers are perpetually offered up for the preſervation of you and your excellent family. Pray, my lord, write to me; or you never loved me, or I have done ſomething to deſerve your diſpleaſure. My lord and lady *Harriot*, my brother and ſiſter [*m*], pretend to atone by making me fine preſents; but I would have his lordſhip know, that I would value two of his lines more than two of his manors, *&c.*

[*m*] The members of the *Saturday's* club all called one another Brothers, and conſequently their wives were Siſters to the ſeveral members.

LETTER XXXII.

To His Excellency Lord CARTERET, Lord-Lieutenant of IRELAND.

MY LORD, *April* 28th, 1724.

MANY of the principal persons in this kingdom, distinguished for their loyalty to his present majesty, hearing that I had the honour to be known to your excellency, have for some time pressed me very earnestly, since you were declared lord-lieutenant of this kingdom, to represent to your excellency the apprehensions they are under concerning Mr. *Wood's* patent for coining half-pence to pass in *Ireland*. Your excellency knows the unanimous sentiments of the parliament here upon that matter: and, upon enquiry, you will find, that there is not one person, of any rank or party in this whole kingdom, who does not look upon that patent as the most ruinous project that ever was contrived against any nation. Neither is it doubted, that, when your excellency shall be thoroughly informed, your justice and compassion for an injured people will force you to employ your credit for their relief.

I have made bold to send you inclosed two small tracts on this subject, one written (as it is supposed) by the earl of *Abercorn*; the other is intitled to a weaver, and suited to the vulgar, but thought to be the work of a better hand.

I hope

I hope your excellency will forgive an old humble ſervant, and one who always loved and eſteemed you, for interfering in matters out of his province; which he would never have done, if many of the greateſt perſons here had not, by their importunity, drawn him out of his retirement, to venture giving you a little trouble, in hopes to ſave their country from utter deſtruction, for which the memory of your government will be bleſſed by poſterity.

I hope to have the honour of ſeeing your excellency here; and do promiſe neither to be a frequent viſitor nor troubleſome ſolicitor, but ever, with the greateſt reſpect, &c.

LETTER XXXIII.

To the ſame.

My Lord, *June* 9th, 1724.

IT is above a month ſince I took the boldneſs of writing to your excellency, upon a ſubject where the welfare of this kingdom is highly concerned.

I writ at the deſire of ſeveral conſiderable perſons here, who could not be ignorant that I had the honour of being well known to you.

I could have wiſhed your excellency had condeſcended ſo far, as to let one of your under-clerks have ſignified to me that a letter was received.

I have been long out of the world, but have not forgotten what uſed to paſs among thoſe I lived

with, while I was in it: and I can say, that, during the experience of many years and many changes in affairs, your excellency, and one more, who is not worthy to be compared to you, are the only great persons that ever refused to answer a letter from me, without regard to business, party, or greatness; and, if I had not a peculiar esteem for your personal qualities, I should think myself to be acting a very inferior part in making this complaint.

I never was so humble, as to be vain upon my acquaintance with men in power, and always rather chose to avoid it when I was not called. Neither were their power or titles sufficient, without merit, to make me cultivate them; of which I have witnesses enough left, after all the havock made among them by accidents of time, or by changes of persons, measures, and opinions.

I know not how your conceptions of yourself may alter, by every new high station; but mine must continue the same, or alter for the worse.

I often told a great minister, whom you well know, that I valued him for being the same man through all the progress of power and place. I expected the like in your lordship; and still hope that I shall be the only person who will ever find it otherwise.

I pray God to direct your excellency in all your good undertakings, and especially in your government of this kingdom.

I shall

I shall trouble you no more; but remain, with great respect,

My Lord,

Your Excellency's

most obedient and

most humble servant.

LETTER XXXIV.

To the same.

My Lord, *July* 9th, 1724.

I HUMBLY claim the privilege of an inferior, to be the last writer; yet with great acknowledgments for your condescension in answering my letters. I cannot but complain of you for putting me in the wrong. I am in the circumstances of a waiting-woman, who told her lady, that nothing vexed her more than to be caught in a lie. But, what is worse, I have discovered in myself somewhat of the bully; and that, after all my rattling, you have brought me down to be as humble as the most distant attender at your levee. It is well your excellency's talents are in few hands; for, if it were otherwise, we, who pretend to be free-speakers, in quality of philosophers, should be utterly cured of our forwardness; at least I am afraid there will be an end of mine, with regard to your excellency. Yet, my lord, I am ten years older than I

was when I had the honour to see you last, and consequently ten times more testy. Therefore I foretel, that you, who could so easily conquer so captious a person, and of so little consequence, will quickly subdue this whole kingdom to love and reverence you. I am, with the greatest respect,

My Lord, &c.

LETTER XXXV.

To EDWARD Earl of OXFORD.

On his Father's death.

My Lord, *July*, 1724.

ALTHOUGH I had, for two years past, inured myself to expect the death of my lord your father, from the frequent accounts of the bad condition of his health; yet the news of it struck me so sensibly, that I had not spirit enough to condole with your lordship, as I ought to have done, for so great a loss to the world and yourself. It is true, indeed, you no longer wanted his care and tenderness, nor his example to incite you to virtue: but his friendship and conversation you will ever want, because they are qualities so rare in the world, and in which he so much excelled all others. It hath pleased me, in the midst of my grief, to hear that he preserved the greatness, and calmness, and intrepidity of his mind to his last minutes: for it was

was fit that such a life should terminate with equal lustre to the whole progress of it.

I must now beg leave to apply to your lordship's justice. He was often pleased to promise me his picture; but his troubles and sickness, and want of opportunity, and my absence, prevented him. I do therefore humbly insist, that your lordship will please to discharge what I almost look upon as a legacy.

I would intreat another and much greater favour of your lordship, that, at your leisure hours, you would please to inspect among your father's papers, whether there be any memorials that may be of use towards writing his life; which I have sometimes mentioned to him, and often thought on, when I little thought to survive him. I have formerly gathered several hints, but want many memorials, especially of his more early times, which might be easily supplied. And such a work most properly belongs to me, who loved and respected him above all men, and had the honour to know him better than any other of my level did.

I humbly beg your lordship's pardon for so long a letter upon so mournful an occasion; and expect your justice to believe, that I am, and shall ever be, with the greatest respect,

My Lord,

Your lordship's most obedient,
most obliged, and
most humble servant.

I desire to present my most humble respects to my lady *Oxford*.

LET-

LETTER XXXVI.

To his Excellency the Lord CARTERET, Lord Lieutenant of IRELAND.

MY LORD, *Sept.* 3d, 1724.

BEING ten years older than when I had the honour to see your excellency last, by consequence, if I am subject to any ailments, they are now ten times worse, and so it has happened. For I have been, this month past, so pestered with the return of a noise and deafness in my ears, that I had not spirit to perform the common offices of life, much less to write to your excellency, and least of all to answer so obliging and condescending a letter as that I received from you. But these ugly ten years have a worse consequence; that they utterly destroy any title to the good opinion you are pleased to express of me, as an amuser of the world and myself. To have preserved that talent, I ought, as I grew older, to have removed into a better climate, instead of being sunk for life in a worse. I imagine *France* would be proper for me now, and *Italy* ten years hence. However, I am not so bad as they would make me: for, since I left *England*, such a parcel of trash has been there fathered upon me, that nothing but the good judgment of my friends could hinder them from thinking me the greatest dunce alive.

There

There is a gentleman of this kingdom juſt gone for *England*; it is Dr. *George Berkeley*, dean of *Derry*, the beſt preferment among us, being worth 1100 *l.* a year. He takes the *Bath* in his way to *London*; and will, of courſe, attend your excellency, and be preſented, I ſuppoſe, by his friend my lord *Burlington*. And, becauſe I believe you will chuſe out ſome very idle minutes to read this letter, perhaps you may not be ill entertained with ſome account of the man, and his errand. He was a fellow in the Univerſity here; and, going to *England* very young, about thirteen years ago, he became the founder of a ſect there called the *Immaterialiſts*, by the force of a very curious book upon that ſubject. Dr. *Smaldridge* and many other eminent perſons were his proſelytes. I ſent him ſecretary and chaplain to *Sicily*, with my lord *Peterborow*; and, upon his lordſhip's return, Dr. *Berkeley* ſpent above ſeven years in travelling over moſt parts of *Europe*, but chiefly through every corner of *Italy*, *Sicily*, and other iſlands. When he came back to *England*, he found ſo many friends, that he was effectually recommended to the duke of *Grafton*, by whom he was lately made dean of *Derry*. Your excellency will be frighted, when I tell you all this is but an introduction: for I am now to mention his errand. He is an abſolute philoſopher, with regard to money, titles, and power; and for three years paſt, hath been ſtruck with a notion of founding a univerſity at *Bermudas*, by

by a charter from the Crown. He hath seduced several of the hopefullest young clergymen and others here, many of them well provided for, and all of them in the fairest way of preferment: but in *England*, his conquests are greater; and, I doubt will spread very far this winter. He shewed me a little tract, which he designs to publish; and there your excellency will see his whole scheme of a life academico-philosophical (I shall make you remember what you were) of a college founded for *Indian* scholars and missionaries; where he most exorbitantly proposeth a whole hundred pounds a year for himself, forty pounds for a fellow, and ten for a student. His heart will break if his deanry be not taken from him, and left to your excellency's disposal. I discouraged him by the coldness of courts and ministers, who will interpret all this as impossible, and a vision; but nothing will do. And, therefore, I do humbly intreat your excellency, either to use such persuasions as will keep one of the first men in this kingdom, for learning and virtue, quiet at home, or assist him, by your credit, to compass his romantic design; which, however, is very noble and generous, and directly proper for a great person of your excellent education to encourage.

I must now, in all humility, intreat one favour of you, as you are lord lieutenant. Mr. *Proly*, surgeon of the army here, laid out the greatest part of his fortune to buy a captainship for his eldest son. The young man was lately accused of discovering

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an inclination to popery, while he was quartered in *Galway*. The report of the court-martial is tranſmitted to your excellency. The univerſal opinion here is, that the accuſation was falſe and malicious: and the archbiſhop of *Tuam*, in whoſe dioceſe *Galway* is, upon a ſtrict enquiry, hath declared it to be ſo. But all this is not to ſway with your excellency, any more than that the father is the moſt univerſally beloved of any I ever knew in his ſtation. But I intreat that you will pleaſe to hear the opinion of others, who may ſpeak in his favour; and, perhaps, will tell you, that, as party is not in the caſe, ſo you cannot do any perſonal thing more acceptable to the people of *Ireland*, than in inclining towards lenity to Mr. *Proby* and his family; although I have reaſon to be confident, that they neither need nor deſire more than juſtice. I beg your excellency will remember my requeſt to be only that you would hear others, and not think me ſo very weak, as to imagine I could have hopes of giving the leaſt turn to your mind. Therefore, I hope, what I have ſaid is pardonable in every reſpect, but that of taking up your time.

My lord, we are here preparing for your reception, and for a quiet ſeſſion under your government; but whether you approve the manner I can only gueſs. It is by univerſal declarations againſt *Wood's* coin. One thing I am confident of, that your excellency will find and leave us under diſpoſitions very different, towards your perſon and high ſtation, from what have appeared towards others.

I have

I have no other excuſe for the length of this letter, but a faithful promiſe that I will never be guilty of the ſame fault a ſecond time. I am, *&c.*

LETTTER XXXVII.

To Mrs. PRATT.

March 18th, 1724-5.

MADAM,

MRS. *Fitzmorrice* did the unkindeſt thing ſhe could imagine; ſhe ſends an open note by a ſervant (for ſhe was too much a prude to write me a letter), directing me to enquire for one *Howard*, maſter of a ſhip, who had brought over a ſcreen to me from Mrs. *Pratt*. Away I ran to the Cuſtom-houſe, where they told me the ſhip was expected every day: but the God of Winds, in confederacy with Mrs. *Fitzmorrice* to teaze me, kept the ſhip at leaſt a month longer, and left me miſerable in a ſtate of impatience between hope and fear, worſe than a lady who apprehends her cloaths will not be ready againſt the birth-day.

I will not move your good-nature, by repreſenting how many reſtleſs days and nights I have paſſed, with what dreams my ſleep hath been diſturbed, when I ſometimes ſaw the ſhip ſinking, and my ſcreen floating in the ſea, and the Mermaids ſtruggling which of them ſhould get it. At laſt Mr. *Medlicott* [*n*], whoſe heart inclines him to pity

[*n*] One of the commiſſioners of the cuſtoms.

the

the distressed, gave me notice of it's safe arrival. He interposed his authority; and, over-ruling the tedious forms of the Custom-house, sent me my screen to the Deanry: where it was immediately opened, on *Tuesday* the 16th instant, three minutes seven seconds after four o'clock, the day being fair but somewhat windy, the sun in *Aries*, and the moon within 39 hours 8 seconds and a half of being full. All which I find, by consulting *Ptolemy*, to be fortunate incidents; and that, with due care, my screen will escape the mops of the housemaid, and the greasy hands of the footmen.

At the opening of the screen, just after dinner, some company of both sexes were present. The ladies were full of malice, and the men of envy, while I was very affectedly calm. But all agreed, that nothing shewed a better judgment than to know how to make a proper present, and that no present could be more judiciously chosen. For no man in this kingdom wanted a screen so much as myself: and, besides, since I had left the world, it was very kind to send the world to me. As for my own part, I confess I never expected to be sheltered by the world, when I have been so long endeavouring to shelter myself from it. See how ill you bestow your favours, when you meet with nothing but complaints and reproaches, instead of acknowledgments, for thinking, in the midst of courts, upon an absent insignificant man, buried in obscurity. But I know it is as hard to give thanks as

to

to take them: Therefore I shall say no more, than that I receive your acceptable present just as I am sure you desire I should. But I cannot promise that it will add one jot to the love and esteem I have for you; because it is impossible for me to be more than I have always been,

MADAM,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXXVIII.

To his Excellency the Lord CARTERET, Lord Lieutenant of IRELAND.

Deanry-house, April 17th, 1725.

MY LORD,

I HAVE been so long afflicted with a deafness, and at present with a giddiness in my head (both old distempers), that I have not been able to attend your excellency and my lady *Carteret*, as my inclination and duty oblige me; and I am now hasting into the country, to try what exercise and better air will do towards my recovery. Not knowing how long I may be absent, nor how soon you may think fit to leave this kingdom, I take this occasion of returning your excellency, and my lady *Carteret*, my most humble acknowledgements for your great civilities towards me, which I wish it were in my power to deserve.

I have

I have only one humble requeſt to make to your excellency, which I had in my heart ever ſince you were nominated lord-lieutenant; and it is in favour of Mr. *Sheridan*. I beg you will take your time for beſtowing on him ſome church-living, to the value of 150*l. per annum*. He is agreed on all hands to have done more public ſervice, by many degrees, in the education of lads, than any five of his vocation; and has much more learning than uſually falls to the ſhare of thoſe who profeſs teaching, being perfectly ſkilled in the *Greek* as well as *Latin* tongue, and acquainted with all the ancient writers, in poetry, philoſophy, and hiſtory. He is a man of good ſenſe, modeſty, and virtue. His greateſt fault is a wife and four children; for which there is no excuſe, but that a wife is thought neceſſary to a ſchool-maſter. His conſtitution is ſo weak, that, in a few years, he muſt give up his buſineſs; and probably muſt ſtarve, without ſome preferment, for which he is an ill ſolicitor. My lord biſhop of *Elphin* hath promiſed to recommend this requeſt to your excellency. And I hope you will pleaſe to believe that it proceeds wholly from juſtice and humanity, for he is neither a dependent nor relation of mine.

I humbly take my leave; and remain, with the utmoſt reſpect,

My Lord, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXXIX.

To Mrs. HOWARD [o].

February 1st, 1726-7.

MADAM,

I AM so very nice, and my workmen so fearful, that there is yet but one piece finished of the two, which you commanded me to send to her royal highness. The other was done; but the undertaker, confessing it was not to the utmost perfection, hath obtained my leave for a second attempt; in which he promises to do wonders, and tells me it will be ready in another fortnight; although, perhaps, the humour may be quite off both with the princess and you: for such were courts when I knew them. I desire you will order her royal highness to go to *Richmond* as soon as she can this summer, because she will have the pleasure of my neighbourhood; for I hope to be in *London* by the middle of *March*, and I do not love you much when you are there: and I expect to find you are altered by flattery, or ill company. I am glad to tell you now, that I honour you with my esteem; because, when the princess grows a crowned head, you shall have no more such compliments; and it is a hundred to one whether you will deserve them.

[o] Afterwards countess of *Suffolk*. See *The Character of Mrs. H****d*, in this volume, p. 4.

I do

I do not approve of your advice to bring over pumps for myſelf, but will rather provide another ſhoe for his Royal Highneſs [p], againſt there ſhall be occaſion. I will tell you an odd accident that happened this night: While I was careſſing one of my *Houyhnhnms*, he bit my little finger ſo cruelly, that I am hardly able to write; and I impute the cauſe to ſome foreknowledge in him, that I was going to write to a *Sieve Yahoo* [q] (for ſo you are pleaſed to call yourſelf). Pray tell ſir *Robert Walpole*, that, if he does not uſe me better next ſummer than he did laſt, I will ſtudy revenge, and it ſhall be *vengeance eccleſiaſtique*. I hope you will get your houſe and wine ready, to which Mr. *Gay* and I are to have free acceſs when you are at court; for, as to Mr. *Pope*, he is not worth conſidering on ſuch occaſions. I am ſorry I have no complaints to make of her royal highneſs: therefore, I think, I may let you tell her, That every grain of virtue and good ſenſe, in one of her rank, conſidering the bad education among flatterers and adorers, is worth a dozen in any inferior perſon. Now, if what the world ſays be true, that ſhe excells all other ladies at leaſt a dozen times; then, multiply one dozen by the other, you will find the number to be one hundred and forty-four. If any one can ſay a civiler thing, let him; for I think it too much for me.

[p] Vide *Gulliver's* Travels, chap. IV.

[q] *i. e.* A Court-lady. See *Gulliver's* Travels, in the Voyage to *Laputa*, chap. V.

I have some title to be angry with you, for not commanding those who write to me to mention your remembrance. Can there be any thing more base, than to make me the first advances, and then be inconstant? It is very hard, that I must cross the sea, and ride two hundred miles, to reproach you in person; when, at the same time, I feel myself, with the most intire respect,

MADAM, &c.

LETTER XL.

To the ARCHBISHOP of DUBLIN [r].

MY LORD, *May* 18th, 1727.

I UNDERSTAND, by some letters just come to my hands, that, at your grace's visitation of the dean and chapter of St. *Patrick's*, a proxy was insisted on from the dean, the visitation adjourned, and a rule entered that a proxy be exhibited within a month. If your grace can find, in any of your old records or of ours, that a proxy was ever demanded for a dean of St. *Patrick's*, you will have some reason to insist upon it: but, as it is a thing wholly new and unheard of, let the consequences be what they will, I shall never comply with it. I take my chapter to be my proxy,

[r] Dr. *William King*.

if

if I want any: it is only through them that you visit me, and my sub-dean is to answer for me. I I am neither civilian nor canonist: your grace may probably be both, with the addition of a dextrous deputy. My proceeding shall be only upon one maxim: never to yield to an oppression, to justify which no precedent can be produced. I see very well how personal all this proceeding is; and how, from the very moment of the queen's death, your grace hath thought fit to take every opportunity of giving me all sorts of uneasiness, without ever giving me, in my whole life, one single mark of your favour beyond common civilities. And, if it were not below a man of spirit to make complaints, I could date them from six and twenty years past. This hath something in it the more extraordinary, because, during some years, when I was thought to have credit with those in power, I employed it the utmost for your service, with great success, where it could be most useful, against many violent enemies you then had, however unjustly; by which I got more ill-will than by any other action of my life, I mean from my friends. My lord, I have lived, and by the grace of God will die, an enemy to servitude and slavery of all kinds: and I believe, at the same time, that persons of such a disposition will be the most ready to pay obedience wherever it is due. Your grace hath often said, you would never infringe any of our liberties. I will call back nothing of what is past: I will forget, if I can, that you mentioned to me a licence

to be abſent. Neither my age, health, humour, or fortune, qualify me for little brangles; but I will hold to the practice delivered down by my predeceſſors. I thought, and have been told, that I deſerved better from that church and that kingdom: I am ſure, I do from your grace. And, I believe, people on this ſide will atteſt, that all my merits are not very old. It is a little hard, that, the occaſion of my journey hither being partly for the advantage of that kingdom, partly on account of my health, partly on buſineſs of importance to me, and partly to ſee my friends; I cannot enjoy the quiet of a few months, without your grace interpoſing to diſturb it. But, I thank God, the civilities of thoſe in power here, who allow themſelves to be my profeſſed adverſaries, make ſome atonement for the unkindneſs of others, who have ſo many reaſons to be my friends. I have not long to live; and, therefore, if conſcience were quite out of the caſe for me to do a baſe thing, I will ſet no unworthy examples for my ſucceſſors to follow: and, therefore, repeating it again that I ſhall not concern myſelf upon the proceeding of your lordſhip, I am, *&c.*

LET-

LETTER XLI.

To the Countess of SUFFOLK.

Twickenham, Aug. 15, 1727.

MADAM,

I WISH I were a young lord, and you were unmarried: I should make you the best husband in the world, for I am ten times deafer than ever you were in your life; and, instead of a poor pain in my face, I have a good substantial giddiness and head-ach. The best of it is, that, although we might lay our heads together, you could tell me no secrets that might not be heard five rooms distant. These disorders of mine, if they hold me as long as they used to do some years ago, will last as long as my leave of absence, which I shall not renew: and then the queen will have the misfortune not to see me, and I shall go back with the satisfaction never to have seen her since she was queen, but when I kissed her hand. And, although she were a thousand queens, I will not lose my privilege of never seeing her but when she commands it. I told my two landlords, that I would write you a love-letter; which, I remember, you commanded me to do last year: but I would not shew it to either of them. I am the greatest courtier and flatterer you have; because I try your good sense and taste, more than all of them put together, which is the greatest compliment I could

put upon you: and you have hitherto behaved yourself tolerably well under it; much better than your mistress, if what a lady told me was true: that, talking with the queen about me, her majesty said, I was an odd sort of a man. But I forgive her, for it is an odd thing to speak freely to princes. I will say another thing in your praise, that goodness would become you better than any person I know: and, for that very reason, there is nobody I wish to be good so much as yourself. I am, *&c.*

LETTER XLII.

To his Excellency the Lord CARTERET, Lord-Lieutenant of IRELAND.

January 18, 1727-8.

MY LORD,

I WAS informed, that, your excellency having referred to the University here some regulation of his majesty's benefaction for professors; they have, in their answer, insinuated as if they thought it best, that the several professorships should be limited to their fellows, and to be held only as they continue to be so. I need not inform your excellency, how contrary such a practice is to that of all the universities in *Europe*. Your excellency well knows how many learned men, of the two last ages, have been invited by princes to be professors

feſſors in ſome art or ſcience, for which they were renowned; and that the like rule hath been followed in *Oxford* and *Cambridge*. I hope your excellency will ſhew no regard to ſo narrow and impartial an opinion, which can only tend to mend fellowſhips, and ſpoil profeſſorſhips: although I ſhould be ſorry, that any fellow ſhould be thought incapable on that account, when otherwiſe qualified. And I ſhould be glad that any perſon, whoſe education hath been in this univerſity, ſhould be preferred before another upon equal deſervings. But that muſt be left to thoſe who ſhall be your excellency's ſucceſſors, who may not always be great clerks: and I wiſh you could, in ſome meaſure, provide againſt having this benefaction made a perquiſite of humour or favour. Whoever is preferred to a biſhoprick, or to ſuch a preferment as ſhall hinder him from reſiding within a certain diſtance of this town, ſhould be obliged to reſign his profeſſorſhip.

As long as you are governor here, I ſhall always expect the liberty of telling you my thoughts: and I hope you will conſider them, until you find I grow impertinent, or have ſome bias of my own.

If I had not been confined to my chamber by the continuance of an unconverſable diſorder, I would have exchanged your trouble of reading for that of hearing. I am, *&c.*

I deſire to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to my lady *Carteret*.

Your friend *Walpole* hath lately done one of the cruelleſt actions that ever I knew, even in a miniſter of ſtate, theſe thirty years paſt; which, if the queen hath not intelligence of, may my right hand forget it's cunning.

LETTER XLIII.

To the ſame [*s*].

About *May* 10, 1728.

My Lord,

I TOLD your excellency that you were to run on my errands. My lord *Burlington* hath a very fine monument of his anceſtor the earl of *Cork*, in my cathedral, which your excellency hath ſeen. I and the chapter have written to him in a body to have it repaired, and I in perſon have deſired he would do it. And I deſired likewiſe, that he would ſettle a parcel of land, worth five pounds a year (not an annuity), to keep it always in repair. He ſaid he would do any thing to oblige me; but was afraid that, in future times, the five pounds a year would be miſapplied, and ſecured by the dean and chapter to their own uſe. I anſwered, that a dean and twenty-four members of ſo great a chapter, who, in livings, eſtates, &c. had about 4000*l.* a year amongſt them, would hardly divide

[*s*] This letter is not dated, but endorſed "To lord-lieutenant "*Carteret*, before his going off."

four

four shillings among them to cheat his posterity; and that we could have no view but to consult the honour of his family. I therefore command your excellency to lay this before him, and the affront he hath put upon us, in not answering a letter written to him by the dean and chapter in a body.

The great duke of *Schomberg* is buried under the altar in my cathedral. My lady *Holdernes* is my old acquaintance, and I writ to her about a small sum, to make a monument for her grandfather. I writ to her myself; and also, there was a letter from the dean and chapter, to desire she would order a monument to be raised for him in my cathedral. It seems *Mildmay*, now lord *Fitzwalter*, her husband, is a covetous fellow; or, whatever is the matter, we have had no answer. I desire you will tell lord *Fitzwalter*, that, if he will not send fifty pounds to make a monument for the old duke, I and the chapter will erect a small one of ourselves for ten pounds; wherein it shall be expressed, That the posterity of the duke, naming particularly lady *Holdernes* and Mr. *Mildmay*, not having the generosity to erect a monument, we have done it of ourselves. And if, for an excuse, they pretend they will send for his body, let them know it is mine; and, rather than send it, I will take up the bones, and make of it a skeleton, and put it in my registry-office, to be a memorial of their baseness to all posterity. This I expect your excellency will tell Mr. *Mildmay*, or, as you now call him, lord *Fitzwalter:* and I expect likewise, that

that he will let Sir *Conyers Darcy* know how ill I take his neglect in this matter; although, to do him juſtice, he averred, that *Mildmay* was ſo avaricious a wretch, that he would let his own father be buried without a coffin, to ſave charges.

I expect likewiſe, that, if you are acquainted with your ſucceſſor, you will let him know how impartial I was in giving you characters of clergymen, without regard to party; and what weight you laid on them: and that, having but one clergyman who had any relation to me, I let him paſs unpreferred. And, laſtly, that you will let your ſaid ſucceſſor know, that you lament the having done nothing for Mr. *Robert Grattan*; and give him ſuch a recommendation, that he may have ſomething to mend his fortune.

Theſe are the matters I leave in charge to your excellency: and I deſire that I, who have done with courts, may not be uſed like a courtier. For, as I was a courtier when you were a ſchool-boy, I know all your arts. And ſo God bleſs you, and all your family, my old friends: and remember, I expect you ſhall not dare to be a courtier to me. I am, *&c.*

LET-

LETTER XLIV.

To Mr. POPE.

SIR, *March* 6th, 1728-9.

IF I am not a good correſpondent, I have bad health; and that is as good. I paſſed eight months in the country, with Sir *Arthur* and my lady *Acheſon*, and had at leaſt half a dozen returns of my giddineſs and deafneſs, which laſted me about three weeks a piece; and, among other inconveniencies, hindred me from viſiting my chapter and puniſhing enormities, but did not ſave me the charges of a viſitation-dinner. This diſorder neither hinders my ſleeping, nor much my walking, yet is the moſt mortifying malady I can ſuffer. I have been juſt a month in town, and have juſt got rid of it in a fortnight: and, when it is on me, I have neither ſpirits to write, or read, or think, or eat. But I drink as much as I like; which is a reſource you cannot fly to when you are ill. And I like it as little as you: but I can bear a pint better than you can a ſpoonful. You were very kind in your care for Mr. *Whalley*; but, I hope, you remembered, that *Daniel* is a damnable poet, and conſequently a public enemy to mankind. But I deſpiſe the lords degree, which is a jeſt upon common ſenſe: for what did it ſignify to the merits of the cauſe, whether *George* the Old, or the Young, were on the throne?

No:

No: I intended to pass last winter in *England*, but my health said No: and I did design to live a gentleman, and, as *Sancho's* wife said, to go in my coach to court. I know not whether you are in earnest to come hither in spring: if not, pray God you may never be in jest. Dr. *Delany* shall attend you at *Chester*, and your apartment is ready; and I have a most excellent chaise, and about sixteen dozen of the best cyder in the world; and you shall command the town and kingdom, and *digito monstrari*, *&c.* And, when I cannot hear, you shall have choice of the best people we can afford, to hear you, and nurses enough; and your apartment is on the sunny side.

The next paragraph strikes me dumb. You say I am to blame, if I refuse the opportunity of going with my lady *Bolingbroke* to *Aix-la-Chapelle*. I must tell you, that a foreign language is mortal to a deaf man. I must have good ears to catch up the words of so nimble a tongued race as the *French*, having been a dozen years without conversing among them. Mr. *Gay* is a scandal to all lusty young fellows with healthy countenance; and, I think, he is not intemperate in a physical sense. I am told he has an asthma, which is a disease I commiserate more than deafness, because it will not leave a man quiet either sleeping or waking. I hope he does not intend to print his Opera [*t*] before it is acted; for I defy all your subscriptions

[*t*] The Second Part of the *Beggar's Opera*.

to

to amount to 800*l.* And yet, I believe, he loſt as much more for want of human prudence.

I told you ſome time ago, that I was dwindled to a writer of libels on the lady of the family where I lived, and upon myſelf; but they never went further: and my lady *Acheſon* made me give her up all the foul copies, and never gave the fair ones out of her hands, or ſuffered them to be copied. They were ſometimes ſhewn to intimate friends, to occaſion mirth, and that was all. So that I am vexed at your thinking I had any hand in what could come to your eyes. I have ſome confuſed notion of ſeeing a paper called *Sir Ralph the Patriot*, but am ſure it was bad or indifferent; and, as to the *Lady at Quadrille*, I never heard of it. Perhaps it may be the ſame with a paper of verſes called, *The Journal of a Dublin Lady*, which I writ at Sir *Arthur Acheſon's*; and, leaving out what concerned the family, I ſent it to be printed in a paper which doctor *Sheridan* had engaged in, called *The Intelligencer*, of which he made but ſorry work, and then dropt it. But the verſes were printed by themſelves, and moſt horridly mangled in the preſs, and were very mediocre in themſelves; but did well enough in the manner I mentioned, of a family-jeſt. I do ſincerely aſſure you, that my frequent old diſorder, and the ſcene where I am, and the humour I am in, and ſome other reaſons which time hath ſhewn, and will ſhew more if I live; have lowered my ſmall talents with a vengeance, and cooled my diſpoſition to put them in uſe. I

want

want only to be rich, for I am hard to be pleaſed; and, for want of riches, people grow every day leſs ſolicitous to pleaſe me. Therefore I keep humble company, who are happy to come where they can get a bottle of wine without paying for it. I give my vicar a ſupper, and his wife a ſhilling, to play with me an hour at back-gammon once a fortnight. To all people of quality, and eſpecially of titles, I am not within; or, at leaſt, am deaf a week or two after I am well. But, on *Sunday* evenings, it coſts me ſix bottles of wine to people whom I cannot keep out. Pray, come over in *April*, if it be only to convince you that I tell no lies; and the journey will be certainly for your health. Mrs. *Brent*, my houſe-keeper, famous in print for digging out the great bottle [*u*], ſays ſhe will be your nurſe; and the beſt phyſicians we have ſhall attend you without fees: although, I believe, you will have no occaſion but to converſe with one or two of them to make them proud.

Your letter came but laſt poſt, and you ſee my punctuality. I am unlucky at every thing I ſend to *England*. Two bottles of uſquebaugh were broken. Well, my humble ſervice to my lord *Bolingbroke*, lord *Bathurſt*, lord *Maſham*, and his lady my dear friend, and Mr. *Pultney*, and the doctor, and Mr. *Lewis*, and our ſickly friend *Gay*, and my lady *Bolingbroke*; and very much to *Patty* [*w*], who I hope will learn to love the world leſs,

[*u*] See Vol. VI. [*w*] Mrs. Blount.

before

before the world leaves off to love her. I am much concerned to hear of my lord *Peterborow* being ill. I am exceedingly his ſervant, and pray God recover his health. As for your courtier Mrs. *Howard*, and her miſtreſs, I have nothing to ſay, but that they have neither memory nor manners; elſe I ſhould have ſome mark of the former from the latter, which I was promiſed above two years ago: but, ſince I made them a preſent, it would be mean to remind them. I am told poor Mrs. *Pope* is ill: Pray God preſerve her to you, or raiſe you up as uſeful a friend.

This letter is an anſwer to Mr. *Ford*, whoſe hand I miſtook for yours, having not heard from him this twelve-month. Therefore you are not to ſtare; and it muſt not be loſt, for it talks to you only.

Again, forgive my blunders: for, reading the letter by candle-light, and not dreaming of a letter from Mr. *Ford*, I thought it muſt be yours, becauſe it talks of our friends.

The letter talks of *Gay*, and Mr. *Whalley*, and lord *Bolingbroke*, which made me conclude it muſt be yours: ſo all the anſwering part muſt go for nothing.

LET-

LETTER XLV.

To a certain ESQUIRE.

SIR, *January* 3d, 1729-30.

SEEING your frank on the outside, and your address in the same hand, it was obvious who was the writer. And, before I opened it, a worthy friend being with me, I told him the contents of the difference between us. That, your tithes being generally worth five or six pounds *per annum*, and, by the terror of squireship, frighting my agent to take what you graciously thought fit to give, you wronged me of half my due every year. That, having held from your father an island worth three pence a year, which I planted and paid two shillings annually for; and being out of possession of the said island seven or eight years, there could not possibly be above four shillings due to you; for which you have thought proper to stop three or four years tithe, at your own rate of two pounds five shillings a year (as I remember) and still continue to stop it, on pretence that the said island was not surrendered to you in form; although you have cut down more plantations of willows, and abeles, than would purchase a dozen such islands. I told my friend, that this talent of squires prevailed very much formerly in the country: that, as to yourself, from the badness of your education, against all my advices and endeavours, and from the cast

of your nature, as well as another circumſtance which I ſhall not mention; I expected nothing from you that became a gentleman: that I had expoſtulated this ſcurvy matter very gently with you: that I conceived this letter was an anſwer. That, from the prerogative of a good eſtate, however gotten, and the practice of lording over a few *Iriſh* wretches, and from the natural want of better thinking, I was ſure your anſwer would be extremely rude and ſtupid, full of very bad language in all ſenſes. That a bear in a wilderneſs will as ſoon fix on a philoſopher as on a cottager: and a man wholly void of education, judgment, or diſtinction of perſons, has no regard, in his inſolence, but to the paſſion of fear: and, how heartily I wiſhed, that, to make you ſhew your humility, your quarrel had rather been with a captain of dragoons, than the dean of *St. Patrick's*.

All this happened before my opening your letter; which being read, my friend told me I was an ill gueſſer. That you affirmed you deſpiſed me only as a clergyman by your own confeſſion; and that you had reaſon, becauſe clergymen pretend to learning, wherein you value yourſelf as what you are an utter ſtranger to.

I took ſome pains in providing and adviſing about your education; but, ſince you have made ſo ill uſe of my rules, I cannot deny, that, according to your own principles, your uſage of me is juſt. You are wholly out of my danger: the weapons I uſe will do you no hurt; and to that which would

keep nicer men in awe you are inſenſible. A needle againſt a ſtone-wall can make no impreſſion. Your faculty lies in making bargains: ſtick to that. Leave your children a better eſtate than your father left you; as he left you much more than your grandfather left him. Your father and you are much wiſer than I, who gave among you fifty years purchaſe for land, for which I am not to ſee one farthing. This was intended as an encouragement to a clergyman to reſide among you, whenever any of your poſterity ſhall be able to diſtinguiſh a man from a beaſt. One thing I deſire you will be ſet right in: I do not deſpiſe all ſquires. It is true, I deſpiſe the bulk of them. But pray take notice, that a ſquire muſt have ſome merit before I ſhall honour him with my contempt: for I do not deſpiſe a fly, a maggot, or a mite.

If you ſend me an anſwer to this, I ſhall not read it, but open it before company, and in their preſence burn it; for no other reaſon but the deteſtation of bad ſpelling, no grammar, and that pertneſs which proceeds from ignorance and an invincible want of taſte.

I have ordered a copy of this letter to be taken, with an intention to print it, as a mark of my eſteem for you; which, however, perhaps I ſhall not purſue: for I could willingly excuſe our two names from ſtanding in the ſame paper, ſince I am confident you have as little deſire of fame as I have to give it you.

I wiſh

I wish many happy new years to you and your family; and am, with truth,

Your friend and

humble servant.

Let me add something serious: That, as it is held an imprudent thing to provoke valour; so, I confess, it was imprudent in me to provoke rudeness: which, as it was my own standing rule never to do, except in cases where I had power to punish it, so my error proceeded from a better opinion of you than you have thought fit to make good. For, with every fault in your nature, your education, and your understanding, I never imagined you so utterly devoid of knowing some little distinction between persons.

LETTER XLVI.

To Lady WORSLEY.

MADAM, *April* 19th, 1730.

MY lady *Carteret* (if you know such a lady) commands me to pursue my own inclination; which is, to honour myself with writing you a letter; and thereby endeavouring to preserve myself in your memory, in spight of an acquaintance of more years, than in regard to my own reputation, as a young gentleman, I care to recollect.

I forgot whether I had not ſome reaſons to be angry with your ladyſhip, when I was laſt in *England*. I hope to ſee you very ſoon the youngeſt great-grand-mother in *Europe:* and fifteen years hence (which I ſhall have nothing to do with) you will be at the amuſement of "Riſe up, daugh-"ter, *&c.*" You are to anſwer this letter, and to inform me of your health and humour; and, whether you like your daughter better or worſe, after having ſo long converſed with the *Iriſh* world, and ſo little with me. Tell me what are your amuſements at preſent; cards, court, books, viſiting, or fondling (I humbly beg your ladyſhip's pardon, but it is between ourſelves) your grandchildren? My lady *Carteret* hath been the beſt queen we have known in *Ireland* theſe many years; yet is ſhe mortally hated by all the young girls, becauſe (and it is your fault) ſhe is handſomer than all of them together. Pray, do not inſult poor *Ireland* on this occaſion, for it would have been exactly the ſame thing in *London*. And therefore I ſhall adviſe the K—g, when I go next to *England*, to ſend no more of her ſort (if ſuch another can be found) for fear of turning all his loyal female-ſubjects here againſt him.

How is our old friend Mrs. *Barton?* (I forget her new name). I ſaw her three years ago, at court, almoſt dwindled to an echo, and hardly knew her; while your eyes dazzled me as much as when I firſt met them: which, conſidering myſelf,

ſelf, is a greater compliment than you are aware of. I wiſh you may have grace to find it.

My lady *Carteret* hath made me a preſent, which I take to be malicious, with a deſign to ſtand in your place. Therefore I would have you to provide againſt it by another, and ſomething of your own work, as hers is. For you know I always expect advances and preſents from ladies. Neither was I ever deceived in this laſt article by any of your ſex but the Q—n, whom I taxed three years ago with a preſent of ten pounds value. Upon taking my leave, ſhe ſaid ſhe intended a medal for me, but it was not finiſhed. I afterwards ſent her, on her own commands, about five and thirty pounds worth of ſilk, for herſelf and the princeſſes; but never received the medal to this day. Therefore, I will truſt your ſex no more. You are to preſent my moſt humble ſervice to my old friend Sir *Robert Worſley*. I hope my friend *Harry* is well, and fattening in the ſun, and continuing a batchelor to enrich the poor *Worſley* family.

I command you to believe me to be, with the greateſt truth and reſpect, &c.

LETTER XLVII.

To the Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

My Lord, *November* 10th, 1730.

I WAS positively advised by a friend, whose opinion hath much weight with me, and who hath a great veneration for your lordship, to venture a letter of solicitation: and it is the first request of this kind that I ever made, since the public changes, in times, persons, measures, and opinions, drove me into distance and obscurity.

There is an honest man, whose name is *Launcelot*; he hath been long a servant to my lord *Sussex*: He married a relation of mine, a widow, with a tolerable jointure; which, depending upon a lease which the duke of *Grafton* suffered to expire about three years ago, sunk half her little fortune. Mr. *Launcelot* had many promises from the duke of *Dorset*, while his grace held that office which is now in your lordship [x]; but they all failed, after the usual fate that the bulk of court-suiters must expect.

I am very sensible that I have no manner of claim to the least favour from your lordship, whom I have hardly the honour to be known to, although you were always pleased to treat me with much

[x] The earl of *Chesterfield* was then lord steward of his majesty's household.

humanity,

humanity, and with more distinction than I could pretend to deserve. I am likewise conscious of that demerit which I have largely shared with all those who concerned themselves in a court and ministry, whose maxims and proceedings have been ever since so much exploded. But your lordship will grant me leave to say, that, in those times, when any persons of the ejected party came to court, and were of tolerable consequence, they never failed to succeed in any reasonable request they made for a friend. And, when I sometimes added my poor solicitations, I used to quote the then ministers a passage in the Gospel, *The poor* (meaning their own dependents) *you have always with you*, &c.

This is the strongest argument I have to entreat your lordship's favour for Mr. *Launcelot*, who is a perfect honest man, and as loyal as you could wish. His wife, my near relation, hath been my favourite from her youth, and as deserving as it is possible for one of her level. It is understood, that some little employments about the court may be often in your lordship's disposal; and that my lord *Sussex* will give Mr. *Launcelot* the character he deserves: and then let my petition be (to speak in my own trade) a drop in the bucket.

Remember, my lord, that, although this letter be long, yet what particularly concerns my request is but of a few lines.

I shall not congratulate with your lordship upon any of your present great employments, or upon the greatest that can possibly be given to you; be-

cauſe you are one of thoſe very few who do more honour to a court, than you can poſſibly receive from it: which I take to be a greater compliment to any court than it is to your lordſhip. I am,

My Lord, &c.

LETTER XLVIII.

To the Counteſs of SUFFOLK.

Madam, *November* 21, 1730.

I DO now pity the leiſure you have to read a letter from me; and this letter ſhall be a hiſtory. Firſt, therefore, I call you to witneſs that I did not attend on the Q—n till I had received her own repeated meſſages; which, of courſe, occaſioned my being introduced to you. I never aſked any thing, till, upon leaving *England* the firſt time, I deſired from you a preſent worth a guinea, and from her majeſty one worth ten pounds, by way of a memorial. Your's I received; and the Q—n, upon my taking leave of her, made an excuſe that ſhe had intended a medal for me; which not being ready, ſhe would ſend it me the *Chriſtmas* following: yet this was never done, nor at all remembered when I went back to *England* the next year, and, by her commands, attended her as I had done before. I muſt now tell you, madam, that I will receive no medal from her majeſty, nor any thing leſs than her picture at half length, drawn by

by *Jervas*; and, if he takes it from another original, the Q—n shall sit at least twice for him to touch it up. I desire you will let her majesty know this in plain words, although I have heard that I am under her displeasure. But this is a usual thing with princes as well as ministers, upon every false representation; and so I took occasion to tell the Q—n, upon the quarrel Mr. *Walpole* had with our friend *Gay*, the first time I ever had the honour to attend her.

Against you I have but one reproach: That, when I was last in *England*, and just after the present king's accession, I resolved to pass that summer in *France*, for which I had then a most lucky opportunity; from which those who seemed to love me well dissuaded me, by your advice: and, when I sent you a note, conjuring you to lay aside the character of a courtier and a favourite upon that occasion, your answer positively directed me not to go in that juncture; and you said the same thing to my friends, who seemed to have power of giving me hints, that I might reasonably hope for a settlement in *England*. Which, God knows, was no very great ambition, considering the station I should leave here, of greater dignity, and which might have easily been managed to be disposed of as the Q—n pleased. If these hints came from you, I affirm you then acted too much like a courtier. But I forgive you, and esteem you as much as ever. You have your reasons, which I shall not enquire into; because I always believed you had

had some virtues, besides all the accomplishments of mind and person that can adorn a lady.

I am angry with the Q—n for sacrificing my friend *Gay* to the mistaken piques of sir *Robert Walpole*, about a libel written against him; although he were convinced at the same time of Mr. *Gay's* innocence, and although, as I said before, I told her majesty the whole story. Mr. *Gay* deserved better treatment amongst you, upon all accounts, and particularly for his excellent unregarded Fables, dedicated to prince *William*, which I hope his royal highness will often read for his instruction. I wish her majesty would a little remember what I largely said to her about *Ireland*, when, before a witness, she gave me leave, and commanded me, to tell her what she spoke to me upon that subject; and ordered me, that, if I lived to see her in her present station, to send her our grievances, promising to read my letter, and do all good offices in her power for this miserable and most loyal kingdom, now at the brink of ruin, and never so near as now. As to myself, I repeat again, that I never asked any thing more than a trifle, as a memorial of some distinction which her majesty graciously seemed to make between me and every common clergyman: but that trifle was forgotten, according to the usual method of princes, although I was taught to think myself upon a foot of pretending to some little exception.

As to yourself, madam, I most heartily congratulate with you for being delivered from the toil, the

the envy, the ſlavery, and vexation of a favourite, where you could not always anſwer the good intentions that I hope you had. You will now be leſs teized with ſolicitations, one of the greateſt evils in life. You poſſeſs an eaſy employment, with quiet of mind, although it be by no means equal to your merit: and, if it ſhall pleaſe God to eſtabliſh your health, I believe and hope you are too wiſe to hope for more. Mr. *Pope* hath always been an advocate for your ſincerity; and even I, in the character I gave you of yourſelf, allowed you as much of that virtue as could be expected in a lady, a courtier, and a favourite. Yet, I confeſs, I never heartily pledged your health as a toaſt, upon any other regards than beauty, wit, good ſenſe, and an unblemiſhed character. For, as to friendſhip, truth, ſincerity, and other trifles of that kind, I never concerned myſelf about them; becauſe I knew them to be only parts of the lower morals, which are altogether uſeleſs at courts. I am content that you ſhould tell the Q—n all I have ſaid of her, and in my own words, if you pleaſe.

I could have been a better prophet in the character I gave you of yourſelf, if it had been good manners, in the height of your credit, to put you in mind of its mortality. For you are not the firſt, by at leaſt three ladies, whom I have known to undergo the ſame turn of fortune. It is allowed, that ladies are often very good ſcaffoldings; and I need not tell you the uſe that ſcaffoldings are put to by all builders, as well political as mechanic. I

ſhould

should have begun this letter by telling you, that I was encouraged to write it by my best friend, and one of your great admirers; who told me, that, from something that had passed between you, he thought you would not receive it ill. After all, I know no person of your sex, for whom I have so great an esteem, as I do and believe I shall always continue to bear for you, I mean a private person, for I must except the Q—n, and it is not an exception of form: because I have really a very great veneration for her great qualities, altho' I have reason to complain of her conduct to me; which I could not excuse although she had fifty kingdoms to govern. I have but room to conclude with my sincere professions of being, with true respect,

MADAM,

Your most obedient

humble servant.

LETTER XLIX.

To Lady SANTRY.

MADAM, 1730, at a conjecture.

MY reason for waiting on you, some time ago, was grounded on the esteem I always had for you; which continued still the same, although I had hardly the least acquaintance with your lord, nor was at all desirous to cultivate it, because

becauſe I did not at all approve of his conduct. In two or three days after I ſaw you at ſir *Compton Domvile's* houſe, all my acquaintance told me how full the town was of the viſit I had made you; and of the cruel treatment you received from me, with relation to your ſon. I will not believe your ladyſhip was ſo weak as to ſpread this complaint yourſelf; but I lay it wholly to thoſe two young women who were then in the ſame room, I ſuppoſe as viſitors. But, if you were really diſcontented, and thought to publiſh your diſcontent in aggravating words, I muſt cut off at leaſt nine tenths of the friendſhip I had for you, and liſt you in the herd of *Iriſh* ladies, whoſe titles, or thoſe of their huſbands, with me never have the weight of a feather, or the value of a pebble. I imagined you had ſo much ſenſe as to underſtand, that all I ſaid was intended for the ſervice both of you and your ſon. I have often ſpoken much more ſeverely to perſons of much higher quality than your ſon, and in a kingdom where to be a lord is of importance; and I have received hearty thanks as well as found amendment. One thing I ſhall obſerve, upon your account; which is, Never to throw away any more advice upon any *Iriſh* lord, or his mother; becauſe I thought you would be one of the laſt to deceive me.

I called four times at the houſe where you lodge, and you were always denied, by which, I ſuppoſe, you would have me think you are angry; whereas I am the perſon who ought to complain, becauſe all

all I ſaid to you proceeded from friendſhip, and a deſire of reforming your ſon. But that deſire is now utterly at an end.

LETTER L.

To the Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

January 5, 1730-1.

My Lord,

I RETURN your lordſhip my moſt humble thanks for the honour and favour of your letter, and deſire your juſtice to believe, that, in writing to you a ſecond time, I have no deſign of giving you a ſecond trouble. My only end at preſent is to beg your pardon for a fault of ignorance. I ought to have remembered, that the arts of courts are like thoſe of play; where, if the moſt expert be abſent for a few months, the whole ſyſtem is ſo changed, that he hath no more ſkill than a new beginner. Yet I cannot but wiſh, that your lordſhip had pleaſed to forgive one, who hath been an utter ſtranger to public life above ſixteen years. *Buſſy Rabutin* himſelf, the politeſt perſon of his age, when he was re-called to court after a long baniſhment, appeared ridiculous there: and what could I expect from my antiquated manner of addreſſing your lordſhip in the prime of your life, in the height of fortune, favour, and merit; ſo diſtinguiſhed by your active ſpirit, and greatneſs of your genius?

I do

I do here repeat to your lordſhip, that I lay the fault of my miſconduct entirely on a friend, whom I exceedingly love and eſteem, whom I dare not name, and who is as bad a courtier by nature as I am grown by want of practice. God forbid that your lordſhip ſhould continue in an employment, however great and honourable, where you only can be an ornament to the court ſo long, until you have an opportunity to provide offices for a dozen low people like the poor man whom I took the liberty to mention. And God forbid, that, in one particular branch of the king's family, there ſhould ever be ſuch a mortality, as to take away a dozen of his meaner ſervants in leſs than a dozen years.

Give me leave, in further excuſe of my weakneſs, to confeſs, that, beſides ſome hints from my friends, your lordſhip is in great meaſure to blame, for your obliging manner of treating me in every place where I had the honour to ſee you; which I acknowledge to have been a diſtinction that I had not the leaſt pretence to, and conſequently as little to ground upon it the requeſt of a favour.

As I am an utter ſtranger to the preſent forms of the world, I have imagined more than once, that your lordſhip's proceeding with me may be a refinement introduced by yourſelf: and that as in my time, the moſt ſolemn and frequent promiſes of great men uſually failed, againſt all probable appearances, ſo that ſingle flight one of your lordſhip may, by your generous nature, early ſucceed againſt all viſible impoſſibilities. I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER LI.

To VENTOSO.

SIR, *April* 28th, 1731.

YOUR letter hath lain by me without acknowledging it, longer than I intended; not for want of civility, but becauſe I was wholly at a loſs what to ſay: for, as your ſcheme of thinking, converſing, and living, differs in every point diametrically from mine, ſo I think myſelf the moſt improper perſon in the world to converſe or correſpond with you. You would be glad to be thought a proud man, and yet there is not a grain of pride in you: for you are pleaſed that people ſhould know you have been acquainted with perſons of great names and titles, whereby you confeſs that you take it for an honour; which a proud man never does: and, beſides, you ran the hazard of not being believed. You went abroad, and ſtrove to engage yourſelf in a deſperate cauſe, very much to the damage of your fortune, and might have been to the danger of your life, if there had not been, as it were, a combination of ſome, who would not give credit to the account you gave of your tranſactions; and of others, who, either really or pretending to believe you, have given you out as a dangerous perſon (of which laſt notion I once

I once hinted something to you): because, if what you repeated of yourself were true, it was necessary that you had either made your peace, or must have been prosecuted for high-treason. The reputation (if there be any) of having been acquainted with princes, and other great persons, arises from it's being generally known to others, but never once mentioned by ourselves, if it can possibly be avoided. I say this perfectly for your service; because an universal opinion among those who know, or have heard of you, that you have always practised a direct contrary proceeding, hath done you more hurt than your natural understanding, left to itself, could ever have brought upon you. The world will never allow any man that character which he gives to himself, by openly professing it to those with whom he converseth. Wit, learning, valour, great acquaintance, the esteem of good men, will be known, although we should endeavour to conceal them, however they may pass unrewarded: but, I doubt, our own bare assertions, upon any of those points, will very little avail, except in tempting the hearers to judge directly contrary to what we advance. Therefore, at this season of your life, I should be glad you would act after the common custom of mankind, and have done with thoughts of courts, of ladies, of lords, of politicks, and all dreams of being important in the world. I am glad your country life has taught you *Latin*, of which you were altogether ignorant when I knew

you firſt; and I am aſtoniſhed how you came to recover it. Your new friend *Horace* will teach you many leons agreeable to what I have ſaid, for which I could refer to a dozen paſſages in a few minutes. I ſhould be glad to ſee the houſe wholly ſwept of theſe cobwebs, and that you would take an oath never to mention a prince, or princeſs, a foreign or domeſtic lord, an intrigue of ſtate or of love; but ſuit yourſelf to the climate and company, where your prudence will be to paſs the reſt of your life. It is not a farthing matter to you what is doing in *Europe*, more than to every alderman who reads the news in a coffee-houſe. If you could reſolve to act thus, your underſtanding is good enough to qualify you for any converſation in this kingdom. Families will receive you without fear or conſtraint, nor watch to hear you talk in the grand ſtyle, laugh when you are gone, and tell it to all their acquaintance. It is a happineſs that this quality may, by a man of ſenſe, be as eaſily ſhaken off as it is acquired, eſpecially when he hath no proper claim to it: for you were not bred to be a man of buſineſs; you never were called to any employments at courts; but deſtined to be a private gentleman, to entertain yourſelf with country-buſineſs and country acquaintance; or, at beſt, with books of amuſement in your own language. It is an uncontrolled truth, that no man ever made an ill figure who underſtood his own talents, nor a good one who miſtook them. I am, *&c.*

LET-

LETTER LII.

A COUNTERFEIT LETTER to the Q—N [y].

MADAM, *Dublin, June* 22, 1731.

I HAVE had the honour to tell your majesty, on another occasion, that provinces labour under one mighty misfortune, which is, in a great measure, the cause of all the rest; and that is, That they are for the most part far removed from the prince's eye, and, of consequence, from the influence, both of his wisdom and goodness. This is the case of *Ireland* beyond expression!

There is not one mortal here, who is not well satisfied of your majesty's good intentions to all your people: and yet your subjects of this isle are so far from sharing the effects of your good dispositions, in any equitable degree; are so far from enjoying all the good to which they are entitled from your majesty's most gracious inclinations, that they often find great difficulty how to enjoy even the relief of complaint.

To omit a thousand other instances, there is one person of *Irish* birth, eminent for genius and merit of many kinds, *an honour* to her country, and to her sex! I will be bold to say, *not less so in her sphere than your majesty in yours.*

[y] Thus indorsed by Dr. *Swift*: "Counterfeit letter from me to "the Q--n, sent to me by Mr. *Pope*, dated *June* 22d, 1731. Re- "ceived *July* 19th, 1731. Given by the Countess of *Suffolk*."

And yet all her talents and virtues have not yet been able to influence any one person about your majesty, so far as to introduce her into your least notice. As I am your majesty's most dutiful and loyal subject, it is a debt I owe your majesty to acquaint you, that Mrs. *Barber, the best female poet of this or perhaps of any age*, is now in your majesty's capital, known to lady *Hartford*, lady *Torrington*, lady *Walpole*, &c. A woman whose genius is honoured by every man of genius in this kingdom, and either *honoured* or *envied* by *every man* of genius in *England*.

Your majesty is justly reverenced for those great abilities with which God hath blessed you; for your regard to learning, and your zeal for true religion: compleat your character, by your regard to persons of genius; especially those, who make the greatness of their talents, after your majesty's example, subservient to the good of mankind and the glory of God; which is most remarkably Mrs. *Barber's* case and character.

Give me leave to tell you, madam, that every subject of understanding and virtue, throughout your dominions, is appointed by Providence of your council. And this, madam, is an open and an honest apology for this trouble; or, to speak more properly, for this dutiful information. It is your true interest, that all your subjects should see that merit is regarded by you in one instance; or, rather, that it is not disregarded in any instance. Let them

them daily bleſs God for every gift of wiſdom and goodneſs beſtowed upon you, and pray inceſſantly for the long continuance of them; as doth

Your MAJESTY's

moſt dutiful and

loyal ſubject and ſervant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

LETTER LIII.

To Mr. POPE [z].

DEAR SIR, *July* 20th, 1731.

I WRIT you a long letter not many days ago, which therefore did not arrive until after your laſt that I received yeſterday, with the incloſed from me to the Q—n. You hinted ſomething of this in a former letter: I will tell you ſincerely how the affair ſtands. I never was at Mrs. *Barber's* houſe in my life, except once that I chanced to paſs by her ſhop, was deſired to walk in, and went no farther, nor ſtaid three minutes. Dr. *Delany* hath been long her protector; and he, being many years my acquaintance, deſired my good offices for her, and brought her ſeveral times to the deanry. I knew ſhe was poetically given, and, for a woman,

[z] Occaſioned by the preceding counterfeit letter.

had a sort of genius that way. She appeared very modest and pious, and I believe was sincere, and wholly turned to poetry. I did conceive her journey to *England* was on the score of her trade, being a woollen-drapier, until Dr. *Delany* said, she had a design of printing her poems by subscription, and desired I would befriend her: which I did, chiefly by your means; the doctor still urging me on: upon whose request I writ to her two or three times, because she thought that my countenancing of her might be of use. Lord *Carteret* very much befriended her, and she seems to have made her way not ill. As for those three letters you mention, supposed all to be written by me to the Q——n, on Mrs. *Barber's* account, especially the letter which bears my name: I can only say, that the apprehensions one may be apt to have of a friend doing a foolish thing, is an effect of kindness: and God knows who is free from playing the fool some time or other. But in such a degree as to write to the Q——n, who hath used me ill without any cause, and to write in such a manner as the letter you sent me, and in such a style, and to have so much zeal for one almost a stranger, and to make such a description of a woman as to prefer her before all mankind, and to instance it as one of the greatest grievances of *Ireland*, that her majesty hath not encouraged Mrs. *Barber*, a woollen-drapier's wife declined in the world, because she hath a knack at versifying; was to suppose, or fear, a folly, so transcendent, that no man could be guilty of, who

was

was not fit for *Bedlam*. You know the letter you sent inclosed is not my hand; and why I should disguise, and yet sign my name, should seem unaccountable: especially when I am taught, and have reason to believe, that I am under the Q——n's displeasure on many accounts, and one very late, for having fixed up a stone over the burying place of the duke of *Schomberg*, in my cathedral: which, however, I was assured by a worthy person, who solicited that affair last summer with some relations of the duke, that her majesty, on hearing the matter, said they ought to erect a monument. Yet I am told assuredly, that the K—g, not long ago, on the representation and complaint of the *Prussian* envoy (with a hard name), who hath married a granddaughter of the duke, said publicly in the drawing-room, That I had put up that stone out of malice, to raise a quarrel between his majesty and the King of *Prussia* [a]. This perhaps may be false, because it is absurd: for I thought it was a whiggish action to honour duke *Schomberg*, who was so instrumental in the Revolution, and was stadtholder of *Prussia*, and otherwise in the service of that electorate, which is now a kingdom. You will observe the letter you sent me concluded, "Your majesty's "loyal subject;" which is absolutely absurd; for we are only subjects to the king, and so is her majesty herself. I have had the happiness to be known to you above twenty years; and I appeal, whether

[a] See his Epitaph, Vol. VII. p. 314.

you have known me to exceed the common indiscretions of mankind; or that, when I conceived myself to have been so very ill used by her majesty, whom I never attended but on her own commands, I should turn solicitor to her for Mrs. *Barber*? If the Q—n had not an inclination to think ill of me, she knows me too well to believe in her own heart that I should be such a coxcomb. I am pushed on by that unjust suspicion to give up so much of my discretion, as to write next post to my lady *Suffolk* on this occasion, and to desire she will shew what I write to the Q—n, although I have as much reason to complain of her as of her majesty, upon the score of her pride and negligence, which make her fitter to be an *Irish* lady than an *English* one. You told me she complained that I did not write to her: when I did, upon your advice, and a letter that required an answer, she wanted the civility to acquit herself. I shall not be less in the favour of God, or the esteem of my friends, for either of their majestys hard thoughts, which they only take up from misrepresentations. The first time I saw the Q—n, I took occasion, upon the subject of Mr. *Gay*, to complain of that very treatment which innocent persons often receive from princes and great ministers, that they too easily receive bad impressions; and, although they are demonstrably convinced that those impressions had no grounds, yet they will never shake them off. This I said upon sir *Robert Walpole's* treatment of Mr. *Gay* about a libel, and the Q—n fell entirely in with me, yet

now falls into the same error. As to the lett * [b] of accidents, and out of perfect commiseration, &c.

LETTER LIV.

To the Countess of SUFFOLK [c].

MADAM, *July* 24th, 1731.

I GIVE you joy of your new title, and of the consequences it may have, or hath had, on your rising at court, whereof I know nothing but by common fame: for you remember how I prophesied of your behaviour, when you should come to be a great lady, at the time I drew your character; and hope you have kept it. I writ to you some time ago, by the advice of Mr. *Pope*: I writ to you civilly; but you did not answer my letter, although you were not then a countess; and if you were, your neglect was so much the worse. For your title hath not increased your value with me; and your conduct must be very good, if it will not lessen you. Neither should you have heard from me now, if it were not on a particular occasion. I find, from several instances, that I am under the Q—n's displeasure; and, as it is usual among princes, without any manner of reason. I am

[b] Here the paper is accidentally torn. There seem to be wanting eight small quarto lines, which conclude with those few words on the back of the page which follow the asterisks.

[c] Occasioned by the counterfeit letter to the queen.

told

told there were three letters sent to her majesty in relation to one Mrs. *Barber*, who is now in *London*, and soliciting for a subscription to her poems. It seems, the Q—n thinks that these letters were written by me; and I scorn to defend myself, even to her majesty, grounding my scorn upon the opinion I had of her justice, her taste, and good sense; especially when the last of those letters, whereof I have just received the original from Mr. *Pope*, was signed with my name: and why I should disguise my hand, which you know very well, and yet write my name, is both ridiculous and unaccountable. Last post, I writ my whole sentiments on the matter to Mr. *Pope*; who tells me, that you and he vindicated me on all the three letters; which, indeed, was but bare justice in you both, for he is my old friend, and you are in my debt on account of the esteem I had for you. I desire you would ask the Q—n, whether, since the time I had the honour to be known to her, I ever did one single action, or said one single word, to disoblige her? I never asked her for any thing: and you well know, that, when I had an intention to go to *France*, about the time that the late K—g died, I desired your opinion (not as you were a courtier) whether I should go or no; and that you absolutely forbid me, as a thing that would look disaffected, and for other reasons, wherein I confess I was your dupe as well as somebody's else: and, for want of that journey, I fell sick, and

was

was forced to return hither to my unenvied home. I hear the Q—n hath blamed me for putting a ſtone, with a *Latin* inſcription, over the duke of *Schomberg's* burying-place in my cathedral; and that the K—g ſaid publicly, I had done it in malice, to create a quarrel between him and the king of *Pruſſia*. But the public prints, as well as the thing itſelf, will vindicate me: and the hand the duke had in the Revolution made him deſerve the beſt monument. Neither could the king of *Pruſſia* juſtly take it ill, who muſt needs have heard that the duke was in the ſervice of *Pruſſia*, and ſtadtholder of it, as I have ſeen in his titles. The firſt time I ſaw the Q—n, I talked to her largely upon the conduct of princes and great miniſters (it was on a particular occaſion): That, when they receive an ill account of any perſon, although they afterwards have the greateſt demonſtration of the falſehood, yet, will they never be reconciled: and, although the Q—n fell in with me upon the hardſhip of ſuch a proceeding, yet now ſhe treats me exactly in the ſame manner. I have faults enough, but never was guilty of any either to her majeſty or to you: and as little to the K—g, whom I never ſaw, but when I had the honour to kiſs his hand. I am ſenſible that I owe a great deal of this uſage to ſir *Robert Walpole*; whom yet I never offended, although he was pleaſed to quarrel with me very unjuſtly: for which I ſhewed not the leaſt reſentment (whatever I might have in my heart) nor was ever

ever a partaker with thoſe who have been battling him for ſome years paſt [*d*]. I am contented that the Q—n ſhould ſee this letter; and would pleaſe to conſider how ſevere a cenſure it is to believe I ſhould write three to her, only to find fault with her miniſtry, and recommend Mrs. *Barber:* whom I never knew until ſhe was recommended to me by a worthy friend, to help her to ſubſcribers, which by her writings I thought ſhe deſerved. Her majeſty gave me leave, and even commanded me, above five years ago, if I lived until ſhe was Q——n, to write to her on behalf of *Ireland:* for the miſeries of this kingdom ſhe appeared then to be much concerned. I deſired the friend who introduced me to be a witneſs of her majeſty's promiſe. Yet that liberty I never took, although I had too many occaſions; and is it not wonderful, that I ſhould be ſuſpected of writing to her in ſuch a ſtyle, in ſuch a counterfeit hand, and my name ſubſcribed upon a perfect trifle, at the ſame time that I well knew myſelf to be very much out of her majeſty's good graces? I am, perhaps, not ſo very much awed with majeſty as others, having known courts more or leſs from my early youth. And I have more than once told the Q—n, that I did not regard her ſtation half ſo much, as the good underſtanding I heard and found to be in her: neither

[*d*] It is true, there are but two or three paſſages in *Swift's* Works that could, in the leaſt, offend Sir *R. W.* before this period; but inſtantly after, even in this very year 1731, he attacks him with a good deal of ſeverity. See his Poems.

did

did I ever once see the late K—g, although her majesty was pleased to chide me on that account, for my singularity. In this I am a good whig, by thinking it sufficient to be a dutiful subject, without any personal regard for princes, further than as their virtues deserve; and, upon that score, had a most particular respect for the Q——n, your mistress. One who asks nothing may talk with freedom; and that is my case. I have not said half that was in my heart, but I will have done: And, remembering that you are a countess, will borrow so much ceremony, as to remain, with great respect,

MADAM,

Your ladyship's

most obedient and

most humble servant.

LETTER LV.

To Lady BETTY GERMAINE.

January, 1732-3.

MADAM,

ALTHOUGH I have but just received the honour of your ladyship's letter, yet, as things stand, I am determined, against my usual practice, to give you no respite, but to answer it immediately;

immediately; becauſe you have provoked me with your lady *Suffolk*. It is ſix years laſt ſpring ſince I firſt went to viſit my friends in *England*, after the Queen's death. Her preſent majeſty heard of my arrival, and ſent at leaſt nine times to command my attendance before I would obey her, for ſeveral reaſons not hard to gueſs; and, among others, becauſe I had heard her character from thoſe who knew her well. At laſt I went, and ſhe received me very graciouſly. I told her the firſt time, that I was informed ſhe loved to ſee odd perſons; and that, having ſent for a wild boy from *Germany*, ſhe had a curioſity to ſee a wild Dean from *Ireland*. I was not much ſtruck with the honour of being ſent for, becauſe I knew the ſame diſtinction had been offered to others, with whom it would not give me much pride to be compared. I never went once but upon command; and Mrs. *Howard*, now lady *Suffolk*, was uſually the perſon who ſent for me, both at *Leiceſter-houſe* and *Richmond*. Mr. *Pope* (with whom I lived) and Mr. *Gay*, were then great favourites of Mrs. *Howard*, eſpecially the latter, who was then one of her led-captains. He had wrote a very ingenious book of Fables, for the uſe of her younger ſon, and ſhe often promiſed to provide for him. But, ſome time before, there came out a libel againſt Mr. *Walpole*, who was informed it was written by Mr. *Gay*; and, although Mr. *Walpole* owned he was convinced that it was not written by *Gay*, yet he never would pardon him, but did him a hundred ill offices to the princeſs. *Wal-*

pole was at that time very civil to me, and so were all the people in power. He invited me and some of my friends to dine with him at *Chelsea*. After dinner, I took an occasion to say, what I had observed of princes and great ministers, that, if they heard an ill thing of a private person, who expected some favour, although they were afterwards convinced that the person was innocent, yet they would never be reconciled. Mr. *Walpole* knew well enough that I meant Mr. *Gay*. I afterwards said the same thing to the princess, with the same intention, and she confessed it a great injustice. But Mr. *Walpole* gave it another turn: for he said to some of his friends, and particularly to a lord a near relation of yours, that I had dined with him, and had been making apologies for myself: it seems, for my conduct in her late majesty's reign, in which no man was more innocent; and particularly more officious to do good offices to many of that party, which was then out of power, as it is well known. Mrs. *Howard* was then in great favour, and openly protected Mr. *Gay*; at least, she saw him often, and professed herself his friend: but Mr. *Walpole* could hardly be persuaded to let him hold a poor little office for a second year, of commissioner to a lottery. When I took my leave of her highness, on coming hither, she was very gracious; told me the medals she had promised me were not ready, but she would send them to me. However, by her commands, I sent her some plaids for herself and the princesses, and was too gallant to hear of any offers

of

of payment. Next ſpring, I came again to *England*, was received the ſame way; and, as I had many hints given me that the court at *Leiceſter-Fields* would endeavour to ſettle me in *England* (which I did not much regard) the late king died. I went, by Mrs. *Howard's* commands, to kiſs their new majeſties hands, and was particularly diſtinguiſhed by the Q—n. In a few weeks, the Q—n ſaid to Mrs. *Howard*, (alluding to one of Mr. *Gay's* Fables) that ſhe would take up the Hare; and bade her to put her in mind, in ſettling the family, to find ſome employment for Mr. *Gay*: But, in the event, it proved only an offer to be a gentleman-uſher to a girl of two years old, which all his friends (and I among the reſt) adviſed him not to accept; and accordingly he excuſed himſelf with the utmoſt reſpect. This I and every body elſe were ſure muſt have been a management of Mr. *Walpole*. As to myſelf, in a few weeks after the king's death, I found myſelf not well, and was reſolved to take a ſtep to *Paris* for my health, having an opportunity of doing it with ſome advantages and recommendations. But my friends adviſed me firſt to conſult Mrs. *Howard*; becauſe, as they knew leſs of courts than I, they were ſtrongly poſſeſſed that the promiſe made me might ſucceed, ſince a change was all I deſired. I writ to her for her opinion; and particularly conjured her, ſince I had long done with courts, not to uſe me like a courtier, but give me her ſincere advice; which ſhe did, both in a letter and to ſome friends. It

was

was by all means not to go: it would look ſingular, and perhaps diſaffected; and, to my friends, enlarged upon the good intentions of the court towards me. I ſtaid; my health grew worſe: I left Mr. *Pope's* houſe; went to a private lodging near *Hammerſmith*: and, continuing ill, I writ to Mrs. *Howard*, with my duty to the Q—n, took coach for *Cheſter*, recovered in my journey, and came over hither: where, although I have ever ſince lived in obſcurity, yet I have the misfortune, without any grounds except miſinformation, to lie under her majeſty's diſpleaſure, as I have been aſſured by more than two honourable perſons of both ſexes; and Mr. *Gay* is in the ſame condition. For theſe reaſons, as I did always, ſo I do ſtill think Mrs. *Howard*, now my lady *Suffolk*, to be an abſolute courtier. Let her ſhew you the character I writ of her [*c*], and whereof no one elſe hath a copy; and I take Mr. *Pope* and Mr. *Gay*, who judge more favourably, to be a couple of ſimpletons. In my anſwer to the laſt letter which my lady *Suffolk* honoured me with, I did, with great civility, diſcharge her from ever giving herſelf another trouble of that kind. I have a great eſteem for her good ſenſe and taſte. She would be an ornament to any court: and I do not in the leaſt pity her for not being a female miniſter, which I never looked on as an advantageous character to a great and wiſe lady; of which I could eaſily produce inſtances. Mr. *Pope*,

[*c*] See above, p. 4.

beſide his natural and acquired talents, is a gentleman of very extraordinary candour; and is, conſequently, apt to be too great a believer of aſſurances, promiſes, profeſſions, encouragements, and the like words of courſe. He aſks nothing; and thinks, like a philoſopher, that he wants nothing. Mr. *Gay* is, in all regards, as honeſt and ſincere a man as ever I knew; whereof neither princes nor miniſters are either able to judge or inclined to encourage: which, however, I do not take for ſo high a reach of politicks as they uſually ſuppoſe. For however inſignificant wit, learning, and virtue, may be thought in the world, it perhaps would do government no hurt to have a little of them on it's ſide. If you have gone thus far in reading, you are not ſo wiſe as I thought you to be. But I will never offend again with ſo much length. I write only to juſtify myſelf. I know you have been always a zealous Whig, and ſo am I to this day: But Nature hath not given you leave to be virulent. As to myſelf, I am of the old Whig principles, without the modern articles and refinements.

Your ladyſhip ſays not one ſyllable, to inform me whether you approve of what I ſent you to be written on the monument, nor whether you would have it in *Latin* or *Engliſh*. I am ever, with true reſpect and high eſteem,

MADAM,

Your ladyſhip's, &c.

The

The friend I named, who I was afraid would die, is recovered; and his preferment is by turns in the Crown and the Primate; but the next vacancy will not be in the Crown's disposal.

LETTER LVI.

To the BISHOP of CLOGHER [*f*].

My Lord, *July*, 1733.

I HAVE been often told, by some of our common acquaintance, that you have sometimes expressed your wonder that I never waited on you for some years past, as I used to do for many years before; and that you could not guess the reason, because, to your knowledge, you never once disobliged me. As nothing is more common than dropping acquaintance by the usual occurrences of life, without any fault on either side, I never intended to say or think any thing of the matter, until a late proceeding of yours, which no way relates to me, put me upon a desire of finding matter to justify you to your friends here, as well as to myself; because I always wished you well, and because I have been more than once instrumental to your service. When I first came acquainted with you, we were both private clergymen in a neighbourhood: you were afterwards chancellor of St. *Patrick's*; then was chosen dean,

[*f*] Dr. *John Stearne*.

in which election I was the most busy of all your solicitors. When the compromise was made between the government and you, to make you easy, and Dr. *Synge* chancellor, you absolutely and frequently promised to give me the curacy of St. *Nicholas Without:* but you thought fit, by concert with the archbishop, to hold it yourself, and apply the revenue to build another church; against which it became me to say nothing, being a party concerned and injured, although it was generally thought by others, as well as myself, that it was an ill and dangerous precedent to build a church with the revenue of the minister. I desire no thanks for being instrumental in your next promotion; because, as things then stood, I consulted my own advantage. However, upon the queen's death, when I had done for ever with courts, I returned to reside at my post, yet with some kind of hopes of getting some credit with you; very unwisely: because, upon the affair of St. *Nicholas*, I had told you frankly, that I would always respect you, but never hope for the least friendship from you. But, trying to forget all former treatment, I came like others to your house; and, since you were a bishop, have once or twice recommended persons to you, who were no relations or friends of mine, but merely for their general good character: which availed so little, that those very persons had the greatest share of your neglect. I then gave over all thoughts of being instrumental to place merit

and virtue under your protection by my recommendations; and, as I was ever averſe from mingling with multitudes and ſtrangers, I forbore by degrees to be a partaker of your hoſpitality, rather than purchaſe a ſhare of it at ſo dear a rate. This is the hiſtory of my conduct with regard to your lordſhip: and it is now a great comfort to me, that I acted in this manner. For otherwiſe, when thoſe two abominable bills, for enſlaving and beggaring the clergy (which took their birth from Hell) were upon the anvil, if I had found your lordſhip's name among the biſhops who would have turned them into a law, I might have been apt to diſcover ſuch marks of indignation, horror, and deſpair, both in words and deportment, as would have ill become me to a perſon of your ſtation. For, I call God to witneſs, that I did then, and do now, and ſhall for ever, firmly believe, that every biſhop, who gave his vote for either of theſe bills, did it with no other view (bating further promotion) than a premeditated deſign, from the ſpirit of ambition and love of arbitrary power, to make the whole body of the clergy their ſlaves and vaſſals, until the day of Judgement, under the load of poverty and contempt. I have no room for more charitable thoughts, except for thoſe who will anſwer now, as they muſt at that dreadful day, that what they did was out of perfect ignorance, want of conſideration, hope of future promotion (an argument

not to be conquered), or the perſuaſion of cunninger brethren than themſelves; when I ſaw a biſhop, whom I had known ſo many years, fall into the ſame *ſnare*, which word I uſe in partiality to your lordſhip. Upon this open avowed attempt, in almoſt the whole bench, to deſtroy the church, I reſolved to have no more commerce with perſons of ſuch prodigious grandeur, who, I feared, in a little time, would expect me to kiſs their ſlipper. It is happy for me that I know the perſons of very few biſhops, and it is my conſtant rule never to look into a coach; by which I avoid the terror that ſuch a ſight would ſtrike me with.

In the beginning of my letter, I told your lordſhip of a deſire to know the particulars of a late proceeding, which is in the mouths of many among your acquaintance; from ſome of whom I received the following account. That you have the great tithes of two livings in your dioceſe, which were let to ſome fanatic knight, whoſe name I forget. It ſeems you felt the beginning of a good motion in yourſelf, which was to give up thoſe tithes to the two incumbents (the fanatick's leaſe being near out), either for a very ſmall reſerved rent, or entirely, provided you could do ſo without leſſening the revenue of the ſee. And the condition was, that your tenants among them ſhould raiſe the rents 150 *l.* which was what the fanatick paid you for both the ſaid pariſhes. It is affirmed, that ſir *Ralph Gore*, one of your tenants, much approving

proving so generous a proposal, engaged to prevail on the tenants to agree, and offered a large advancement of his own part. The matter was thus fixed, when suddenly you changed your mind, and renewed the lease to the same fanatick for 300 *l.* fine. The reasons of this singular action are said to be two: the first is, That you declared you wanted power to resist the temptation of such a fine; the other, That you were dissuaded from it by some of your brethren, as an example very dangerous, and of ill consequence, if it should be followed by others. This last I do not in the least wonder at, because such advice is of the same leaven with the two enslaving and beggaring bills. I profess to your lordship, that I have no other motive in desiring to be satisfied upon this point, than a resolution to justify you to the world, as far as the truth will give me power. I am, *&c.*

LETTER LVII.

To the Duke of DORSET.

My Lord, *Jan.* 1733-4.

IT hath been my great misfortune, that, since your grace's return to this kingdom, I have not been able to attend you, as my duty and gratitude for your favours, as well as the honour of having been so many years known to you, obliged me to do. I have been pursued by two old disorders, a giddiness and deafness, which used to leave me in

three or four weeks, but now have continued four months. Thus I am put under a neceſſity to write what I would rather have choſen to ſay in your grace's preſence.

On *Monday* laſt week, towards evening, there came to the deanry one Mr. *Betteſworth*; who, being told by the ſervants that I was gone to a friend's houſe, went thither to enquire for me, and was admitted into the ſtreet-parlour. I left my company in the back room, and went to him. He began with aſking me, whether I were author of certain verſes, wherein he was reflected on [*g*]? The ſingularity of the man, in his countenance, manner, action, ſtyle, and tone of voice, made me call to mind that I had once ſeen him, about two or three years ago, at Mr. *Ludlow's* country-houſe. But I could not recollect his name, and of what calling he might be I had never heard. I therefore deſired to know who, and what he was; ſaid I had heard of ſome ſuch verſes, but knew no more. He then ſignified to me that he was a ſerjeant at law, and a member of parliament. After which, he repeated the lines that concerned him with great emphaſis; ſaid, I was miſtaken in one thing, for he aſſured me he was no booby, but owned himſelf to be a coxcomb. However, that being a point of controverſy wherein I had no con-

[*g*] See theſe verſes, Vol. VII. p. 207. See alſo the *Reſolution of the Inhabitants of St. Patrick's*, with the *Dean's Anſwer*, in the *Life of Dr. Swift*, prefixed to Vol. I.

cern,

cern, I let it drop. As to the verſes, he inſiſted, that, by his taſte, and ſkill in poetry, he was as ſure I writ them as if he had ſeen them fall from my pen. But I found the chief weight of his argument lay upon two words that rhymed to his name, which he knew could come from none but me. He then told me, That, ſince I would not own the verſes, and that ſince he could not get ſatisfaction by any courſe of law, he would get it by his pen, and ſhew the world what a man I was. When he began to grow over-warm and eloquent, I called in the gentleman of the houſe, from the room adjoining; and the ſerjeant, going on with leſs turbulence, went away. He had a footman in the hall during all his talk; who was to have opened the door for one or more fellows, as he hath ſince reported: and, likewiſe, that he had a ſharp knife in his pocket, ready to ſtab or maim me. But the maſter and miſtreſs of the houſe, who knew his character, and could hear every word from the room they were in, had prepared a ſufficient defence in ſuch a caſe, as they afterwards told me. He hath ſince related to five hundred perſons of all ranks, above five hundred falſehoods of this converſation, of my fears and his own brutalities, againſt all probability as well as fact; and ſome of them, as I have been aſſured, even in the preſence of your grace. His meanings and his movements were indeed peeviſh enough, but his words were not. He threatened me with nothing but his pen, yet owned he had no pre-

tence

tence to wit. And indeed I am heartily glad, for his own ſake, that he proceeded no. further; for, the leaſt uproar would have called his neareſt neighbours [*b*] firſt to my aſſiſtance, and next, to the manifeſt danger of his life. And I would not willingly have even a dog killed upon my account. Ever ſince he hath amuſed himſelf with declaring, in all companies, eſpecially before biſhops, and lords, and members of parliament, his reſolutions for vengeance, and the ſeveral manners by which he will put it in execution.

It is only to the advice of ſome judicious friends that your grace owes the trouble of this letter. For, though I may be diſpirited enough by ſickneſs and years, yet I have little reaſon to apprehend any danger from that man: and thoſe who ſeem to have moſt regard for my ſafety, are no more apprehenſive than myſelf, eſpecially ſuch as beſt know his character. For his very enemies, and even his ridiculers, who are, of the two, by far the greater number, allow him to be a peaceable man in all things, except his words, his rhetorical actions, his looks, and his hatred to the clergy; which however are all known, by abundance of experience, to be perfectly harmleſs; and particularly as to the clergy. I do not doubt, but, if he will be ſo good as to continue ſtedfaſt in his

[*b*] Dr. *Swift* was then at the Rev. Mr. *Worral's* houſe, which happened to be within three or four doors of Mr. *Bettesworth's*.

principles

principles and practices, he may at proper junctures contribute very much to the honour and intereſts of that reverend body, as well as employ and improve the wit of many young gentlemen in the city, the univerſity, and the reſt of the kingdom.

What I have ſaid to your grace is only meant as a poor endeavour to preſerve myſelf in your good opinion, and in the continuance of your favour. I am, with the higheſt reſpect, *&c.*

LETTER LVIII.

To Miſs HOADLEY [*i*].

MADAM, *June* 4th, 1734.

WHEN I lived in *England*, once every year I iſſued out an edict, commanding that all ladies of wit, ſenſe, merit, and quality, who had an ambition to be acquainted with me, ſhould make the firſt advances at their peril; which edict, you may believe, was univerſally obeyed. When (much againſt my will) I came to live in this kingdom, I publiſhed the ſame edict; only, the harveſt there being not altogether ſo plentiful, I confined myſelf to a ſmaller compaſs. This made me often wonder how you came ſo long to neglect your duty; for, if you pretend ignorance, I may produce legal witneſſes againſt you.

[*i*] Daughter of Dr. *John Hoadly*, archbiſhop of *Dublin*.

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I have heard of a judge bribed with a pig, but it was discovered by the squeaking; and, therefore, you have been so politic as to send me a dead one, which can tell no tales. Your present of butter was made with the same design, as a known court-practice, to grease my fist that I might keep silence. These are great offences, contrived on purpose to corrupt my integrity. And besides I apprehend, that, if I should wait on you to return my thanks, you will deny that the pig and butter were any advances at all on your side, and give out that I made them first; by which I may endanger the fundamental privilege that I have kept so many years in two kingdoms, at least make it a point of controversy. However, I have two ways to be revenged: first, I will let all the ladies of my acquaintance know, that you, the sole daughter and child of his grace of *Dublin*, are so mean as to descend to understand housewifery, which every girl of this town, who can afford sixpence a month for a chair, would scorn to be thought to have the least knowledge in: and this will give you as ill a reputation, as if you had been caught in the fact of reading a history, or handling a needle, or walking in a field at *Tallough*. My other revenge shall be this: When my lord's gentleman delivered his message, after I put him some questions, he drew out a paper containing your directions, and in your hand: I said it properly belonged to me; and, when I had read it, I put it in my pocket, and am

ready

ready to ſwear, when lawfully called, that it is written in a fair hand, rightly ſpelt, and good plain ſenſe. You now may ſee I have you at mercy; for, upon the leaſt offence given, I will ſhew the paper to every female ſcrawler I meet, who will ſoon ſpread about the town, that your writing and ſpelling are ungenteel and unfaſhionable, more like a parſon than a lady.

I ſuppoſe by this time, you are willing to ſubmit; and therefore, I deſire you may ſtint me to two China-bowls of butter a week; for my breakfaſt is that of a ſickly man, rice-gruel; and I am wholly a ſtranger to tea and coffee, the companions of bread and butter. I received my third bowl laſt night, and I think my ſecond is almoſt entire. I hope and believe my lord archbiſhop will teach his neighbouring tenants and farmers a little *Engliſh* country management: and I lay it upon you, Madam, to bring houſewifery in faſhion among our ladies; that, by your example, they may no longer pride themſelves on their natural or affected ignorance. I am, with the trueſt reſpect and eſteem,

MADAM,

Your moſt obedient

and obliged, &c.

I deſire to preſent my moſt, &c. to his grace and the ladies.

LET-

LETTER LIX.

To the Duke of CHANDOIS.

MY LORD, *Aug.* 31, 1734.

ALTHOUGH I have long had the honour to be an old humble ſervant to your grace, yet I do not remember to have ever written you a letter, at leaſt ſince her majeſty's death. For this reaſon, your grace will reaſonably wonder to find a man wholly forgotten begin a commerce by making a requeſt. For which I can offer no other excuſe, than that frequent application to me, by many worthy and learned perſons of this city and kingdom; who, having heard that I was not unknown to you, ſeldom failed any opportunity of preſſing me to ſolicit your grace, of whoſe generous nature fame has well informed them, to make a preſent of thoſe antient records, in paper or parchment, which relate to this kingdom, that were formerly collected, as we have heard, by the late earl of *Clarendon*, during his government here, and are now in your grace's poſſeſſion. They can be of no uſe in *England*, and the ſight of them will be of little value to foreign virtuoſi; and they naturally belong to this poor kingdom. I could wiſh they were of great intrinſic value, ſo as to be ſold on the Exchange for 1000 *l.* becauſe you would

would then part with them at the first hint, merely to gratify your darling passion of generosity and munificence: and yet, since they are only valuable in the place of their birth, like the rest of our natives, I hope you will be prevailed on to part with them, at the humble request of many very deserving persons in this city and university. In return for which bounty, the memory of it shall be preserved in that honourable manner, which so generous a patron of learning as your grace will certainly be pleased with. And, at their request alone, I desire your compliance, without the least mention of myself as any way instrumental.

I intreat your grace's pardon for this interruption; and remain, with the greatest respect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's &c.

LETTER LX.

To the duke of DORSET.

My Lord, *Jan.* 14, 1734-5.

I AM assured, that your grace will have several representations of an affair relating to the university here, from some very considerable persons in this kingdom. However, I could not refuse the application made me by a very worthy person of that society, who was commissioned by some principal

members of the body to desire my good offices to your grace; because they believed you thought me an honest man, and because I had the honour to be known to you from your early youth. The matter of their request related wholly to a dreadful apprehension they lie under, of Dr. *Whitcomb's* endeavour to procure a dispensation for holding his fellowship along with that church-preferment bestowed on him by your grace. The person sent to me on this message gave me a written paper, containing the reasons why they hope your grace will not be prevailed upon to grant such a dispensation. I presume to send you an abstract of these reasons; because I may boldly assure your grace, that party or faction have not the least concern in the whole affair; and, as to myself, it happens that I am an entire stranger to Dr. *Whitcomb*.

It is alledged, that this preferment given to the doctor consists of a very large parish, worth near six hundred pounds a year, in a very fine country thirty miles from *Dublin:* that it abounds very much with Papists, and consequently a most important cure, requiring the rector's residence, besides some other assistant; which, being so rich, it might well afford.

That, as to such dispensations, they find in their college-books but three or four instances since the Revolution, and these in cases very different from the present. For those few livings, which had dispensations to be held with a fellowship, were sinecures of small value, not sufficient to induce a fellow to leave his college;

college; and, in the body of thoſe diſpenſations, is inſerted a reaſon for granting them, That they were ſuch livings as could be no hindrance in the diſcharge of a fellow's duty.

That diſpenſations are very hurtful to their ſociety; becauſe they put a ſtop to the ſucceſſion of fellowſhips, and thereby give a check to that emulation, induſtry, and improvement in learning, which the hopes of gaining a fellowſhip will beſt incite young ſtudents with.

That, if this diſpenſation ſhould take place, it may prove a precedent for the like practice, in future times; which will be very injurious to the ſociety, by encouraging fellows to apply for diſpenſations, when they have intereſt enough to get preferments, by which the ſenior fellows will be ſettled in the college for life; and thus, for want of a ſucceſſion any other way than by death or marriage, all encouragement to young diligent ſtudents will be wholly loſt.

That a junior fellowſhip is of very ſmall value, and to arrive at it requires good ſenſe, as well as long and cloſe ſtudy; to which young ſtudents are only encouraged by hopes of ſucceeding, in a reaſonable time, to be one of the ſeven ſeniors; which hopes will be quite cut off, when thoſe ſeniors are perpetuated by diſpenſations.

That the fellows, at their admittance into their fellowſhips, take a ſolemn oath never to accept of any church-preferment above a certain value and

diſtance from *Dublin*, as long as they continue fellows: to which oath the accepting of a diſpenſation by Dr. *Whitcomb* is directly contrary, in both particulars of value and diſtance.

That, at this time, there is a ſett of very hopeful young men, in long and cloſe ſtudy, to ſtand for the firſt vacant fellowſhip, who will be altogether diſcouraged, and drop their endeavours in the purſuit of learning, by being diſappointed in their hopes of Dr. *Whitcomb's* leaving the college, and opening a way for one of them to ſucceed in a fellowſhip.

Theſe, my lord, are the ſum of the reaſons brought me by a very worthy perſon, a fellow of that college, and recommended by ſome of the moſt deſerving in that body; and I have ſhortened them as much as I could.

I ſhall only trouble your grace with one or two of my own remarks upon this ſubject.

The univerſity, and in ſome ſenſe the whole kingdom, are full of acknowledgment for the honour your grace hath done them, in truſting the care of one of your ſons to be educated in the college of *Dublin*, which hopes to be always in your grace's favour; and by your influence, while you govern here, as well as the credit you will always deſerve at court, will ever deſire to be protected in their rights.

Your grace will pleaſe to know, that a fellowſhip in this univerſity differs much in ſome very important

portant circumſtances from moſt of thoſe in either of the univerſities in *England*.

My lord *George* will tell your grace, that a fellowſhip here is obtained with great difficulty, by the number of candidates, the ſtrict examination in many branches of learning, and the regularity of life and manners. It is alſo diſpoſed of with much ſolemnity: the examiners take an oath at the altar to give their vote according to their con-

The univerſity is patron of ſome church-preferments, which are offered to the ſeveral fellows downwards to the loweſt in holy orders.

I beg your grace to conſider, That, there being very little trade here, there is no encouragement for gentlemen to breed their ſons to merchandize: that not many great employments, in church or law, fall to the ſhare of perſons born here: that the laſt reſource of younger ſons is to the church; where, if well befriended, they may chance to riſe to ſome reaſonable ſpiritual maintenance, although we do not want inſtances of ſome clergymen, well born and of good reputation, who have been, and ſtill are curates, for thirty years; which hath been a great diſcouragement to others, who have no other means left to provide for their children.

Your grace will not want opportunities, while you continue in this government, and by your moſt deſerved favour with his majeſty, to make Dr. *Whitcomb* eaſier in his preferment, by ſome ad-

dition, that no perſon or ſociety can have the leaſt pretence to complain of. And I humbly beg your grace, out of the high veneration I bear to your perſon and virtues, that you will pleaſe to let Dr. *Whitcomb* content himſelf for a while with that rich preferment (one of the beſt in the kingdom), until it ſhall lie in your way further to promote him to his own content. If, upon his admittance to his fellowſhip, he took an oath never to accept a church-living thus circumſtantiated, and hold it with his fellowſhip, it will be thought hardly reconcileable to conſcience to receive a diſpenſation.

I humbly entreat your grace to forgive this long trouble I have given you, wherein I have no ſort of intereſt, except that which proceeds from an earneſt deſire, that your grace may continue, as you have begun from your youth, without incurring the leaſt cenſure from the world, or giving the leaſt cauſe of diſcontent to any deſerving perſon. I am, &c.

LETTER LXI.

To * * * * * * * * * *, Eſq;

SIR, *March* 19th, 1734.

I HAD, ſome days ago, a very long letter from a young gentleman whom I never ſaw; but, by the name ſubſcribed, I found it came from a younger ſon of yours, I ſuppoſe your ſecond. He lays before me, in a very particular manner, the forlorn condition

condition he is in, by the severities of you and your lady, his mother. He freely owns his boyish follies, when he was first brought up to town, at fourteen years old; but he appeals to Dr. *Sheridan* for the improvement he made in the doctor's school, and to his tutor for his behaviour in the college, where he took his degree with particular credit, being made one of the moderators of his class; by which it appears that he passed for one of the four best scholars in it. His letter contains four large pages in folio, and written in a very small hand; where he gives a history of his life, from the age of fourteen to the present time. It is written with so much spirit, nature, and good sense, as well as appearance of truth, that, having first razed out the writer's name, I have shewn it to several gentlemen, my friends, of great worth, learning, and taste; who all agree in my opinion of the letter, and think it a pity that so hopeful a youth should not have proper encouragement, unless he hath some very disagreeable faults, whereof they and I are ignorant. When I had written thus far, Dr. *Sheridan* came to see me: I read your son's letter to him, and he was equally pleased with it, and justified the progress the young man had made in his school. I went this evening to visit a lady, who hath a very great esteem and friendship for you and Mrs. * * * *: she told me that the young man's great fault was too much pertness, and conceit of himself, which he often shewed in your house, and even among company; which, I own, is a very

bad quality in any young man, and is not eaſily cured: yet, I think, if had a ſon who had underſtanding, wit, and humour, to write ſuch a letter, I could not find in my heart to caſt him off, but try what good advice and maturer years would do towards amendment; and, in the mean time, give him no cauſe to complain of wanting convenient food, lodging, and raiment. He lays the whole weight of his letter to me upon the truth of the facts, and is contented to ſtand or fall by them. If he be a liar, he is into the bargain an unpardonable fool; and his good natural, as well as acquired parts, ſhall be an aggravation to me to render him more odious. I hear he is turned of one and twenty years; and what he alledges ſeems to be true, that he is not yet put into any way of living, either by law, phyſick, or divinity; although, in his letter, he pretends to have ſtudied the firſt, on your promiſe to ſend him to the *Temple*, but, your mind altering, and you rather chuſing to ſend him to *Leyden*, he applied himſelf to ſtudy phyſick, and made ſome progreſs in it; but, for many months, he hath heard nothing from you; ſo that now he is in utter deſpair, loaden with the hatred of both his parents, and lodges in a garret in *William-ſtreet*, with only the liberty to dine at your houſe, and no further care taken of him.

Sir, although I have ſeldom been in your company, it is many years ſince I had the honour of being known to you; and I always thought, as well as heard, that you were a gentleman of great honour,

honour, truth, knowledge, modesty, good-nature, and candour. As to your lady, I never saw her but once, and then but for a few minutes: she hath the character of being a very polite and accomplished person; and therefore, very probably, her son's rough, over-weening, forward behaviour, among company with her, without that due deference which only can recommend youth, may be very disgustful to her. Your son desires me, in his letter, to apply to some friends who have most credit with you, that you will please to put him into some way of life; and he wishes that those friends would be so generous to join in contributing some allowance to support him at *Leyden*. I think, it would have been well if he had been sent to sea in the proper time, or had now a commission in the army. Yet, if he were the original writer of that letter sent to me under his name, I confess myself so very partial, as to be extremely sorry if he should not deserve and acquire the favour of you and your lady: in which case, any parents might be forgiven for being proud of such a son. I have no acquaintance with his tutor, Dr. *King*; but, if I can learn from those who have, I shall be glad to hear that he confirms the character of the young man's good parts and learning, as Dr. *Sheridan* hath done.

I intreat your pardon for this long letter, and for offering to interfere in a domestic point, where I have no information but from one side: but I can faithfully

faithfully assure you, that my regard is altogether for the service and ease of you and your lady and family. I have always thought that a happy genius is seldom without some bent towards virtue, and therefore deserves some indulgence. Most of the great villains I have known (which were not a small number) have been brutes in their understandings as well as their actions.

But I have already run out my paper, as well as your patience. I shall therefore conclude with the sincere profession of being, with great esteem and truth,

SIR,

Your most obedient and

most humble servant.

LETTER LXII.

To Lady BETTY GERMAINE.

June 8th, 1735.

MADAM,

I TROUBLE you sooner than usual, in acknowledging your letter of *May* 27th, because there are some passages in it that seem to require a quick answer. If I forget the date of mine, you must impute it to my ill head; and, if I live two years longer, I shall first forget my own name, and last

laſt your ladyſhip's. I gave my lady *Kerry* an account of what you ſaid in relation to her ſon, with which ſhe is fully ſatisfied. I deteſt the houſe of lords for their indulgence to ſuch a profligate proſtitute villain as *Curle*; but am at a loſs how he could procure any letters written to Mr. *Pope*, although, by the vanity or indiſcretion of correſpondents, the rogue might have pickt up ſome that went from him. Thoſe letters have not yet been ſent hither, therefore I can form no judgment on them. When I was leaving *England*, upon the queen's death, I burnt all the letters I could find, that I had received from miniſters for ſeveral years before. But, as to the letters I receive from your ladyſhip, I neither ever did or ever will burn any of them, take it as you pleaſe: for I never burn a letter that is entertaining, and conſequently will give me new pleaſure when it is forgotten. It is true, I have kept ſome letters merely out of friendſhip, although they ſometimes wanted true ſpelling and good ſenſe, and ſome others whoſe writers are dead. For I live like a monk, and hate to forget my departed friends. Yet I am ſometimes too nice; for I burnt all my lord * * * *'s letters, upon receiving one where he uſed theſe words to me, *All I pretend to is a great deal of ſincerity:* which, indeed, was the chief virtue he wanted. Of thoſe from my lord *Halifax*, I burnt all but one, which I keep as a moſt admirable original of court promiſes and profeſſions. I confeſs alſo that

I have

I have read ſome paſſages in many of your letters, to a friend, but without naming you, only that the writer was a lady, which had ſuch marks of good ſenſe that often the hearers would not believe me. And yet I never had a letter of mine printed, nor of any others to me.

Your ladyſhip very much ſurpriſes me with one paſſage in your letter, which however I do not in the leaſt underſtand; where you ſay, You *have been honoured in print by amorous, ſatirical, and gallant letters, where there was no word but your bare name mentioned.* I can aſſure you, this is to me altogether a riddle, and what I never heard the leaſt ſyllable of; and wiſh you would explain it. No, madam, I will never forgive your inſolent niece, without a moſt humble ſubmiſſion under her own hands; which if ſhe will not comply with, I ſhall draw up letters between us, and ſend them to *Curle.*

I will tell your ladyſhip a cauſe I have of complaint againſt the duke of *Dorſet.* I have written to him about four times ſince he was lieutenant; and three of my letters were upon ſubjects that concerned him much more than it did any friend of mine, and not at all myſelf; but he was never pleaſed to return me an anſwer. Which omiſſion (for I diſdain to call it contempt) I can account for only by ſome of the following reaſons. He is either extremely buſy in affairs of the higheſt importance; or he is a Duke with a Garter; or he is a Lieutenant of *Ireland*; or he is of a very antient no-

ble extraction; or so obscure a man as I am is not worth his remembrance; or, like the duke of *Chandois*, he is an utter stranger to me: and it would grieve me to the soul to put them together upon any one article. The last letter I writ to his grace was upon an affair relating to one of the favourite party, and yet a very honest gentleman; which last circumstance, with submission to your ladyship, is what I seldom grant; and the matter desired was a trifle. The letter before that related to a request made him by a senior fellow of this university, upon which I was earnestly pressed to write by some considerable members of the same body, which it highly concerned, as well as his grace's honour; the demand being directly contrary to their statutes, and of the most pernicious consequence, not only to the university, but the kingdom: and for that reason, it is thought, his grace hath chosen to let it fall, I suppose by much better causes of conviction than mine. I do assure you, Madam, that I have not been troublesome to my lord duke in any particular: since he hath been governor, my letters have been at most but one a year, and my personal requests not so many; nor any of them for the least interest that regarded myself. And although it be true that I do not much approve the conduct of affairs in either kingdom, wherein I agree with vast numbers of both parties; yet I have utterly waved intermeddling even in this enslaved kingdom, where perhaps I might have some influence

influence to be troubleſome; yet I have long quitted all ſuch thoughts, out of perfect deſpair: although I have ſometimes wiſhed, that the true loyal Whigs here might be a little more conſidered in the diſpoſition of employments, notwithſtanding their misfortune of being born on this ſide the Channel, which would gain abundance of hearts both to the crown and his grace. My paper is ſo full, that I have not room to excuſe it's length. I remain

Your Ladyſhip's

Moſt obedient humble ſervant.

LETTER LXIII.

To Sir CHARLES WOGAN, in SPAIN [k].

HONOURED SIR, 1735.

I THINK you are the only perſon alive who can juſtly charge me with ingratitude: becauſe, although I were utterly unknown to you, and become an obſcure exile in a moſt obſcure and enſlaved country, you were at the pains to find me out, and ſend me your very agreeable writings, with which I have often entertained ſome very ingenious friends, as well as myſelf; I mean not only your poetry, in *Latin* and *Engliſh*, but your

[k] See a Character of this Gentleman, in Vol. XIV.

poetical

poetical hiſtory in proſe of your own life and actions, inſcribed to me: which I often wiſhed it were ſafe to print here, or in *England*, under the madneſs of univerſal party now reigning: I mean particularly in this kingdom, to which I would prefer living among the *Hottentots*, if it were in my power [*l*].

I have been often told, that you have a brother [*m*] and ſome near relations in this country; and have oftener employed my friends in vain to learn when any of them came to this town. But, I ſuppoſe, on account of their religion, they are ſo prudent as to live in privacy: although the court hath thought it better in point of politicks (and, to keep the good will of cardinal *Fleury*, hath thought it proper) to make the Catholicks here much more eaſy than their ill-willers, of no religion, approve of in their hearts. And I can aſſure you, that thoſe wretches here, who call themſelves a Parliament, abhor the clergy of our church more than thoſe of yours, and have made an univerſal aſſociation to defraud us of our undoubted dues.

I have further thanks to give you for your generous preſent of excellent *Spaniſh* wine, whereof I have been ſo choice, that my butler tells me there are ſtill ſome bottles left [*n*]. I did very often aſk ſome merchants here, who trade with *Spain*, whe-

[*l*] Theſe writings are at preſent in the hands of *Deane Swift* Eſq. all of them under Sir *Charles Wogan*'s own hand.

[*m*] Mr. *Wogan*, of *Rathcoffee*.

[*n*] Dr. *Swift*, in grateful remembrance of Sir *Charles Wogan*, uſed to call this *Spaniſh* wine his Hero Wine.

ther

ther this country could not afford something that might be acceptable in *Spain*, but could not get any satisfaction. The price, I am sure, would be but a trifle. And I am told by one of them, that he heard you were informed of my desire: to which you answered in a disinterested manner, That you only desired my works. It is true indeed that a printer [o] here, about a year ago, did collect all that was printed in *London* which passed for mine, as well as several single papers in verse and prose, that he could get from my friends, and desired my leave to publish them in four volumes. He reasoned, That printers here had no property in their copies: that mine would fall into worse hands: that he would submit to me and my friends what to publish or omit. On the whole, I would not concern myself; and so they have appeared abroad, as you will see them in those I make bold to send you. I must now return to mention wine. The last season for it was very bad in *France*, upon which our merchants have raised the price twenty *per cent.* already, and the present weather is not like to mend it. Upon this, I have told some merchants my opinion, or perhaps my fancy; that when the warmth of summer happens to fail in the several wine-countries, *Spain* and *Portugal* wines, and those in the South of *Italy*, will be at least as ripe as those of *France* in a good year. If there be any truth in

[o] Mr. *Faulkner*.

this

this conceit, I would desire our merchants to deal this year in those warmer climates: because I hear that in *Spain French* vines are often planted, and the wine is more mellow; although, perhaps, the natural *Spanish* grape may fail, for want of its usual share of sun. In this point, I would have your opinion; wherein if you agree, I will make Mr. *Hall*, an honest Catholic merchant here, who deals in *Spanish* wine, to bring me over as large a cargo as I can afford, of wines as like *French* claret as he can get. For my disorders, with the help of years, make wine absolutely necessary to support me. And, if you were not a person of too considerable a rank (and now become half a *Spaniard*) I would try to make you descend so low, as to order some merchants there to consign to some of ours, directed to me, some good quantity of wine that you approve of; such as our claret-drinkers here will be content with. For, when I give them a pale wine (called by Mr. *Hall*, *Cassalia*), they say, it will do for one glass, and then (to speak in their language) call for honest Claret.

LET-

LETTER LXIV.

To BISHOP HORTE [p].

My Lord, *May* 12th, 1736.

I HAVE two or three times begun a letter to your lordſhip, and as often laid it aſide; until, by the unaſked advice of ſome friends of yours, and of all my own, I reſolved at laſt to tell you my thoughts upon the affair of the poor printer, who ſuffered ſo much upon your lordſhip's account, confined to a dungeon, among common thieves, and others with infectious diſeaſes, to the hazard of this life; beſides the expence of above twenty-five pounds, and beſides the ignominy to be ſent to *Newgate* like a common malefactor.

His misfortunes do alſo very highly and perſonally concern me. For, your lordſhip declaring your deſire to have that paper looked for, he did at my requeſt ſearch his ſhop, and unfortunately found it: and, although he had abſolutely refuſed before to print it, becauſe my name as the author was fixed to it; which was very legible, notwithſtanding there was a ſcratch through the words; yet, at my deſire, he ventured to print it. Neither did *Faulkner* ever name you as the author, although you ſent the paper by a clergyman, one of your dependents: but your friends were the only perſons who gave out the report of it's having been your performance. I read your lordſhip's letter

[p] Dr. *Joſiah Horte*, Biſhop of *Kilmore*.

written

written to the printer, wherein you argue that he is, in theſe dealings, the adventurer, and muſt run the hazard of gain or loſs. Indeed, my lord, the caſe is otherwiſe. He ſells ſuch papers to the running-boys for farthings apiece; and is a gainer by each, leſs than half a farthing; and it is ſeldom he ſells above a hundred, unleſs they be of ſuch as only ſpread by giving offence, and conſequently endanger the printer both in loſs of money and liberty, as it was the caſe of that very paper: which, although it be written with ſpirit and humour, yet, if it had not affected *Bettefworth*, would ſcarce have cleared above a ſhilling to *Faulkner*; neither would he have done it at all, but at my urgency, which was the effect of your lordſhip's commands to me. But, as your lordſhip hath ſince been univerſally known for the author, although never named by *Faulkner* or me, ſo it is as generally known that you never gave him the leaſt conſideration for his loſſes, diſgraces, and dangers of his life. I have heard this, and more, from every perſon of my acquaintance, whom I ſee at home or abroad: and particularly from one perſon too high to name, who told me all the particulars; and I heartily wiſhed, upon your account, that I could have aſſured him that the poor man had received the leaſt mark of your juſtice, or, if you pleaſe to call it ſo, your generoſity, which I would gladly inform that great perſon of before he leaves us.

Now, my lord, as God, aſſiſting your own good management of a very ample fortune, hath made

you extremely rich, I may venture to say, that the printer hath a demand, in all conscience, justice, and honour, to be fully refunded, both for his disgraces, his losses, and the apparent danger of his life; and that my opinion ought to be of some weight, because I was an innocent instrument, drawn in by your lordship, against *Faulkner's* will, to be an occasion of his sufferings: and, if you shall please to recompence him in the manner that all people hope or desire, it will be no more in your purse than a drop in the bucket. And, as soon as I shall be informed of it, I shall immediately write to that very great person, in such a manner as will be most to the advantage of your character: for which, I am sure, he will rejoice, and so will all your friends; or, if you have any enemies, they will be put to silence.

Your lordship hath too good an understanding to imagine, that my principal regard in this affair is not to your reputation although it be likewise mingled with pity to the innocent sufferer. And I hope you will consider, that this case is not among those, where it is a mark of magnanimity to despise the censure of the world: because all good men will differ from you, and impute your conduct only to a sparing temper, upon an occasion where common justice and humanity required a direct contrary proceeding.

I conclude with assuring your lordship again that what I have written was chiefly for your lordship's credit and service: because I am, with great truth,

Your Lordship's most, *&c.*

LET-

LETTER LXV.

To Lady BETTY GERMAINE.

MADAM, *June* 15th, 1736.

I WRITE this letter to your ladyſhip, in the employment you have choſen of being a go-between the duke of *Dorſet* and me. I muſt preface this letter with an honeſt declaration, That I never propoſed any one thing to his grace wherein I did not chiefly conſult his honour and the general opinion of the kingdom. I had the honour to know him from a boy, as I did your ladyſhip from a child; and yet, excepting great perſonal civilities, I never was able to obtain the favour of getting one church-preferment for any friend, except one too inconſiderable to mention. I writ to, and told my lord duke, that there was a certain family here, called the *Grattans*, and that they could command ten thouſand men: two of them are parſons (as you whigs call them); another is lord mayor of this city, and was knighted by his grace a month or two ago. But there is another couſin of theirs, who is a *Grattan*, though his name be *John Jackſon*, as worthy a clergyman as any in this kingdom. He lives upon his own ſmall eſtate, four miles from this town, and in his own pariſh; but he hath four children. He only wants ſome little addition of 100*l.* a year: for he hath laid

out 800*l.* to build upon his own ſmall eſtate in his own pariſh, which he cannot leave; and we cannot ſpare him. He hath lain a weight upon my ſhoulders for many years; and I have often mentioned him to my lord duke as a moſt deſerving perſon. His grace hath now an opportunity to help him. One Mr. *Ward*, who died this morning, had a deanry of ſmall value: it was a hedge-deanry (my lord duke will tell you what I mean); we have many of them in *Ireland:* but, as it doth not require living there, except a month or two in the year, although it be but of forty or fifty pounds yearly rent, it will be a great eaſe to him. He is no party-man, but a loyal ſubject. It is the deanry of *Cloyne:* he is well acquainted with the biſhop, who is Dr. *Berkeley*. I have reaſons enough to complain of my lord duke, who abſolutely refuſed to provide for a moſt worthy man, whom he had made one of his chaplains before he came over: and therefore, if he will not conſent to give this poor deanry to Mr. *John Jackſon*, I will fall out with him for ever. I deſire your ladyſhip to let the duke know all this.

Somebody read a part of a news-paper to me the other day, wherein your ſaucy niece is mentioned as married, with forty-five thouſand pounds to her fortune. I deſire to preſent her with my moſt humble ſervice, and that we may be friends for the future. I hope your ladyſhip ſtill preſerves your health and good-humour. Your virtues I am in no pain about; for you are confirmed in them by

your

your education and birth, as well as by conſtant practice. I pray God preſerve you long, for the good you do to the world, and for your happineſs hereafter.

I will (notwithſtanding your commands to the contrary) be ſo bold to tell you, that I am, with the greateſt reſpect and eſteem,

MADAM,

your ladyſhip's

moſt obedient and

obliged humble ſervant.

LETTER LXVI.

To Mr. ALDERMAN BARBER.

March 30, 1737.

DEAR MR. ALDERMAN,

YOU will read the character of the bearer, Mr. *Lloyd*, which he will deliver to you, ſigned by the magiſtrates and chief inhabitants of *Coleraine*. It ſeems your ſociety has raiſed the rents in that town, and of your lands about it, within three years paſt, to four times the value of what the tenants formerly paid; which is beyond what I have ever heard, even among the moſt ſcrewing landlords of this kingdom: and the conſequence hath already been, that many of your te-

nants in that town and the lands about it are preparing to the plantations of *America*, for the same reasons that are driving some thousands of families in the North to the same plantations; I mean the oppression of landlords. My dear friend, you are to consider, That no society can or ought, in prudence or justice, let their lands at so high a rate as a squire, who lives upon his estate, and is able to distrain at an hour's warning. All bodies corporate must give easy bargains, so as to be ready to pay all the incident charges to which they are subject. Thus bishops, deans, and chapters, as well as other corporations, seldom or never let their lands even so high as half the value: and when they raise those rents which are unreasonably low, it is by degrees. I have instances of this conduct in my own practice, as well as that of my chapter; although my own lands, as dean, are let four fifths under their value. On the other side, there is no reason why an honourable society should rent their estate for a trifle. And therefore I told Mr. *Lloyd* my opinion: That, if you could be prevailed on just to double the rent and no more, I hoped the tenants might be able to live in a tolerable manner. For I am as much convinced as I can be of any thing human, that this wretched oppressed country must necessarily decline for ever. If, by a miracle, things should mend, you may, in a future renewal, make a moderate increase of rent; but not by such leaps as you are now taking: for you ought to remember the fable of the hen, who

laid every ſecond day a golden egg, upon which her miſtreſs killed her, to get the whole lump together. I am told that one condition in your charter is, to plant a colony of *Engliſh* in thoſe parts. If that be ſo, you are too wiſe to let it be a colony of *Iriſh* beggars. I would not have ſaid thus much in an affair, and about perſons to whom I am a ſtranger, if I had not been long aſſured of the poor condition thoſe people in and about *Coleraine* have lain under, ſince that enormous raiſing of their rents. The bearer, whom I never ſaw until yeſterday, ſeems to be a gentleman of truth and good ſenſe. Yet, if he hath miſrepreſented this matter to me, I ſhall never be his advocate again.

My health is very indifferent: ſpirits I have none left. I decline every day. I hope and hear it is better with you. May you live as long as you deſire: for I have loſt ſo many friends without getting any new, that I muſt keep you as a ſample of the former. I am, my dear friend,

Your's, *&c.*

LETTER LXVII.

To the Earl of OXFORD.

My Lord, *June* 14, 1737.

I HAD the honour of a letter from your lordſhip, dated *April* the 7th, which I was not prepared to anſwer until this time. Your lordſhip

muſt needs have known, that the Hiſtory you mention, of the four laſt years of the queen's reign, was written at *Windſor*, juſt upon finiſhing the peace; at which time, your father and my lord *Bolingbroke* had a miſunderſtanding with each other, that was attended with very bad conſequences. When I came to *Ireland* to take this deanry (after the peace was made) I could not ſtay here above a fortnight, being recalled by an hundred letters to haſten back, and to uſe my endeavours in reconciling thoſe miniſters. I left them the Hiſtory you mention, which I had finiſhed at *Windſor*, to the time of the peace. When I returned to *England*, I found their quarrels and coldneſs encreaſed. I laboured to reconcile them as much as I was able: I contrived to bring them to my lord *Maſham's*, at *St. James's:* My lord and lady *Maſham* left us together. I expoſtulated with them both, but could not find any good conſequences. I was to go to *Windſor* next day with my lord treaſurer: I pretended buſineſs that prevented me: expecting they would come to ſome * * * * * * [*q*]. But I followed them to *Windſor*; where my lord *Bolingbroke* told me, that my ſcheme had come to nothing. Things went on at the ſame rate: they grew more eſtranged every day. My lord treaſurer found his credit daily declining. In *May* before the queen died, I had my laſt meeting with them at my lord *Maſham's*. He left us together: and therefore I

[*q*] Here is a blank left for ſome word or other; ſuch as *agreement, reconciliation,* or the like.

ſpoke

ſpoke very freely to them both; and told them I would retire, for I found all was gone. Lord *Bolingbroke* whiſpered me, I was in the right; your father ſaid, All would do well. I told him that I would go to *Oxford* on *Monday*, ſince I found it was impoſſible to be of any uſe. I took coach to *Oxford* on *Monday*; went to a friend in *Berkſhire* [r]; there ſtaid until the queen's death; and then to my ſtation here; where I ſtaid twelve years, and never ſaw my lord your father afterwards. They could not agree about printing the Hiſtory of the four laſt years: and therefore I have kept it to this time, when I determined to publiſh it in *London*, to the confuſion of all thoſe raſcals who have accuſed the queen and that miniſtry of making a bad peace; to which that party entirely owes the Proteſtant ſucceſſion. I was then in the greateſt truſt and confidence with your father the lord treaſurer, as well as with my lord *Bolingbroke*, and all others who had part in the adminiſtration. I had all the letters from the ſecretary's office, during the treaty of peace: out of thoſe and what I learned from the miniſtry, I formed that hiſtory which I am now going to publiſh for the information of poſterity, and to controul the moſt impudent falſhoods which have been publiſhed ſince [s]. I wanted no kind of materials. I knew your father better than you could at that time; and I do impartially think him the moſt virtuous miniſter, and

[r] The Rev. Mr. *Gery*, Rector of *Letcombe*.

[s] The Hiſtory now make Vol. XV. of this collection.

the

the moſt able, that ever I remember to have read of. If your lordſhip has any particular circumſtances that may fortify what I have ſaid in the Hiſtory, ſuch as letters or other materials, I am content they ſhould be printed at the end, by way of appendix. I loved my lord your father better than any other man in the world, although I had no obligation to him on the ſcore of preferment, having been driven to this wretched kingdom, to which I was almoſt a ſtranger, by his want of power to keep me in what I ought to call my own country; although I happened to be dropt here, and was a year old before I left it: and, to my ſorrow, did not die before I came back to it again. I am extremely glad of the felicity you have in your alliances; and deſire to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to my lady *Oxford*, and your daughter the ducheſs [*t*]. As to the Hiſtory, it is only of affairs which I know very well; and had all the advantages poſſible to know, when you were in ſome ſort but a lad. One great deſign of it is, to do juſtice to the miniſtry at that time, and to refute all the objections againſt them, as if they had a deſign of bringing in Popery and the Pretender; and further to demonſtrate, that the preſent ſettlement of the crown was chiefly owing to my lord your father. I can never expect to ſee *England*: I am now too old and too ſickly, added to almoſt a perpetual deafneſs and giddineſs. I live a moſt do-

[*t*] Ducheſs of *Portland*.

meſtic

meſtic life: I want nothing that is neceſſary; but I am in a curſed, factious, oppreſſed, miſerable country; not made ſo by nature, but by the ſlaviſh, helliſh principles of an execrable prevailing faction in it. Farewell, my lord. I have tired you and myſelf. I deſire again to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to my lady *Oxford*, and the ducheſs your daughter. Pray God preſerve you long and happy. I ſhall diligently enquire into your conduct from thoſe who will tell me. You have hitherto continued right; let me hear that you perſevere ſo. Your taſk will not be long; for I am not in a condition of health or time to trouble this world, and I am heartily weary of it already; and ſo ſhould be in *England*, which I hear is full as corrupt as this poor enſlaved country. I am, with the trueſt love and reſpect,

My Lord,

Your lordſhip's

moſt obedient and

moſt obliged, *&c.*

LET-

LETTER LXVIII.

To ERASMUS LEWIS, Esq; [u].

July 23, 1737.

DEAR FRIEND,

WHILE any of those who used to write to me were alive, I always inquired after you. But, since your secretaryship in the queen's time, I believed you were so glutted with the office, that you had not patience to venture on a letter to an absent useless acquaintance: and I find I owe yours to my lord *Oxford*. The History you mention was written above a year before the queen's death. I left it with the treasurer and lord *Bolingbroke*, when I first came over to take this deanry. I returned in less than a month, but the ministry could not agree about the printing it: It was to conclude with the peace. I staid in *London* above nine months; but, not being able to reconcile the quarrels between those two, I went to a friend in *Berkshire*, and, on the queen's death, came hither for good and all. I am confident you read that History, as this lord *Oxford* did, as he owns in his two letters, the last of which reached me not above ten days ago. You know, on the queen's death, how the peace and all proceedings were universally condemned. This I knew would be done; and

[u] Formerly private secretary to the Earl of *Oxford*.

the chief cause of my writing was, not to let such a queen and ministry lie under such a load of infamy, or posterity be so ill informed, &c. Lord *Oxford* is in the wrong to be in pain about his father's character, or his proceedings in his ministry; which is so drawn, that his greatest admirers will rather censure me for partiality; neither can he tell me any thing material out of his papers, which I was not then informed of. Nor do I know any body but yourself who could give me more light than what I then received: for I remember I often consulted with you, and took memorials of many important particulars which you told me, as I did of others, for four years together. I can find no way to have the original delivered to lord *Oxford* or to you; for the person who hath it will not trust it out of his hands; but, I believe, would be contented to let it be read to either of you, if it could be done without letting it out of his hands, although perhaps that may be too late [*w*]. If my

[*w*] As, a little before this period, the great abilities of Dr. *Swift* had begun to fail, he had, in order to gratify some of his acquaintance, called for the History of the four last years of the Queen's reign once or twice out of his friend's hands, and lent it abroad; by which means part of the contents of it were whispered about the town, and several had pretended to have read it, who perhaps had never seen one line of it. And this caused it to be apprehended, that, if the Dean should frequently lend the History, a copy of it might be taken some time or other. Whereupon Mrs. *Whiteway*, the next time the Dean put the original into her hands, told him plainly, That he should never lend it again to any man alive; and that if he should, at any time hereafter, call for it again, and insist upon having it in his own possession, she would never take the charge of it more.

health

health would have permitted me, for ſome years paſt, to have ventured as far as *London*, I would have ſatisfied both my lord and you. I believe you know that lord *Bolingbroke* is now buſy in *France*, to write the hiſtory of his own time, and how much he grew to hate the treaſurer you know too well; and I know how much lord *Bolingbroke* hates his very memory. This is what the preſent lord *Oxford* ſhould be in moſt pain at, not about me. I have had my ſhare of affliction ſufficient, in the loſs of Dr. *Arbuthnot*, and poor *Gay* and others; and I heartily pity poor lord *Maſham*. I would fain know whether his ſon be a valuable young man; becauſe I much diſliked his education. When I was laſt among you, Sir *William Wyndham* was in a bad ſtate of health: I always loved him, and rejoice to hear from you the figure he makes. But I know ſo little of what paſſeth, that I never heard of lady *Blandford*, his preſent wife.

Lord *Bath* uſed to write to me, but hath dropped it ſome years. Pray, is *Charles Ford* yet alive? for he hath dropped me too; or perhaps my illneſs hath hindered me from provoking his remembrance: For I have been long in a very bad condition. My deafneſs, which uſed to be occaſional and for a ſhort time, hath ſtuck by me now ſeveral months without remiſſion; ſo that I am unfit for any converſation, except one or two Stentors of either ſex; and my old giddineſs is likewiſe become chronical, although not in equal violence with my former ſhort fits.

I was

I was never so much deceived in any *Scot*, as by that execrable lord *K*****, whom I loved extremely, and now detest beyond expression.

You say so little of yourself, that I know not whether you are in health or sickness, only that you lead a mere animal life; which, with nine parts in ten, is a sign of health. I find you have not, like me, lost your memory; nor, I hope, your sense of hearing, which is the greatest loss of any, and more comfortless than even being blind; I mean in the article of company. Writing no longer amuseth me, for I cannot think. I dine constantly at home, in my chamber, with a grave housekeeper, whom I call *Sir Robert*, and sometimes receive one or two friends and a female cousin, with strong high tenor voices. I am, *&c.*

LETTER LXIX.

To Miss RICHARDSON.

MADAM, *Jan.* 28, 1737-8.

I MUST begin my correspondence by letting you know that your uncle is the most unreasonable person I was ever acquainted with; and, next to him, you are the second, although I think impartially that you are worse than he. I never had the honour and happiness of seeing you; nor can ever expect it, unless you make the first advance by coming up to town, where I am confined by

by want of health; and my travelling days are over. I find you follow your uncle's steps, by maliciously bribing a useless man, who can never have it in his power to serve or divert you. I have indeed continued a very long friendship with alderman *Barber*, who is governor of the *London-society* about your parts; whereupon Mr. *Richardson* came to the deanry, although it was not in my power to do him the least good office, further than writing to the alderman. However, your uncle came to me several times; and I believe, after several invitations, dined with me once or twice. This was all the provocation I ever gave him; but he had revenge in his breast, and you shall hear how he gratified it. First, he was told that my ill stomach, and a giddiness I was subject to, forced me, in some of those fits, to take a spoonful of usquebaugh: he discovered where I bought it, and sent me a dozen bottles, which cost him three pounds. He next was told, that, as I never drank malt-liquors, so I was not able to drink *Dublin*-claret without mixing it with a little sweet *Spanish* wine: he found out the merchant with whom I deal, by the treachery of my butler, and sent me twelve dozen pints of that wine, for which he paid six pounds. But what can I say of a man, who, some years before I ever saw him, was loading me every season with salmons, that surfeited myself and all my visitors? Whereby it is plain, that his malice reached to my friends as well as to myself. At last, to complete his ill designs, he must needs force

force his niece into the plot; because it can be proved, that you are his prime minister, and so ready to encourage him in his bad proceedings; that you have been his partaker and seconder in mischief, by sending me half a dozen of shirts, although I never once gave you the least cause of displeasure. And, what is yet worse, the few ladies that come to the deanry assure me, they never saw so fine linen, or better worked up, or more exactly fitted. It is a happiness they were not stockings, for then you would have known the length of my foot. Upon the whole, madam, I must deal so plain as to repeat, that you are more cruel even than your uncle; to such a degree, that, if my health and a good summer can put it in my power to travel to *Summer-Seat*, I must take that journey on purpose to expostulate with you for all the unprovoked injuries you have done me. I have seen some persons who live in your neighbourhood, from whom I have enquired into your character; but I found you had bribed them all by never sending them any such dangerous presents: for they swore to me, that you were a lady adorned with all perfections, such as virtue, prudence, wit, humour, excellent conversation, and even good housewifery; which last is seldom the talent of ladies in this kingdom. But I take so ill your manner of treating me, that I shall not believe one syllable of what they said, until I have it by a letter under your own hand. Our common run of ladies here dare not read before a man, and much less dare to

write, for fear (as their expreſſion is) of being expoſed. So that when I ſee any of your ſex, if they be worth mending, I beat them all, call them names, until they leave off their follies, and aſk pardon. And therefore, becauſe princes are ſaid to have long hands, I wiſh I were a prince with hands long enough to beat you at this diſtance, for all your faults, particularly your ill treatment of me. However, I will conclude with charity. May you never give me cauſe to change, in any ſingle article, the opinion and idea I have of your perſon and qualities. May you very long continue the delight of your uncle, and your neighbours round, who deſerve your good-will, and of all who have merit enough to diſtinguiſh you. I am, with great reſpect and the higheſt eſteem,

MADAM,

Your moſt obedient

and moſt obliged

humble ſervant.

LET-

LETTER LXX.

To Mr. ALDERMAN BARBER.

Auguſt 8, 1738.

My dear and honoured Friend,

I HAVE received yours of *July* 27th, and two days ago had a letter from Mr. *Pope*, with a dozen lines from my lord *Bolingbroke*, who tells me he is juſt going to *France*, and, I ſuppoſe, deſigns to continue there as long as he lives. I am very ſorry he is under a neceſſity of ſelling *Dawley*: pray, let me know whether he be tolerable eaſy in his fortunes; for he hath, theſe ſeveral years, lived very expenſively. Is his lady ſtill alive? and hath he ſtill a country-houſe and an eſtate of hers to live on? I ſhould be glad to live ſo long, as to ſee his Hiſtory of his own Times, which would be a work very worthy of his lordſhip, and will be a defence of that miniſtry, and a juſtification of our late glorious Queen, againſt the malice, ignorance, falſehood, and ſtupidity of our preſent times and managers. I very much like Mr. *Pope's* laſt poem, entitled M DCC XXXVIII, called Dialogue II; but I live ſo obſcurely, and know ſo little of what paſſes in *London*, that I cannot know the names of perſons and things by initial letters.

I am very glad to hear that the duke of *Ormond* lives ſo well at eaſe and in ſo good health, as well

as with ſo valuable a companion. His grace hath an excellent conſtitution at ſo near to fourſcore. Mr. *Dunkin* is not in town, but I will ſend to him when I hear he is come. I extremely love my lord and lady *Oxford*, but his way of managing his fortune is not to be endured. I remember a raſcally butcher, one *Morley*, a great land-jobber and knave, who was his lordſhip's manager, and hath been the principal cauſe of my lord's wrong conduct, in which you agree with me in blaming his weakneſs and credulity. I deſire you will pleaſe, upon occaſion, to preſent my humble ſervice to my lord and lady *Oxford*, and to my lord *Bathurſt*. I juſt expected the character you give of young * * * * *. I hated him from a boy. I wonder Mr. *Ford* is alive; perhaps, walking preſerves him.

I very much lament your aſthma. I believe temperance and exerciſe have preſerved me from it. I ſeldom walk leſs than four miles, ſometimes ſix, eight, ten, or more, never beyond my own limits; or, if it rains, I walk as much through the houſe, up and down ſtairs: And, if it were not for this cruel deafneſs, I would ride through the kingdom, and half through *England*; pox on the modern phraſe, *Great-Britain*, which is only to diſtinguiſh it from *Little-Britain*, where old cloaths and old books are to be bought and ſold. However, I will put Dr. *Sheridan* (the beſt ſcholar in both kingdoms) upon taking your receipt for a terrible aſthma. I wiſh you were rich enough to buy and keep a horſe, and ride every tolerable day twenty

miles. Mr. *Richardſon* is, I think, ſtill in *London*. I aſſure, you he is very grateful to me, and is too wiſe and diſcreet to give any juſt occaſion of complaint, by which he muſt be a great loſer in reputation, and a greater in his fortune.

I have not written ſo much this many a day. I have tired myſelf much; but, in revenge, I will tire you.

I am, dear Mr. Alderman, with very great eſteem,

Your moſt obedient

and moſt humble ſervant.

LETTER LXXI.

Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT.

Twitnam, Oct. 12, 1738.

My Dear Friend,

I COULD gladly tell you every week the many things that paſs in my heart, and revive the memory of all your friendſhip to me; but I am not ſo willing to put you to the trouble of ſhewing it (though I know you have it as warm as ever) upon little or trivial occaſions. Yet, this once, I am unable to refuſe the requeſt of a very particular and very deſerving friend; one of thoſe whom his own merit has forced me to contract an intimacy

with, after I had ſworn never to love a man more, ſince the ſorrow it coſt me to have loved ſo many, now dead, baniſhed, or unfortunate. I mean Mr. *Lyttelton*, one of the worthieſt of the riſing generation. His nurſe has a ſon, whom I would beg you to promote to the next vacancy in your choir. I loved my own nurſe, and ſo does *Lyttelton:* he loves, and is loved, through the whole chain of relations, dependents, and acquaintance. He is one who would apply to any perſon to pleaſe me, or to ſerve mine: I owe it to him to apply to you for this man, whoſe name is *William Lamb*; and he is the bearer of this letter. I preſume he is qualified for that which he deſires; and I doubt not, if it be conſiſtent with juſtice, you will gratify me in him.

Let this, however, be an opportunity of telling you—— What?—— what I cannot tell; the kindneſs I bear you, the affection I feel for you, the hearty wiſhes I form for you, my prayers for your health of body and mind, or (the beſt ſoftenings of the want of either) quiet and reſignation. You loſe little by *not hearing* ſuch things as this idle and baſe generation has to tell you: you loſe not much by *forgetting* moſt of what *now* paſſes in it. Perhaps, to have a memory that retains the paſt ſcenes of our country and forgets the preſent, is the means to be happier and better contented. But, if the *evil* of *the day* be not intolerable (though ſufficient, God knows, at any period of life) we *may*, at leaſt we *ſhould*, nay we *muſt* (whether patiently

tiently or impatiently) bear it, and make the beſt of what we cannot make better, but may make woiſe. To hear that this is your ſituation and your temper, and that peace attends you at home, and one or two true friends who are tender about you, would be a great eaſe to me to know, and know from yourſelf. Tell me who thoſe are whom you now love or eſteem, that I may love and eſteem them too; and, if ever they come into *England*, let them be my friends. If, by any thing I can here do, I can ſerve you, or pleaſe you, be certain it will mend my happineſs; and that no ſatisfaction any thing gives me here will be ſuperior, if equal to it.

My dear Dean, whom I never will forget, or think of with coolneſs, many are yet living here who frequently mention you with affection and reſpect. Lord *Orrery*, lord *Bathurſt*, lord *Bolingbroke*, lord *Oxford*, lord *Maſham*, *Lewis*, Mrs. *P. Blount* (allow one woman to the liſt, for ſhe is as conſtant to old friendſhips as any man); and many young men there are, nay all that are any credit to this age, who love you unknown, who kindle at your fire, and learn by your genius. Nothing of you can die, nothing of you can decay, nothing of you can ſuffer, nothing of you can be obſcured, or locked up from eſteem and admiration, except what is at the deanry; juſt as much of you only as God made mortal. May the reſt of you (which is all) be as happy hereafter as honeſt men may

expect and need not doubt; while (knowing nothing more) they know that their Maker is merciful. Adieu.

Your's ever,

A. POPE.

LETTER LXXII.

To Mr. POPE.

May 10th, 1739, at a conjecture.

YOU are to suppose, for the little time I shall live, that my memory is entirely gone, and especially of any thing that was told me last night, or this morning. I have one favour to entreat from you. I know the high esteem and friendship you bear to your friend Mr. *Lyttelton*, whom you call the rising genius of this age. His fame, his virtue, honour, and courage, have been early spread even among us. I find he is secretary to the prince of *Wales*; and his royal highness hath been for several years chancellor of the university in *Dublin*. All this is a prelude to a request I am going to make you. There is in this city one *Alexander M'Aulay*, a lawyer of great distinction for skill and honesty, zealous for the liberty of the subject, and loyal to the house of *Hanover*; and particularly to the prince of *Wales*, for his highness's love to both kingdoms.

Mr.

Mr. *M'Aulay* is now soliciting for a seat in parliament here, vacant by the death of Dr. *Coghill*, a civilian, who was one of the persons chosen for this university: And, as his royal highness continues still chancellor of it, there is no person so proper to nominate the representative as himself. If this favour can be procured, by your good-will and Mr. *Lyttelton's* interest, it will be a particular obligation to me, and grateful to the people of *Ireland*, in giving them one of their own nation to represent this university.

There is a man in my choir, one Mr. *Lamb*; he hath at present but half a vicarship: the value of it is not quite 50*l. per annum.* You writ to me in his favour some time ago; and, if I outlive any one vicar-choral, Mr. *Lamb* shall certainly have a full place, because he very well deserves it: and I am obliged to you very much for recommending him.

LETTER LXXIII.

To Mr. LYTTELTON [x].

SIR, *June* 5th, 1730.

YOU treat me very hard, by beginning your letter with owning an obligation to me on account of Mr. *Lamb*, which deserves mine and my chapter's thanks, for recommending so useful a person to my choir. It is true I gave Mr. *Dawe*

[x] Now Lord *Lyttelton*.

Swift

Swift a letter [*y*] to my dear friend Mr. *Pope*, that he might have the happineſs to ſee and know ſo great a genius in poetry, and ſo agreeable in all other good qualities; but the young man (ſeveral years older than you) was much ſurpriſed to ſee his junior in ſo high a ſtation, as ſecretary to his royal highneſs the prince of *Wales*, and to find himſelf treated by you in ſo kind a manner. In one article, you are greatly miſtaken. For, however ignorant we may be in the affairs of *England*, your character is well known among us, in every particular, as it is in the prince your maſter's court, and indeed all over this poor kingdom.

You will find that I have not altogether forgotten my old court-politicks: for, in a letter I writ to Mr. *Pope*, I deſired him to recommend Mr. *M'Aulay* to your favour and protection, as a moſt worthy, honeſt, and deſerving gentleman; and, I perceive, you have effectually interceded with the prince, to prevail with the univerſity to chuſe him for a member to repreſent that learned body in parliament, in the room of Dr. *Coghill*, deceaſed.

I have been juſt now informed, that ſome of the fellows have ſent over an apology, or rather a remonſtrance, to the prince of *Wales*, pretending they were under a prior engagement to one Mr. *Tiſdal*; and therefore have deſired his royal highneſs to withdraw his recommendation. A modeſt requeſt indeed, to demand from their chancellor

[*y*] See Vol. XII. p. 208.

what

what they think is dishonourable in themselves, to give up an engagement. Their whole proceeding, on this occasion, against their chancellor, heir of the crown, is universally condemned here, and seems to be the last effort of such men; who, without duly considering, make rash promises, not consistent with the prudence expected from them.

I can hardly venture the boldness to desire, that his royal highness may know from you the profound respect, honour, esteem, and veneration, I bear towards his princely virtues. All my friends on your side the water represent him to me in the most amiable light; and the people infallibly reckon upon a golden age in both kingdoms, when it shall please God to make him the restorer of the liberties of his people.

I ought to accuse you highly for your ill-treatment of me, by wishing yourself in the number of my friends: but you shall be pardoned, if you please to be one of my protectors; and your protection cannot be long. You shall therefore make it up in thinking favourably of me. Years have made me lose my memory in every thing but friendship and gratitude: and you, whom I have never seen, will never be forgotten by me, until I am dead. I am, honourable Sir, with the highest respect,

Your most obedient and

obliged humble servant.

LET-

LETTER LXXIV.

To the Honourable the Society of the Governour and Assistants, *London*, for the New Plantation in *Ulster*, within the Realm of *Ireland*, at their Chamber in *Guild-hall*, *London*.

By conjecture, 1731.

Worthy Gentlemen,

I HEARTILY recommend to your very worshipful society, the reverend Mr. *William Dunkin*, for the living of *Colerain*, vacant by the death of Dr. *Squire*. Mr. *Dunkin* is a gentleman of great learning and wit, true religion, and excellent morals. It is only for these qualifications that I recommend him to your patronage; and I am confident that you will never repent the choice of such a man, who will be ready at any time to obey your commands. You have my best wishes, and all my endeavours for your prosperity: and I shall, during my life, continue to be, with the truest respect and highest esteem,

Worthy Sirs,

Your most obedient and

most humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

An

An EPISTLE, *in* HARD LATIN, *from Dr.* SWIFT *to Dr.* SHERIDAN *.

DOMINE,

AUDIVI quòd abra fœminæ nobilis et mihi amicæ offendendo pedem ad paxillum vel ridicam, vel, ut alii dicunt, rutabulum; valde læsit uropygium, et est miserè catax. Novi ejus patrem, capitularem, et subflestum, et carnarium, qui saratus erat hornotinum per ostium clathratum, et, ut meruit, a vulgo occilatus. Pauper enim erat, gaunaco et decotibus vestitus; pernionibus claudicans laboravit. Frequentavit sui similes, propo-

* As the words, in this and the following Letter, which cause any difficulty, are extremely uncommon; we presume, it will not be amiss to print a Glossary, in order to save our Readers the plague and trouble of turning over a Dictionary.

Abra, a waiting-woman: *Quod sit* delicata, *non vulgaris Ancilla.*
Paxillus, a stake, pale, or post.
Ridica, the prop of a vine, &c.
Rutabulum, a maukin, a cole-rake to make clean an oven, an oven-swoop, a skealing-stick.
Uropygium, the narrowest and lowest part of the chine, the rump.
Catax, lame, hip-halt.
Capitularis, a tax-gatherer, an excise-man.
Subflestus, weak, feeble; of no esteem or account.
Carnarius, a butcher.
Hornotinus, a fawn or hind-calf.
Clathratus, latticed, barred, grated.
Occillo, to buffet, or beat and maul.
Gaunacancum, a thick shag rug to cover one with, an Irish mantle.
Decotes, *Togæ detritæ*, garments worn bare.
Pernio, a kibe on the heel.
Propola, a huckster, or retailer, a forestaller, a regrater, &c.

las

las nempe, arilatores, cociones, imò ſaliſubſulos et labdas, omnes, ut meruerant, tribonibus veſtitos.

Pridiè tabellio ad me attulit epiſtolam de ſtlata et catta in portu obrutis, unde miſer perdidi cadiſcum ſtrobilorum plerum, duo hauſtra, calpar, decem ſcutellas, calignam, et, quod maximè dolet, crocotulam nuper uxori emptam, ſed ſpero me redhoſtiturum fore.

Amicus noſter catulaſter lepidiſſimus hominum miſerè vivit in domuncula veſcarum plena, proficie-

Arilator, a pedlar.
Cocio, a higler.
Saliſubſulus, a morris-dancer, any one who dances and capers to muſick.
Labda, any ſort of vile filthy raſcal.
Tribon, a threadbare cloak.
Tabellio, a carrier of letters.
Stlata, a float, a hoy, a flat boat.
Catta, *nomen navis*.
Cadiſcus, a rundlet, a kilderkin, or little barrel.
Strobilus, a pine-apple.
Plerus, idem quod *plenus*.
Hauſtrum, a bucket; alſo a kind of pot, or jug, to draw drink with.
Calpar, an earthen veſſel, or tun.
Scutella, any kind of diſh or platter.
Caligna, as this word ſeems to be derived from Καλὸν, *lignum*, perhaps it ſignifies a large wooden bowl.
Crocotula, a little ſaffron-coloured, or yellow garment.
Redhoſtio, to requite a courteſy, to return like for like: But here it may ſignify, To make a preſent of juſt ſuch another garment.
Catulaſter, a little whelp.
Veſca, a cobweb.
Proficies, perhaps it may ſignify a ſupply, or ſubſidy, given as a preſent.

bus

bus pascitur, operando strigans et conquiniscens, et turundis pullos pascit in tuguriolo serphorum pleno.

Hesterna nocte cecidit terribilissima labes mantissa, quæ inlices omnes implevit.

Sum humilissimus, &c.

Strigo, to breathe, or rest in work, to stop or stand still, as oxen sometimes do at plough in the middle of a furrow.

Conquinisco, to duck the head, to bow or bend the body, to stoop.

Turunda, a pellet of bread, dough, or paste, wherewith capons are crammed.

Serphus, a kind of vermine like an ant.

Labes, a great fall, or pash of rain or hail, &c.

Mantissa, qu. *manutensa*, eo quod manu porrigitur. Over-measure, advantage, the vantage or over-weight. The Welsh call it *Ispine*.

Inlex, *inlices canales*, gutters in streets.

Dr.

Dr. SHERIDAN'S ANSWER *to the* EPISTLE *in* HARD LATIN.

DOCTISSIME DECANE,

FORBIUM tabellarum methodium veſtrarum lagonopono me fermè affecit, quocirca hoſtire veſtræ reverentiæ gerras aggredior. Quid mea refert ſi uropygium abræ ignobilis ſit læſum? Ejuſmodi etenim mulieres plerumque ſunt exbuæ, atque rimarum non minùs plenæ quàm excernicula; profectò non mihi injucundum foret ſi tu eſſes illi iatraliptes. Si vero curam ſuſcipias, non abs re fuerit illius crotaphitas ambabus calidè manibus fricare ne ſpiritus deficiant, atque inde porrò ad podicem deſcendens, poſtquam complutum aquâ vitæ feceris, applicueris emplaſtrum calligoni, mattia-

Forbus, Calidus, *Serv.* Formus a Θερμός: Æol. Φερμός. aliter a *forbo*, vel *forvo*; i. e. *Ferveo*, hot, warm.

Tabella, a letter, or epiſtle.

Methodium, a trick, a cheat, a cunning fetch.

Lagonoponos, fretting to the gutts.

Hoſtio, to recompenſe, to return like for like.

Gerræ, hurdles, or twigs filled up with earth, for fortifying a place; gabions, *&c.*

Exbuæ, tippling-goſſips.

Excerniculum, a ſieve.

Iatraliptes, a phyſician or ſurgeon that cures by ointments and frictions.

Crotaphitæ, the two muſcles that are in the temples.

Complutus, wetted all over.

Calligonum, way-graſs, knot-graſs.

Mattiacæ, [pilæ dict. quòd præſtantiſſimæ apud Mattiacum Germaniæ oppidum conficerentur.] Soap-balls, waſh-balls.

carum

tarum tritarum, daucorum, ſuſſitieteridis, gethyonum. Caveo interim ne tibi manus imbulbitaverit, aut imbubinaverit, partiliter quandò prædicti ſpiritus urticam ſenſerit; ſed ne forſan obliviſcaris, te moneo, ut pars crepidinis dorſi interior ſit fiſſiculanda. Memini illius patrem ex infimâ plebis ruderatione gingrinatorem; lucuntes olim vendidit, admodum fuit procellulus, eximius autem pilicrepus;

Tritus, common, much uſed.

Daucus, a kind of wild carrot.

Suſſitieteridis. As there is no ſuch word as this to be found in the common Dictionaries, it is immagined to have been coined by Doctor *Sheridan*, when he was writing this Letter, in order to amuſe and puzzle his Correſpondent: Or, if it be not too wild a conjecture, let us ſuppoſe the word to be thus divided, *Suſſiti* et *Eridis*; and then it may refer to the reſt of the ingredients of the plaiſter, and eſpecially to the ſevere poignancy of the onions, in the next and laſt article: And then, perhaps, the latter part of the ſentence may be thus paraphraſtically interpreted: "You might apply to the part affected a plaiſter of "knot-graſs, common waſh-ball, wild carrot, and among the reſt of "the ingredients," [for Συσσίτιος ſignifies a Companion] "by way of "giving the whole a poignancy," [for Ἔρις ſignifies a contention for "victory] you ſhould take care that a mixture of onion predominate "in the compoſition." The word *Urtica*, in the following period, ſeems to favour this conjecture.

Gethyon, a kind of onions, hollow leeks.

Imbulbito, to defile one's ſelf with any thing deteſtable. Vide Dictionary.

Imbubino, to defile with any thing abominable. Vide Dict.

Partiliter, particularly, with exactneſs or ſubtility.

Urtica, a nettle, or any tickling pain like the ſting of a nettle.

Crepido, dorſi crepido, the rump.

Fiſſiculandus, to be cleft, or cutopen.

Ruderatio, rubbiſh.

Gingrinator, a piper or minſtrel.

Lucuns, a kind of meat, or rather ſome baked thing; a ſpice-cake.

Pilicrepus, a ball-player.

ſed ſalaconem atque doſonem nimiùm ſe oſtendendo, minuit hanc gloriam quam exercitiis meruit. Si vis ut noſtra denuò amicitia inoleſcat, te mecum crâs prandere prorito ; habebis ſympinium vel applam vini non vulgaris abſque flocibus, cum cerviſia æquè pellucidum ac glæſum. Sæpiſſimè futabas in ædibus meis neque unquam inanias, de quibus mentionem in epiſtolâ veſtrâ feciſti, in ullâ noſtrarum conſpexiſti camerarum. Heſterno die nimiùm ambulando flegmine laboro, quod ex ſtomachi ventoſitate eveniſſe comperio, ideoque magnam git quantitatem, ut poſtico emurmuret, deglutire ſtatuo.

Sum tibi humillimus, &c.

Manaco Maii 15°, 1732.

Salacon, a great boaſter, who, being extremely poor, would be thought very rich.
Doſco, a great promiſer, but who does nothing.
Inaleſco, ut *Coaleſco*, to grow together, to ſtick one to another.
Prorito, to provoke, ſtir up, egg on.
Sympinium, a kind of wooden veſſel for wine, uſed of old in their holy rites and divine ſervices; a ſtone-jug, or pitcher, a drinking-cup.
Appla, ab *ad* et *pleo*, ut ſit vas quod ſubinde impletur et depletur, ——— a kind of veſſel uſed at table.
Floces, pl. the dregs or lees of wine.
Cerviſia, vel *Cereviſia*, *Cerealis*, liquor, ale, beer, *&c.*
Futo, to blame or reprove.
Glæſum, a kind of amber.
Inaniæ, emptineſſes, cobwebs.
Flegmen, an inflammation or ſwelling in the legs, tired by over-much walking.
Git, vel *Gith*, indecl. a kind of cockle, a ſmall ſeed.
Poſticum, a back-door.
Manacus, a month.

END OF VOL. XVII.